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## HASTINGS---ENGLAND.

# HOLDEY'S DOCTAR MAGAZINE.

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HASTINGS, ENGLAND.

## HASTINGS.

THERE is hardly a spot in England more generally known by name, or less known for anything remarkable, than the town of Hastings. It is one of the pleasantest watering places on the channel coast, but it is a town of very little importance in other respects. The town of Hastings bears few marks of its antiquity. It lies for the most part in a hollow, snugly sheltered by good sized hills on all sides, except the south, in which direction it is open to the sea. The original town is believed to have extended some distance to the south of the present one, its site being now partly covered by the waves. Very few of the houses in the present town appear to be old, but there has, for the last quarter of a century, been a continual effort to render every part of the town, except the quarters inhabited by the poor, as modern-looking and smart as possible, and any traces of antiquity are, therefore, scarcely to be expected. The castle is the chief relic of its ancient state. It stands on the brow of the lofty West-Hill, beneath which Pelham Crescent and other handsome rows of houses have been of late years erected. From a distance, especially on approaching Hastings from St. Leonards, and from the sea, the fragments of the old castle have a picturesque appearance; but close at hand there is little about them that is either picturesque or pleasing. The walls occupy a considerable space, but they are in a most dilapidated condition. The towers and keep have crumbled into a few grim and shapeless fragments. Of the chapel somewhat more remains, but in a most ruinous state. The arch that presents so different an appearance to all else about it, is of recent manufacture, or—as the guide-books oddly call it—restoration. The area enclosed by the walls is “very tastefully laid out” in “lawns and flower borders,” and “seats and bowers” are provided for visitors. “Admittance may be gained at any time, except on Sundays, to see the ruins, by payment of three-pence; or to subscribers at sixpence per week, the gate is always open.” The ruins are the property of the Earl of Chichester. The ruins themselves, as we have said are seen to the best advantage at a distance, but there are some charming prospects obtainable from the walls and terraces over the town, the surrounding country, and across the ocean.

Hastings Castle has witnessed no very remarkable events, and no battles or sieges are recorded as having occurred in connection with it. A castle was erected here by the Conqueror, and it may have formed a part of the present edifice; but the greater part of what remains is of later date. William Rufus was detained in Hastings Castle for a month by adverse winds, which prevented him from embarking for Normandy. It is recorded that it was from Hastings Castle that John issued the proclamation which for the first time claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas.

The churches of St. Clements and All Saints are the only other architectural relics left of the ancient town: the ruins of a third church, St. Andrews, were standing a few years since. Of the priory of Hastings not a fragment remains: its site alone is indicated in the names of the Priory Farm and Ground, at a little distance west of the town. St. Clement's church, which stands in the High-street, is rather a handsome structure, though of somewhat discordant

styles. It was built in the early part of the fourteenth century. Charles Lamb has embalmed Hastings in his quaint recollections of a “Margate Hoy.” “We have been,” he says, “dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, duller at Eastbourn a third, and are at this moment doing dreary penance at Hastings. I love town or country, but this detestable Cinque Port is neither. I hate these scrubbed shoots thrusting out their starved foliage from between horrid fissures of dusty innutritious rocks, which the amateur calls ‘verdure to the edge of the sea.’ . . . I require woods, and they show me stunted coppices; I cry out for water-brooks, and pant for fresh streams and inland murmers. I cannot stand all day on the naked beach, and watch the capricious hues of the sea, shifting like the colors of a dying mullet. I am tired of looking out of the windows of this inland prison; while I gaze on the sea, I want to be on it, over it, across it. There is no home for me here. There is no sense of home at Hastings. If it were what it was in its primitive shape, and what it ought to have remained, a fair honest fishing town, and no more, with a few straggling fishermen's huts about, artless as its cliffs, and with their materials filched from them, it were something. I am sure no town-bred or inland-born subject can find their true and natural nourishment at these sea places. Nature, when she does not mean us for mariners and vagabonds, bids us stay at home. The salt foam seems to nourish a spleen. I am not half so good natured as by the milder waters of my natural river. I would exchange these sea-gulls for swans, and scud a swallow forever about the banks of Thamesis.”

Campbell, the poet, was also a visitor at Hastings, and his recollections are of a very different character from those of Lamb. He thus wrote of the magnificent prospect of the sea from Hastings:—

“Hail to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!  
'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,  
Great, beauteous being! in whose breath and smile  
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind  
Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer  
Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world!  
Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din  
To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.  
Ev'n gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes  
With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,  
And gardens haunted by the nightingale's  
Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,  
For these wild headlands and the sea-mew's clang.

“With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea!  
I long long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades  
And green savannahs—Earth has not a plain  
So boundless or so beautiful as thine.”

It was the great battle of William the Conqueror and Harold the last of the Saxon Kings, which is so vividly described in Bulwer's new novel, that gave immortality to Hastings, and rendered its name familiar to all English readers. The precise spot where the Conqueror landed is not known, but tradition points it out. It was on the 28th day of September, 1066, that the Conqueror leaped ashore, in the presence of his warriors, and fell as he struck the strand. As they looked dismayed at the omen, he exclaimed, clenching hold of the soil, “By God's splendor I have seized this soil, and I mean to hold it.” And he did.



## THE WITCH OF NEW HAVEN.

A TALE OF THE EARLY COLONISTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KIT CARSON," &amp;c.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE records of the colony of Massachusetts for the seventeenth century embody one of the most remarkable panics in the annals of the world. Even the details of the papish persecutions in Europe fall short of the horrible proceedings by which this popular frenzy was characterized. For months, during the prevalence of this remarkable hallucination, New England was converted into a scene of indiscriminate massacre and butchery; many members of the most influential and respectable families were arraigned as witches, or wizards; those most closely related to them by ties of consanguinity being frequently among the foremost of their accusers, and in one instance an unhappy man was convicted and brought to execution upon the testimony of his own wife and daughter. At first the accusations were confined to old and decrepid women, who were supposed to have been instrumental in the introduction of certain complaints, which, from time to time, made their appearance among the colonists; but at last the furor attained to such a height, that persons of all sexes, ages and conditions came to be implicated in the fearful charges. The first trials for witchcraft in New England took place in the year 1645, when four persons accused of this crime were put to violent deaths in Massachusetts. Three others, according to the testimony of Goffe—one of the regicide judges who fled from England upon the restoration of Charles the Second—were executed upon conviction of witchcraft at Hartford, in the year 1662; and he also adds, in his diary, that, after the execution of one of them, a young woman who had been supposed to be bewitched, was remarkably restored to health. In the beginning of the year 1692 this malady took the form of an epidemical complaint resembling epilepsy, and a number of persons, among whom were the daughters and niece of Mr. Paris, the minister of Salem, who became one of the most vehement of the persecutors, were taken with it in such a manner as to induce the supposition that it could have been produced in no other manner than through a supernatural agency. By degrees the dread of infection, spreading over the community, extended and increased the evil, and many, whose weak minds were inflamed and excited by their imaginations, were seized with complaints of a nature hitherto unknown to them, and which, in the absence of such knowledge, and the inability of physicians to attribute them to the proper causes, or to prescribe a remedy for the evil, were universally attributed to the workings of witchcraft. Swellings of the throat, in particular, now known as a hysterical symptom, created then the greatest alarm, and many were, no doubt, frightened into convulsions from the fear of being themselves contaminated.

At length these accusations became so frequent, and the lives of individuals consequently so insecure, that many of those who put no faith in the prevailing superstition were compelled, for their own security, to side with the *afflicted*, or persecuting party, and the

accused, to save themselves from death, often made a confession of the crime imputed to them, signed a formal recantation of their errors, and were pardoned upon the strength of bringing others to conviction. Thus were many innocent lives sworn away without the slightest shadow of truth or justice. Those who maintained their innocence were pronounced guilty, died with the heroic fortitude of martyrs, while many, struck by terror, fled the colony. The charges in most cases were frivolous in the extreme. Sometimes persons were brought to trial for having bewitched the cattle or the crops of their neighbours. A mere pricking sensation in any part of the flesh of the afflicted was often enough to condemn the suspected person. The bodies of those who were brought under this frightful bane were usually examined for witchmarks,\* and as no set form or appearance had been ascribed to them, a common mole, or a slight puncture of the skin, was considered sufficient evidence of the guilt of the parties examined. In this manner husbands were often separated from their wives, children from their parents, lovers from the loved, the domestic peace of families was broken up and destroyed, and want of confidence and jealous mistrust arose, in place of the warmest sentiments of friendship or affection between persons who had been formerly on the most intimate terms towards each other. Even clergymen were subjected to the imputation. A magistrate, who had been active in bringing numerous supposed witches and wizards to condemnation, feeling some twinges of conscience at the part he had taken, began to assert his doubts as to the justice or wisdom of the course he had been pursuing, when he was himself arraigned upon a similar charge; and a constable, struck with similar remorse, having sought to fly from the scene of massacre, was apprehended and executed upon like testimony. In this confused condition of affairs, private malice found ample opportunity for its gratification.

In the small settlement of New Haven, the family of Ephraim Standish—a connection of one of the earliest settlers—was among the first in regard to respectability and worth. Standish, himself, as a magistrate and extensive land owner, occupied a prominent position in the colony, and discharged his duties, public as well as private, in a manner calculated to win the esteem and friendly consideration of all who knew him. But the pride of the old man's heart was in his adopted daughter, Ruth, who had grown, from a lovely, golden-haired child, to be the brightest ornament of the village. No social gathering or festival was deemed complete without her presence, and thus she grew up, under the discreet direction of her protector, a gentle winsome thing—the idol and the

\*A masterly painting in the collection of the American Art Union embodies a faithful representation of a scene of this character.



pride of all that knew her. The manner of her first introduction to the household of Ephraim Standish had been so singular as to border upon the romantic. Sitting one night, at midwinter, by the friendly glow of a huge wood fire kindled in his study, engaged in a perusal of some record of ancient times—the old man's favourite theme—his ready ear detected, amid the peltings of the storm, the shrill whoop of the savages, and a piercing cry for aid in the accents of a woman. Hastily taking down from its place of repose above the mantel-piece, his trusty matchlock, he aroused his servants, and they sallied forth upon the dreary waste of snow and sleet with the view of rendering assistance to the unfortunate, whom they discovered lying, in a seemingly dying condition, upon the skirts of the adjacent wood, her scanty garments saturated in blood, which came from a deep wound in her breast. An infant was closely enfolded in her arms, and it was with difficulty that they could release it from the determined grasp in which she held it. The infant was placed forthwith under the maternal care of the magistrate's wife; who, childless herself, lavished all a mother's affection upon the little unfortunate. The wounded woman was, also, properly cared for, and in a few days the unremitting attentions of the humane people into whose hands she had fallen worked an almost perfect cure.

In the meantime the hearts of the magistrate and his wife had become so deeply interested in the young recipient of their favours, that they began to think strongly of proposing to its mother that she should permit them to adopt it as their own, when their intentions were anticipated by a note from the woman, bidding them a hurried farewell, and entrusting the infant wholly to their care—assigning as a reason for the act, her poverty and inability to protect its tender years. A search was immediately set on foot for the purpose of discovering her retreat, and providing for her; but all efforts to this end proved ineffectual, and those engaged in the endeavour were forced, at last, to let the matter rest. The gentle Ruth grew up to womanhood, and the promise made by her early childhood was more than fulfilled in her youth. Both in intellect and personal beauty she soon became the ornament of New Haven, and her mental and bodily adornments had, at the age of sixteen, attracted many suitors of rank and station to her side. Among these Geoffrey Marsden, a young man of distinguished merits, though humble station, received above all others the preference; and matters had even progressed so far that the wedding had actually been appointed, when an incident occurred which bade fair to change the current of their lives and fortunes. A festival having been gotten up by the dignitaries of the village, for the purpose of commemorating some popular event, Ruth, accompanied by young Marsden, ventured to participate in the enjoyments common to the occasion; and it had been universally remarked that, of all the company there assembled, none appeared to identify themselves so completely with the scene as the young couple of whom we write. During a pause which had occurred in a dance upon the village green, a wrinkled hag, bent almost double by excessive age, tottered up to the group with the assistance of a staff, and was soon surrounded by an eager crowd, intent upon prying into the mysteries of the future. Some were pleased with the result of their applications, and ran

to communicate it to those most concerned, while others went away with downcast countenances and tearful eyes, and mingled no more that day in the festive scene. Possessed by a silly whim, young Marsden succeeded in prevailing upon Ruth to hear her fortune. The hag for some moments scanned the faces of both with a malignant expression, and then broke out into the following singular rhapsody:

"Six years and ten make wonderful change;  
The wronger sleepeth the sleep of death,  
The grass grows high o'er the fatal grange  
That echoed once to his dying breath;  
But the last of his race in his son I see,  
The last of his race he is doomed to be;  
A month and a day, and he hopeth to wed,  
But ne'er shall he mount to a bridal bed!"

Ruth shrank back and clung to her lover with a look of alarm at the concluding words, but he only smiled at her fears, and exclaimed, as they turned away from the spot:

"'Tis merely the cant and jugglery of her art, sweet Ruth, and none but weak minds attach any consequence to her insane ravings. The hag feels that her days are drawing to a close, and she seeks, before she bids adieu to earth, to vent her spleen on all who come within her reach. Look yonder, at Kitty Waters, the silly girl is sobbing as though her heart would break, and Frank Wentworth is in vain endeavouring to induce her to listen to him. Were half this old woman's prophecies to be fulfilled, we should have nothing but misery and ruin throughout the province."

But Ruth's countenance was sad and downcast as they pursued their route homeward, at the close of the sports, and when she that night bade her lover adieu, it was with a pallid cheek, and lips that trembled with emotion.

The sequel proved that her fears were not altogether unjustified. Several days subsequently to the foregoing scene, Ruth had occasion to visit a poor neighbour, on an errand of charity, and during the interview the gentle girl thoughtlessly took up in her arms an infant that had been rolling and tumbling upon the floor. At the same moment the door was darkened by a shadow, and the face of the fortune teller became visible for a second—vanishing as quickly as it came. Neither of the occupants of the apartment observed the intrusion, and only Ruth complained of a singular creeping sensation and a sudden dullness of spirits. The scene at the village festival, and the singular prophecy of the fortune teller, arose at once to her mind, and making a hasty apology she hurried homeward. The next day the infant was seized with a complaint now commonly known as the *rickets*, and the unfortunate Ruth was arrested for a witch!

We pass over the incidents of the trial, the details of which were but a repetition of many that had preceded it. Suffice it, that the gentle and self-sacrificing Ruth, whose mouth had never opened save to utter words of kindness or consolation, whose lightest acts were characteristic of a tender and humanizing heart, became, instead of the idol of the village, its deepest dread. Some pitied her, and would fain have done something to release her from the odium which had been cast upon her, but so great was the terror prevailing, none dared interfere lest they also should be implicated. At length, all the

evidence had been heard, and Ruth was condemned to perish as a witch.

Young Marsden was rendered almost frantic by the fatal intelligence, and ran from house to house madly calling upon the populace for aid; but in place of encouragement, cold words and averted looks were alone accorded him. Suddenly he bethought him of the fortune teller, and having ascertained with great difficulty that her cabin was built upon a desolate island adjacent to the village, he hastened to seek her out—convinced that she was at the bottom of the infamous business.

It was the night preceding the day appointed for the execution of the sentence, when young Marsden set forth upon his hazardous expedition. It was towards the close of September, and a storm had arisen, accompanied by south-easterly winds, rain and hail—yet the young adventurer, tossed upon the angry waves in his frail shallop, recked not of the anger of the elements, nor the dangers of his mission. Long ere midnight he had reached the island designated as the abode of the hag, and without much difficulty, owing to a torch which she kept burning at night before her rude lodge, but which was visible for many miles, serving as a beacon for those who, for sport or some more serious motive occasionally visited her, he had reached the spot where was situated her domicile. A few abrupt raps immediately opened the door to him, and he found himself, saturated with rain, in the presence of the fortune-teller; who, standing over a cauldron in which she was mixing some preparation, in her capacity of herb-vender and maker of love philters, etc., resembled an evil spirit brooding over the scene of its nightly incantations.

"How now, rash and misguided boy?—has the experience of the past week so little satisfied you, that you seek to pry still further into the mysteries of the future? A few days ago you received my words with scorn and ridicule. Have a care how you provoke me."

"Indeed, it was not for such a purpose that I came hither through this drenching storm of to-night," he replied earnestly; "in seeking your abode at such a time, I had an urgent motive, nor will I leave you until I have accomplished my mission."

"Defiance, too? But thou'rt a boy, and know'st not what thou say'st. Begone while there is yet safety for you. Your hour has not yet come?"

"In spite of your mysterious jargon," he replied, "I am resolved to be heard; the people look upon you with suspicion, and already your practices have become the theme of comment in the village. By one act you may preserve yourself."

The woman smiled contemptuously, as she answered: "You exhibit a strange interest in my welfare; but know, silly boy, that it is beyond the power of man to harm me. Around this spot I have drawn a charm which places completely at my disposal all who may enter here with evil purpose. Would'st try it?"

"Blasphemous wretch! do you claim for yourself a power possessed by One alone?"

"You doubt me. Be convinced then!"

She waved a wand which she grasped in her hand, and the young man felt conscious of a strong suffocating sensation; he reeled and would have fallen, but the hag caught him with one arm, while with the

other she unclosed the only window of her habitation to admit the air.

"You see, it was no idle boast I made, and you may thank my forbearance in not punishing your temerity to the extent of my power," she said, as he recovered.

"Who, and what you may be, I know not," he exclaimed when he was at length able to speak, "that you are endowed with attributes beyond the ordinary grasp of common minds is evident; but if I fail in my attempt to-night, it matters little what befalls me here."

"What brings thee here, then?"

"Are you a conjurer, and yet ask this?"

"I claim only power over men's bodies. I do not guide, though I can sometimes read their actions," she returned with a sneer.

"Tell me, then; for I am convinced that it is through you that Ruth Standish is now under condemnation for a witch;—is there no hope of saving her? I will give you money in plenty—be your demand what it may—so you will save her from the fate which threatens."

"I scorn your money, Geoffry Marsden; for I need it not. Look! here is that would buy *thy* means thrice told"—and plunging her hand into a small box as she spoke, she drew it forth filled with gold and jewels;—think you I'd barter my revenge for that of which I have such plenty. No, Geoffry Marsden: the fiat has gone forth; years—years ago the oath was registered; the hour of its accomplishment is at hand," and she muttered as to herself:

"The last of his race in his son I see,  
And the last of his race he is doomed to be.  
A month and a day and he hopeth to wed,  
But ne'er shall he mount to a bridal bed!"

"Your anger appears to be particularly directed towards me, yet I have never done aught to merit it? Why should you thus persecute me for a crime of which I am ignorant—which I could never have committed?"

"Boy," she replied;—listen, and I will tell thee that, which never until this day my lips hath passed. Time was when this wrinkled and tottering form was young and fair—when these gray scanty locks were black and glossy,—these features straight and lovely; men bowed then at my feet, and I might have been a princess had I so chosen. But love took root in my heart, and I foolishly allowed myself to be persuaded into a secret marriage—which I afterward discovered was but a mask. The sequel is but a repetition of the old story; like many an other, I was betrayed, deceived. The author of my ruin wedded another, whose offspring thou art. Thy father fell by the hand of assassins—it was by my instigation that he fell, but the triumph was not yet complete. I felt that while my rival lived—while a son of him who had wronged me walked the earth, my revenge was not half accomplished. Thy mother sickened suddenly, and died—thus foiling me, in part, of my revenge; but *thou* wert left, and on thy ruin I became resolved. The arrest of thine intended bride was but a step towards this end. Tomorrow she shall die, and, shortly, thou!"

"Woman—had'st *thou* no child, that thou art thus remorseless?" he exclaimed in sudden anguish.

"A child I had," she replied, abating the violence of her manner at the recollection; "but it is forever

lost to me, and fate has left me but one passion to cherish amid my solitude,—revenge!"

"Miscreant! should Ruth Standish perish, as it seems like she may, a thousand tortures shall await thee! compared to which her sufferings shall be light."

"Ruth Standish!" exclaimed the woman, eagerly; "is it thus the wretched girl is named?"

"Such is the name of the family with which she was adopted; for I believe she is a foundling."

"Oh! hasten, back—I will go with thee, too. Be assured, she shall not perish. I did but jest, good youth—she shall not perish!"

And disregarding his amazement, with an energy which he did not deem her to possess, she hurried him from the spot, and almost ere he had recovered from his surprise they were both at once afloat upon the waters.

The hour of condemnation had arrived, and Ruth, with a countenance pale, yet resigned, was brought into the crowded court room once more to hear her sentence preliminary to its execution. Mr. Standish had done all that lay in his power to ward from her the dreadful fate which impended—no hope appeared to cheer the unbroken gloom of the sad scene.

Suddenly there was a confusion without, and in defiance of the tipstaves who guarded the door, the fortune teller rushed into the apartment in which the scene was transpiring.

Release the girl!—release her on your lives!" she exclaimed to the wondering officers of the law; who by their looks seemed fearful of being themselves bewitched. "She is innocent,—it is I, her accuser, who am the witch!"

There was a sullen murmur around the crowded court-room, and then broke forth a deafening roar of applause.

"Is this so?" asked the friendly magistrate—not sorry, in truth, to be relieved from the unpleasant duty before him.

"It is; she bears upon her back a blood mark, does she not?"

The simple shawl which enveloped Ruth's shoulders was suffered to fall, upon a word to that effect from one of the officers, and there was exposed upon the right shoulder a small red spot, not larger than a shilling.

"'Tis she!" she cried, in a transport,—“my child! my long lost, new found child!” and Ruth, to her half-terror, half-astonishment, found herself embraced in the arms of the fortune teller.

The scene which ensued might beggar description; Ruth was immediately restored to liberty, and left the court-room escorted by her lover, amid the deafening cheers of the assembled multitude. On the succeeding day, the officers entrusted with the duty, went to the cell of the fortune teller for the purpose of conducting her to the stake which had been prepared for her; but she was dead.

The panic excited in the public mind by events of which the above is at least but a feeble description, was many months in subsiding, and it was not until charges of witchcraft had been brought against the principal instigators of the infamous proceedings by which the whole affair throughout had been characterized, that the country resumed its former peaceful aspect.

## MUSINGS BY MOONLIGHT ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

DEDICATED TO HER WHO INSPIRED THEM.

BY A. D. D.

[ORIGINAL.]

'Twas moonlight o'er the Susquehanna's waves,  
And the soft evening slept as silently  
Upon the water as the first calm rest  
Of the pure infant which knows not the pang  
Of this world's sorrows. Pale and beautiful  
The rising moon glanced o'er the lovely scene,  
And shed her gentle rays like a bright angel,  
O'er the smooth waveless water. All was still  
Save the long roll of the subsiding swell,  
Which rose, but rose so gently that its rise  
And fall broke not the surface, and but served  
To throw the glancing moonbeams from its fair  
And mirrored sides into a thousand soft  
And beautiful reflections. It would seem  
As if sweet Nature had unrobed herself  
To taste the coolness of that beauteous eve,  
And then, as if ashamed, had thrown around  
Her maiden form that moonlit jewelled robe,  
Which covered, and yet scarcely half concealed  
The gentle heavings of her fluttering bosom.  
The far-off planets from their lofty arch  
Looked down enraptured. Ever and anon  
Some brilliant star, as if it longed to rest  
In the embrace of one so beautiful,  
Shot from its native sky, and with a slow

And graceful flight, sank as 'twould seem  
Self satisfied into the breast it left  
Its home to win. Were I the brightest star  
That shone in fashion's gilded firmament,  
And moved surrounded by a brilliant host  
Magnificent and vast, I would not fall,  
('Twere sin to call it falling)—But I'd leave  
The courtly circle and the glittering crowd,  
If I, like that bright star, could sink upon  
The trusting bosom of the one I loved  
And rest forever there.

Our noble bark  
Sped bravely onward, and the puffing steam  
And hoarsely panting engine, seemed to bid  
Undue defiance to the peaceful stream  
Which woke not at the sound. And yet sometimes  
I almost thought the dashing vessel felt  
The tranquilizing spirit of the hour;  
Each time her rushing bow with ruthless speed  
Rose on the top of the long rolling swell,  
She seemed to pause, as loth to plunge into  
The tranquil calm, until the willing wave  
Rolled from beneath, and beckoned, as it were,  
Th' reluctant steamer onward.



As I sat  
Upon the stern, I gazed down at the path  
Of wildly rushing waters, which appeared to foam  
With indignation at our heedless course ;  
The little insect phosphorescences,  
Awaken'd from their wat'ry home, arose  
In myriads to the surface, and remained  
Far, far behind,—a brilliant stream of fire.  
Methought how like the course of life  
Was that sweet picture. The unbroken calm  
Which reigns within the breast of childhood, seemed  
Most beautifully typified by the repose  
Which sat upon the water. All is still  
Upon the surface of that waveless lake  
Save the soft ripples which bright happiness  
From time to time sends tremblingly along.  
Alas ! such blissful scenes are doomed to perish !  
In an unthinking hour, some guilty thought  
Sails like a demon o'er the pure expanse,  
And though it pass, and swiftly pass, and be  
Forbidden evermore to enter, still  
It leaves upon the once smooth peaceful surface  
A rushing, heaving, fiery track, which spreads  
Its wide expanding circles o'er the whole,  
And ceases not until its wild commotion  
Has desecrated every spot.

As thus,  
Wrapt in the beauty of that lovely hour,  
I sat in sweet forgetfulness, and mused  
O'er life and life's vicissitudes, my thoughts  
Roamed back again, and brought to mind the home  
And much loved friends I rapidly was leaving,  
A shade of melancholy threw its tinge  
O'er the bright picture, and a tear would start  
At the remembrance that I ne'er might meet  
Their welcome smiles again.

While thus I mused,  
Methought we neared a leafy isle, which stretched  
Its verdant canopy above the wave,  
And seemed like some majestic bird to float  
Upon the bosom of its native lake.  
By the soft moonlight it appeared to sleep  
Tranquil and happy, like that fairy isle  
Which, as the poets say, is sometimes seen  
Floating at sunset upon southern seas,  
Always receding, and as yet unstained  
By foot of mortal man. Its thick leaved boughs  
With graceful curve drooped o'er the water's edge,  
As if they longed to kiss the element  
Which guarded their abode.

Their feathery tops  
Rose thin and slender from the leafy dome,  
And bending o'er with slight vibration, seemed  
To woo the rising breezes. Here and there  
Were little op'nings, where a straggling ray  
More daring than its fellows, strove to enter,  
And glancing down from leaf to leaf shone through  
As a small brilliant taper, 'till at last  
Like heroes in the Labyrinth of old  
They strayed bewildered. 'Twas a spot  
Too beautiful for earth,—a little heaven  
Which seemed to have escaped the with'ring touch  
Of man's polluting footstep, and remained

Pure and unstained as at the moment when  
It rose into existence.

As we passed,  
Methought in its dark shade there hung a lyre,  
Swinging with trembling motion to and fro,  
As if some fairy's hand had placed it there  
And fled at our approach.

The evening breeze  
Played mournfully through its deserted strings,  
And as the melancholy echoes came  
In low and gentle murmurings across  
The silent stream, a voice of melody  
In accents sad and beautifully sweet,  
Came o'er the surface of the moonlit wave :

" Oh ! give me back the scenes again  
I've left perhaps forever ;  
Had I known that parting gave such pain  
I ne'er had wished to sever.  
Joys there may be in a land like this,  
But here I could not stay,  
The heart can ne'er find happiness  
When its thoughts are far away.

" I shall miss the smile I was wont to see  
And the voices I loved to hear,  
The very echoes now seem to be  
By absence doubly dear ;  
I shall sigh, those treasured ones to greet,  
I shall long for their clasp hands,  
For alas ! few friends does a stranger meet  
When roaming through stranger lands.

" I should weep, were it not that one lovely face  
Seems hovering always near ;  
Its image in each lone hour I trace,  
And its voice in the breeze I hear ;  
If I gaze on the stars, I see those eyes  
Look down through the moonlit air,  
If I turn to the clear blue wave, they rise  
To its surface to meet me there.

" I can see it float through the sunset sky  
And over the clustering trees ;  
And I sometimes catch it flitting by.  
When borne on the evening breeze.  
It visits me often in midnight dreams,  
And hovering in the air,  
With gentle eyes toward heaven it seems  
To breathe for me a prayer.

" I'll not be sad then, for I feel  
I am not lonely now ;  
At such a shrine 'tis joy to kneel,—  
'Tis happiness to bow ;  
What though the land be strange and dear,  
I've something that I prize ;  
As long as there's an angel near  
It must be Paradise."

—I woke, 'twas all a dream,  
The plaintive words were but the wand'ring thoughts  
Which mem'ry warbled forth with saddened tone  
As o'er the tuneful Lyre of the Heart  
Reflection's breezes played.



BISHOP'S BRIDGE, NORWICH, ENGLAND.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE old Cathedral City of Norwich is said to contain a greater number of Churches and places of public worship than any other city in the world. We call Brooklyn a City of Churches, but it is quite destitute, in this respect, when compared with this fine old City of Churches.

The view of the bridge, which we give in the above engraving, presents one of the architectural curiosities of this old town. It was built in 1295, and belonged to the see of Norwich till 1393, when it was transferred to the citizens. It is a strange patched up structure of stone and flint and brick. It has three odd-looking arches: over the central arch is a rude representation of the city arms, and inside the arch are some grotesque heads. Fairs used to be held on the bridge at Easter and Whitesuntide; the former is now kept in the castle.

The tower of Norwich Cathedral is the loftiest and most elaborate of the Norman period remaining in England, and has an appearance of richness and solidity that is very admirable. The spire is the loftiest in the kingdom, with the exception of that of Salisbury Cathedral, to which it must also yield in grace of proportions. This, however, is a very handsome one. It is encircled with several horizontal bands, and the angles are richly crocketed. A remarkable instance of hardihood is mentioned in connection with this spire. On a Sunday in July, 1798, a sailor boy, thirteen years old, obtained permission of the sacrist to go up into the tower during the performance of the service. From the tower he ascended the in-

terior of the spire, till he reached the highest window, through which he made his way to the exterior, and assisted only by the crockets, which are above a yard apart, climbed to the finial that crowns the summit of the spire. On this narrow footing, at a height of above three hundred feet, he walked twice round, and then, in the presence of the vast crowd who had assembled, and were watching him with breathless anxiety, he amused himself for some time in twirling round the weathercock. He at length descended in safety, in the same way that he had ascended.

Norwich is now as celebrated for its manufactures as it once was for its churches.

In our last number we gave an engraving representing one of the curiosities of architecture still remaining in this old city. St. Ethelbert's Gate. But, notwithstanding it contains many monuments of the past, Bale, writing in 1549, cries out lustily against the citizens of Norwich for their disregard of their antiquities. "O city of England," he says, "whose glory standeth more in belly-cheer than in search of wisdom godly, how cometh it that neither you, nor yet your idle mass-mongers, have regarded this most worthy commodity of your country—I mean the conservation of your antiquities, and of the worthy labours of your learned men? I think the renown of such a notable act would much longer have endured than of all your belly-banquets and table-triumphs, either yet of your newly-purchased halls to keep St. George's feast in."

## THE FIRST PATIENT.

[ORIGINAL.]

ANASTASIUS BAKE was a singular little body: singular in his appearance, singular in countenance, with singular expression, singular dress, and, in short, singular all over. Far from being a bad man, good nature and humour lurked in his small twinkling grey eyes, in his hasty voluminous speech, in his incessant uneasiness, and even in his tongue, which protruded from the corners of his mouth in a very funny twist or distended his cheeks in a comical manner.

Residing on the Connecticut river, somewhere between its source and mouth, he kept all sorts of irons in the fire. His business was various, often heterogeneous, but no matter how pressing the engagements, or how frequent the demand, no one complained of his negligence or inability to satisfy their wants.

Among other accomplishments, he kept tavern, let horses, run stages, bought and sold produce, practised the veterinary art, was general agent for the sale of various machines, and a sort of Encyclopedia for the country generally, for consulting the pedigree, standing, number and wealth of families and individuals. Yet all these occupations consumed not his time—the active little man actually sighed for employment.

The stage-horn's long swelling notes floated in the distance. Bake was here and there and everywhere at the same time—now arranging *this* thing, now *that*, with his accustomed alacrity. Soon the half-melted horses and dust-covered stage thundered up to the door:

"Step out, gen'l'm—step out—step out—supper s'r—supper s'r!" rattled so incoherently from his tongue, it might have passed for High-Dutch.

"Ye-yes s-s-sir," answered a tall, raw-boned, dried-visaged, black-eyed passenger, dressed in a full suit of black, as he strode majestically across the porch with a huge bundle under each arm.

"Eh, eh!" ejaculated Bake, catching a view of the retreating form.

Seldom, very seldom any one appeared in those parts unless Bake called him by name, shook hands, inquired after his family, friends and neighbours—how far he had come and how far he should go to-day; but *that* voice, *that* form, he could not localize or identify.

Supper being ready, the grave stranger seated himself near the centre, at the side of the table, opposite Bake.

"Pleasant weather," said the latter, endeavouring to attract the former's attention.

"Ye-es."

"Much of a crop your way?"

"Ye-es."

"How is hay this year, your way?"

"Ye-es."

"Corn, I suppose is backward?"

"Ye-es."

But with all his attempts, Bake failed of eliciting more than "ye-es."

With lofty mien the stranger took his meal in silence, eating with the greatest precision—each piece of evenly buttered bread, each piece of meat cut to an exact cube, alternately followed by a swallow of tea.

Bake's eyes, rivetted to the stranger, ceased their twinkle—his tongue for once was still.

Deep thought, hidden knowledge, wond'rous secrets, a mysterious something seemed concealed beneath that demeanour, and Bake for the life of him could not tell whether it raised feelings of awe, of abhorrence, or a growing affection in his bosom for the stranger; but there *was* an attraction of some kind, so strong that the little Bake began to feel it in his veins.

The repast was ended. Turning suddenly around, he accosted Bake with "a-a-a wor-wor-word wi-wi-with y-y-you, s-s-sir, i-i-in *pri-pri-private*!"

"Me-e!" answered Bake.

"Ye-yes, s-s-sir, i-i-in *pri-i-i-vate*!"

Now fear was one of those base ingredients which mingled not in his blood, but there are times when the boldest heart will quail, and the boldest mind hesitate. Superstition hath always battled with, and always vanquished bravery, often bringing to the dust heroes whom no mortal foe could daunt. Bake paused a moment, and (it being warm and early evening towards the middle of July) proposed taking a stroll along the bank of the river.

They soon reached a quiet, secluded grove, when Bake, seating himself upon a hillock, informed his companion "he was ready to hear him."

"Ye-es s-s-sir!"

It was one of those lovely spots where Nature seems to excel herself; where animate and inanimate creation, although in a different language, fills us with the liveliest pictures of happiness and beauty—where the earth, veiled in the thin gauze of evening, borrows from heaven her lustres, which richly blend the shadows of the trees above with the waters beneath. The distant hills, towering aloft, scarcely preserve a line of demarcation in the heavens; and the opposite shore strives to kiss the shadow of her sister shore, whilst bright rays of light, dancing upon the ripples, forever separated their embrace.

Such was the evening and such the scene. Both were absorbed in contemplation, whether reflecting upon these charms of nature, or whether the one revolved a method of procedure in his mind, whilst the other wondered what the communication might be, may possibly never be known; but the reverie was broken by the stranger inquiring: "Do you wish to become famed and wealthy?"

The thoughtless Bake, making no particular objection to so reasonable and harmless a proposition, he continued: "Well, then, it is in your power—the gold is before you—honours will follow: reach forth your hand and receive them."

Bake had read, with some degree of credulity, of an enchantress, who was in the habit of surprising her favourites or enemies every fine evening, the first with every manner of good, the latter with every manner of evil; and, beginning now to look upon his mysterious companion as a magician who had assumed this form, perhaps to enrich, perhaps to impoverish him, he nervously clutched for a casket of jewels, but he clasped a phantom only. The sweet vision dissolved like a morning mist—instead of a talismanic



ring, his companion cried: "Become a doctor, sir—a doctor of our school!"

"Eh, eh, what, what, no, you don't mean—Eh, what, no, you don't mean a—*real doctor*?" stuttered Bake, his eyes swelled out and winking fiercely—"get fame and riches by physic! Is this 'th-th-the wor-wor-word i-i-in *pri-i-i-vate*?' A doctor—ha! ha! a doctor! a *real* doctor! ha, ha! ha, ha! I've physicked horses, cattle, and all sorts of four-legged animals for the last twenty years; always lost money by it; and, when I didn't cure 'em; I always had the worst of it. I never tried *humans*, and may I be——"

"Hold," interrupted his companion, who, during Bake's merriment, relaxed not a muscle of his rigid features, or betrayed a symptom of concern—"Not so fast, sir! not so fast! When I have done, if you don't change your strain there is no medicinal qualities in steam——"

"Steam, eh!"

"Yes, sir, steam will ever distinguish the nineteenth century from all others. It is the motive power, the spirit of the age, which we hear so much about, and in which alone we excel the ancients."

"You know that Esculapias and Galen ('no I don't know 'em," said Bake,) were the fathers of medicine. ('no I don't," interrupted the little man again.) Well, they did well enough for those old dog-trot, truck-horse days; but a new era has come! The world has revolutionized, men's opinions have changed, mind has progressed and expanded. The old humbugs have exploded; new and more worthy sciences have arisen from their ashes; and acting with the onward principle, we steam vessels over the ocean, carriages over the land, and *our* system is to steam diseases out of the flesh——"

"Ye gods and little fishes, what a thought for a white man!" screamed Bake—"For a white man," rolled across the water and died away among the distant hills in the faint echo "white man."

"The old system of hewing and hacking, of purging and leeching a poor sick fellow, is fast disappearing as a false, inhuman doctrine, unworthy of our age and country. But steam, *steam* is the glory of us all. The sun has arisen—a new day dawns upon a night of superstition, ignorance and impudence. Already we make our opponents feel our weight. They tremble; they *must* fall!"

"I know you well ('me?" said Bake, "I never saw you before,") yes! I know your ability, your qualifications for rising in our profession—you are very smart, (Bake felt 'twas true,) and, in a short time, your comprehensive mind, with my own, and the assistance of a book (written by our immortal founder,) which I will sell you, will make you as renowned a practitioner as is between here and Georgia. Spurn not the precious boon! You hear my proposal—will you accept?"

"I'm rather old, but what's the cost?" said Bake, whose mind was now fairly in the Steam.

"Fifteen dollars only, including medicine, book and all!"

Steam had triumphed: it raised his imagination to a busting point; it mantled into his brain like clouds of gold dust; it buzzed, it hissed in his ears: "Yes, yes, good, good—I'll do it! Fifteen dollars? good—Fifteen dollars! *done*!" said Bake, grasping his companion's hand with excitement.

Any one passing Bake's house that night, might

have observed a light streaming from an upper window, until a very late hour; and could any one have peeped into that room, they would have seen two men in close and anxious conversation, ever and anon turning over the pages of a volume, or examining with close and curious eye the labels upon certain variously coloured bottles.

Bake's form bent slightly forward, his head turned so as to present the surface of his ear to his companion's mouth; his lips separated; his eyes, somewhat swollen, were steadily fixed upon an imaginary point of the ceiling. Every word as it fell from the stern and mysterious stranger, dropped like honey into his ear, filtrated through the tympanum, and thence diffused itself through his veins and brain, like the subtle inhalation of Chloroform. Not a sentence was unheard, not a syllable was lost. Bake became enraptured! He comprehended the magnitude, appreciated the benefits, he realized the wonders of the subject; and their separation that night evinced more cordial familiarity of the parties, whose first acquaintance seemed so discouraging.

A police officer, whose profession throws him among criminals, can by a faculty acquired in daily observation of physiognomy, detect, almost to a certainty, a thief in the largest crowds. So any one, in the habit of observing physiognomy, can give, at a glance, the general character of each individual as he passes; or can tell what particular feeling or passion actuates this or that one, from the expression of his countenance, his eye, or his carriage.

It would require no such faculty to have told what feeling predominated in Bake's mind as he greeted his companion on the following morning—a child would have told you that joy, unbounded joy, elated him beyond the bounds of reason.

Two weeks had elapsed since the incidents, which we have above recorded, took place. The stranger departed as rigid, as particular, as stately as he came; and his last words, with his head thrust through the coach window: "Goo-oo-ood b-b-bye, s-s-sir! re-member i-i-in a-a-all ca-a-ases, gi-i-ive 'em s-s-some o-o-f t-t-the bl-bl-blue bot-bot-bottle, 'f-f-fore t-t-the s-s-steam!" perplexed the bye-standers not a little, yet Bake knew their meaning; and he assured his friend that "he would fix 'em out."

A steam apparatus of Bake's own contriving, was already in the garret, which he named "The Hospital."

He had read and re-read the book, each succeeding time with increased admiration for its author; he knew the ingredients of the different bottles. He had given out to the world orally, and by huge handbills pasted up in conspicuous places around the country, that "Dr. Anastasius Bake was now prepared to receive and treat patients—no matter *how*, or *how long*, affected,—in a new and scientific manner: also showing in large letters what pernicious effects the human race had suffered from the ignorance of quacks."

Yet, notwithstanding these masterly efforts, no one seemed willing or anxious to test the truth of his assertions; he brought no grist to the mill; and he lamented most bitterly the stubbornness, the folly, the ingratitude of man; and I much fear that he grieved the dreams of gold and honours grew fainter in his imagination, as day after day passed by.

It is our destiny that the brightest prospects should be blasted by the unrelenting strokes of Fortune—

that disappointment, trials, afflictions, perhaps ruin, ever attend our most cherished schemes. Few, indeed, are favourites of Fortune; and Bake (now *Doctor Bake*) very philosophically withstood her enmity, consoling himself with the reflection that time and patience *must* bring success.

A day at last came—an opportunity for establishing his reputation, or blasting his hopes.

The old mouser, whose grey hairs betokened long service, was taken ill, severely ill, so ill that she was perfectly helpless: her eyes filmed over, a hacking cough distressed her chest, and death seemed to mark her as a victim. Dr. Bake loved her as she had been a child—her playful pranks, from kittenhood up, had more than once delighted him—her watchful care had more than once saved his granary; and her pitiable situation brought tears to his eyes, which coursed in large drops down his sorrowful countenance. He took her carefully in his arms, smoothed the fur upon her back, gently stroked her face, whilst taking her to the Hospital—there he softly laid her upon a bed; he took from a shelf the “blue bottle” of which the stranger spake; he opened her lifeless mouth and turned a little, just a little, of the contents down her throat—

“Me-au—me-au—ye-au!” accompanied with such symptoms of resuscitation, that the doctor had high hopes of Jacobina’s recovery. Such magical changes have astonished greater doctors than him.

“One drop more, Jackee,” said he coaxingly, “then the steam!” But *Jackee* no sooner smelt the potion near her nose, than the strength of youth returned: “Phit, phit! Me-au!” and Jacobina broke his hold, dove through a pane of glass; and striking the earth, performed feats worthy of a circus horse; then, with tail perpendicular in the air, she rushed for the barn, where she fell and expired in anything but tranquility of body, if not of mind.

“Oh Patrick,” said the doctor to his hostler, as they watched her last agonies, “see what imprudently leaping from high windows—see what exertion, the too sudden use of our physical powers after illness—see what resistance to the doctor, his prescriptions, his steam, has done!”

Patrick, bending over his favourite, could only answer, “she’s dead, by jabers!—dead, by jabers—dead!”

Weeks past. The doctor, engrossed with the success which had *nearly* crowned his efforts, exhausted the patience of his friends by recapitulating Jacobina’s cure, interspersing his remarks with proper homelies, which are now unfortunately forgotten, but unlike a good general, he took no advantage of his partial success. He had accomplished enough to satisfy himself of the efficacy of his system. Enough to show that much more *could* be done; and enough, in his opinion, to convince any reasonable man of his ability to accomplish any thing he chose. Somehow or other his auditory got into a very disagreeable habit of winking at each other, when he manfully appealed to them—of hunching one another—and, more particularly, a serious manner they had of asking him “if the cat didn’t die?” These interruptions at last became so unpleasant to the doctor, that he dropped the subject entirely, and consigned his auditory to a worse place than earth.

Some years ago Patrick caught the fever and ague, and at various times since it returned upon him.

One morning he came from the barn pale and shivering terribly. He knew what was coming: he felt the “div’lish shakes” were on him, and hurried to the bar-room.

“Quick, docther, some branthy! The agees hav’ coome!”

A passing thought—a glance—an idea flashed with the speed of light through the doctor’s mind.

“Patrick, brandy inflames, it never cures.”

“Divil a bit; giv’ me some branthy!”

The doctor refused; Patrick insisted. The doctor finally proposed giving him a substitute, more powerful than all the liquors in his bar.

“Is it the cat, phasick you mane?” inquired the Irishman, casting a sidelong look towards the door.

How seldom a sick man receives with cheerful countenance and thankful heart, those little doses which may restore him to health! How seldom children are prevailed upon to receive medicines, unless they are disguised with sweets! When admonition fails, how often misrepresentation succeeds! In such cases a strict moralist would hardly call that a sin which perhaps preserved life; but whether he would or not, Dr. Bake’s answer shows that *he* had no conscientious scruples in deceiving the unsophisticated Irishman, who could not even suspect the doctor capable of misrepresenting anything.

“No, Patrick, it is a warming, harmless, agreeable, and, at the same time, as powerful a decoction as will be found in the whole botanical kingdom. ‘Twill slip down like oil, warm you like hot whisky punch, and so sweet, you’ll think ‘tis the essence of honey.”

“Thin, faix, I’ll be afther trying a drop of him, docther.”

In vain the hospital was recommended as a fitter place—in vain the beneficial qualities of steam in his case was shown. Patrick inexorably answered, —“the medicen’ furst, and stame arfther.”

The doctor turned a potion from the “blue bottle,”—

“Lit me smill in him, docther!”

“Swallow it, and smell of it afterwards!” said Dr. Bake, slightly irritated.

‘Twas done! \* \* \* \* \*

“Och, murther!—fire and warther—hooley mother—hoony is it?—blissed virgin—me bowils ar’ atein’ me to paces—angils protiet me—fire and powther ar’ blowin’ me up—snakes and divils ar’ in me mouth—Och daar—och, the cat phasick, by jabers!—Och, the cat phasick!” gasped Patrick as best he could.

Like Jacobina he steered towards the barn; but on his way thither he performed such *pirouettes* as would have extracted laughter from a horse. Grasping his stomach with both hands, with scarlet face, the perspiration bursting from every pore—*now* he leapt his length like a sturgeon, and alighting on the point of his right boot, he spun ‘round like a whip-top—*now*, leaping again, he performed the same feat upon the other toe, and in this manner reached the barn.

The doctor was in high glee,—“see! it works in his veins! he feels its potent influence! Ha! ha! ‘tis fighting the ague! ten to one it wins! ten to one it wins!” seemed harsh and soulless language for him to use on this particular occasion.

And did it not *win*—poor Patrick! whilst cursing and praying, screaming with pain, or gasping for air, leaping and diving, spinning and twisting thy dis-



torted form upon that hay-mow—did you not feel, poor Patrick, that the ague had left?"

On the following morning he dug his way out, and with feeble voice, sunken eyes, death-like countenance, and emaciated form, he tottered below.

"Number 6, Patrick!" cried Dr. Bake.

Whether Patrick was enraged at the doctor's conduct on the previous day, or whether he imagined "No. 6" was something else is not shown, yet he certainly evinced a strong disposition to resist the mandate by throwing his body into a graceful, pugilistic attitude of defiance—at the same time muttering,—"Come on wid yer—may I be a marther if I take him—may all the devils ate me if I do at all, at all!" But when he was made to understand that it was a horse in "No. 6" which was required, he obeyed somewhat sulkily—yet the doctor, from reasons best known to himself, neither inquired how he felt, or referred in the remotest manner to the incidents of the previous day.

The story of Jacobina and Patrick leaked out, as such things always will in a country village, and many a hard rub, many a sly hint drew from the doctor a defence, a retort, or an angry answer. Dr. Bake began to feel that greatness is ever accompanied by envy, jealousy, malice, ridicule, and misrepresentation; but calumny could not move, or ridicule shake Anastasius Bake from making another attempt to niche his name in the temple of Fame. As yet he had never an opportunity of testing his whole strength. Jacobina and Patrick had been tried, but neither of them could be called a patient—neither had submitted to his orders; and he again consoled himself with "Time and Patience."

There was living in the outskirts of the town an old negro, named Cato, whom the doctors, either from due observance of fees, or other cause, had given over as a fit subject for death. Yet Cato continued to hold out from day to day in spite of prognostics.

As a *dernier* resort, Dr. Bake was sent for. Oh how his eyes trembled as the message was delivered! The first call—what new, what thrilling emotions throbbed in his bosom! The time, the occasion, the patient had come! How would the regulars act, what would they say on seeing old Cato's health return? were questions he revolved in his mind; and a halo of glory seemed already to encircle his brow.

A wagon was dispatched for the dying negro: he was brought with the greatest tenderness, carefully borne to "the hospital" and laid on the bed where Jacobina had been before him.

Disease and old age were upon him sure enough: neither limb could he move or syllable utter. The grey hair contrasted strangely with his ebon skin; the long gasping breath showed approaching dissolution; and the cold, motionless eye betokened anything but a favourable result to the doctor.

"Here, Cato, take this and you will soon be better."

The negro heard him not, yet there was a slight, very slight movement of his nose as the draught ran down, which, like a little cloud at first, soon spread over his whole person: his system shook, his chest hove spasmodically; his eye-lids raised; his jaw fell upon his neck; a rumbling sound rolled in his stomach, which spouted the potion against the ceiling.

For the first time in many weeks Cato spoke: "don't gib me no more ob dat stuff, Massa, it kill um me!"

The doctor was delighted,—so sudden a change was beyond even his belief.

"No, no, Cato, no more of that for the present. *This* will stay down," and he applied a dose from the "blue bottle" to the negro's lips.

It was no sooner administered, than screaming like an enraged panther, he tossed the clothes from the bed—tore his stomach with his nails—gnashed his teeth; and, leaping to the floor, dove wildly around, whilst his groans and yells mingled with the exultations of Dr. Anastasius Bake.

A dozen men rushed up, thinking something horrid to pay; but we can better imagine than describe their astonishment—not one dare trust his senses that the object before them, so full of life, was the negro whom all a few moments before considered dead.

"Into the box with him! Seize him, men! In with him!"

A dozen hands seized the struggling negro—he resisted with wonderful, almost supernatural, strength; he fought as for life, but numbers prevailed over bravery, and old Cato became the first inmate of the doctor's steam chest.

The heavy lid closed over him, and the clink of the padlock produced anything but musical sounds on his ear.

There were groans and kicks, and noise of struggling life within, which, fainter and fainter, died away until nothing was heard save the hissing of steam escaping through the crevices of the box.

\* \* \* \* \*

The doctor stood behind his bar. A man, heated by exercise, came running in and inquired "if he could get conveyance thirty miles to a neighbouring town? he *must* go, cost what it would."

"I'll take you over," said the doctor, forgetting negro, steam and all.

His horse was soon harnessed, and in ten minutes the doctor, sitting by the passenger's side, was on his journey. With an agreeable and communicative companion, time and space are almost annihilated; and it was not until the doctor, left alone to his own reflections, on his homeward way, was conscious that such a man as old Cato existed, much less that such a man occupied his steam chest in the hospital. The fact seemed suddenly to burst upon him; and, oh! the fear, the bitter reproaches, the melancholy thoughts brought a dismal groan from his heart! Dark spectres flitted through his brain! A grinning, par-boiled negro appeared dancing along by the way-side. Night was setting in; he grew nervous; he pushed his horse to his utmost trot; darkness increased; he urged his steed to a rapid run.

He reached home; and, the reader need not be informed, he rushed frantically to his hospital—he opened the box, and lo! the negro was *white* and nearly drowned in his own perspiration! The doctor drew him forth like a heap of clothes from a wash tub, and laid him upon Jacobina's bed.

The cool air spread over him, and to the doctor's untold joy, old Cato respired. Rolling his eyes around, like one just awoke from some vivid and horrid dream, he said in feeble voice, "I be better now, berry much better, doctor, when you took um out ob dat bilin' water—I tot I die dar—he hot, berry hot—he took um breff away, an' I know nottin' dis long time."

"Well, well, Cato, keep quiet; go to sleep and



to-morrow morning you will be over all your troubles."

The negro shook his head mournfully.

"Old Cato is fast recovering under my treatment," soliloquized the doctor as he retired for the night; and this reflection, sweeter than food to famished man, sweeter than water to the parching lips of sea tossed mariner, brought many a golden dream, many a pleasant vision to the doctor's mind, now steeped in tranquil sleep. Oh that those visions might have been prolonged—those dreams of wealth, of fame, with all their attendant honours, had remained unbroken, undissolved.

But such is life, awake or asleep; all our honours, our greatness, are but dreams which Death must soon destroy—we reach the highest pinnacle of fame, when lo! its giddy height is insupportable, and the distant heavens are far beyond the stretch of mortal arm!

Morning drove sleep, with her alluring spectres, from the doctor's brain. He hurried with anxious thoughts to the hospital; he seized the negro's hand. Amazed, aghast, horror-stricken he stood! not a muscle moved—not the faintest sign of a pulse—those cold and stony eyes gazing up upon him, sent a chilly shudder along the doctor's nerves. Death had, indeed, set his seal upon old Cato's lips, whilst misery struck her talons deeply into the doctor's heart.

The household and neighbourhood, raised by the distressing tale, came thronging in; some to hear the rumours as they floated 'round from mouth to mouth, some to catch a last look at old Cato's face.

A Coroner's jury was summoned in the hospital, and after attentively hearing "how helpless, how near to death when brought thither, how he had long since been given up by other physicians, how lively he was, how strong in this same room but a few short hours before;" and after proper examination of the body, they rendered a verdict: "Died in a fit."

Patrick, standing outside of the door, with one eye squinting within, whilst the other measured the distance below, kept up a muttering noise: "thin that staming divil yonder is where he would be afther putting me in" (crossing himself.) "Och, wouldn't he git me to take the cat-phasick again! Och murder! me bowils ar' aking now, an' faix they ar'—and a fit is it? if I had died, they would be arfther calling it a fit too, the lying divils—the nager has had some of the cat-phasick, be gabers; and sure, didn't it kill Jacobine and me, and wouldn't it kill a nager entirely?"

As soon as the crowd dispersed, a coffin was procured, the remains of old Cato placed in it, and before the sun set the grave had forever closed over him.

It was not until he had been acquitted of all blame, and the corpse of the negro had been removed from his presence, that Doctor Bake breathed freely. And then he evinced such emotions as a criminal just discharged by the verdict of a jury from the charge of some heinous crime. He knew not whether to laugh or weep, to bless or curse all within hearing. Such excitement produced a fever, and the doctor himself was brought to a critical state.

The faithful Patrick sat by his side fondly urging him "jist to thry a dhrop of the darlin' phasick which

had cured the agees;" but the doctor strenuously shook his head.

"Och, thin," said Patrick coaxingly, "thry a dhrop of this cool swatened warther, made by meself to quinch the faver; thry a dhrop of him, dear docther! he will slip down like oil, cool yer off, an' you'll be dramin' in the essence of hooney!"

Now the doctor, although out of danger, was in a state of such lassitude as to be nearly unconscious of Patrick's eloquent appeals; and would have remained thus ignorant had not Patrick, against every rule of propriety, turned the contents of a "blue bottle" down his, the ill doctor's, throat, at the same time making good his own retreat into the street.

The doctor issued close upon Patrick's heels by *sommersetts*, bawling most lustily, "Oh! I'm killed—poisoned. There's melted lead in my stomach—murder the assassin! murder him!" But Patrick, raising a counter-cry: "saze him, saze him! It's got the faver—tin to one it wins—tin to one it wins—saze him, me honies, and put him in the stame yonder," pointing towards the hospital.

Oh! what could equal his feelings, as he felt the warm steam encircling his brow, and heard the sounds of retreating feet as the lid closed heavily upon him!

There, in that contrivance which he had expended so much time and thought upon for the benefit of invalids, the doctor had an opportunity to experience its utility; and, if we may judge from the various kicks and thumps and groans issuing therefrom, we should conclude that he was under a very unfavourable opinion on that particular occasion. We might safely say, could he have had his own will in the matter, he would most unhesitatingly have preferred almost any other place to that in which he found himself.

Every torment, however, by a wise regulation of nature, has its end as well as its beginning; but before nature's assistance was required, Patrick appeared. "Arrah an' is it a pleasant bed you have, docthor? Barrin' the smoke and stame and the box and all, I wouldn't mind thryin' it meself. Wouldn't you like me to lave you now, docthor, to plisanthrammes?" said the philanthropic Patrick.

A melancholy voice within cried, "for the love of mercy, let me out! Oh! let me out!"

He was taken out "pipin' hot," as the corn cryers say, and borne to his room.

A week past and the doctor got out once more. Although yet pale and weak from his illness, he seemed as fresh, as busy, as loquacious as ever; but there was one thing remarkable, he neither spoke of his former favourite theme, nor would he listen to any remarks on that score from others; and on the slightest reference thereto he seemed to become gloomy, and appeared brooding over something dark and mysterious. Soon after one of these melancholy fits, he withdrew from the company, and immediately they heard noises of pounding and smashing, the breaking of glass, at the same time there was a strong smell of burning paper, all of which was evidently going on in the hospital.

"Oh doctor, doctor, marm is sick and wants you to come and see her," cried a red-haired, snubbed nose youngster, without hat, shoes or coat, one day some time after the events recorded above took place.

"What does she want?"

"She wants some physic," said the boy.

"Go home and tell your marm that I'm not a doctor, nor ever was one," answered Bake, drawing himself up into a haughty attitude, and looking around to find if any one had the hardihood to dispute his assertion.

"An' sure you cured Jacobine, come mighty near curing Cato, drove the agees away from me entirely, and then cured yerself by goin' quietly and pactly into the darlin' of a stame chist up yonder," interrupted Patrick, to the astonishment of every one present.

Six or eight years after the events which we have described in the foregoing pages took place, a little twinkling-eyed, rosy-cheeked man, dressed in a full suit of very black cloth, with a very broad-brimmed, low-crowned black hat, stepped up to and accosted me by name, whilst passing down the Connecticut in a steamer. A moment's reflection brought Doctor Anastasius Bake to my mind.

After sundry inquiries on both sides, he informed me that he was on his way to a convention at New Haven.

"What convention is it, doctor?" I asked.

"A convention of physicians of our school," said he, protruding his tongue from his mouth.

"Oh! I understood you had given up the practise since old Ca—."

"Oh, oh, yes!—well, I haven't done much only *theoretically* you know. For, when in a fit of partial insanity a long time ago, the fact is, I destroyed my steam apparatus, burnt my book and smashed my bottles; and as my other occupations have so tap-up my time, I have never replaced them; besides there is so much prejudice in my section of the country, that I have not found it worth while to renew my labours in the science—still I stick to the theory—the theory, sir. There was a great deal said, too, about that old nigger, which was all a lie and only got up to injure *our* system. He was dead when I took hold of him, but because I brought him to life and he died after it, I received my share of malice," said the doctor drawing a long breath.

"But I heard, doctor, his hair peeled off like a scalded pig's?" said I.

"Hem, eh, eh—well, perhaps there *may* have been a sprig or two stuck to the pillow, but that was occasioned by his previous illness. Since then, however, I have learned a little more, and were I to take up the practice again, I don't think I should prescribe quite so much for a dose. You see 'twas  
*Portland, February. 1848.*

mighty powerful stuff, sir, and like many other things there is danger of overdoing it."

"But what's become of the man who taught you the science?" I inquired.

"Hish!" answered the doctor, looking 'round mysteriously. "Hish!" placing his mouth close to my ear, "he was not a mortal, but the spirit of some great man! None of *us* know him now, or have ever seen him since he parted with me. Don't speak of him! He is probably somewhere, perhaps among the ignorant savages, doing good, sir, doing good."

We soon separated; and long after this singular little man had landed at New Haven, I lay in my berth listening to the waters rushing by, and the unceasing regularity of the machinery, and revolving in my mind the history, the peculiarities and the blind devotion of the ignorant Anastasius Bake to a doctrine that he knew as much about as he did of astronomy.

In every branch of industry men attempt to gain the same end by different, and oftentimes opposite means, when both perhaps will be equally successful; but this presumes knowledge and familiarity with the subject in question, equal in both.

Quackery has been the bane of science from the earliest history of man. Ignorance is quackery; hence, any man, however skillful he may be in other respects, who attempts to explain, much more practice, that which he knows little or nothing of, is a quack in the true sense of the term. This is no less true with the labourer, the artisan, the mechanic, the sailor, the merchant, the author, the statesman, the prince, the lawyer and the minister, than it is of the physician. Every trade and every profession has its quacks; and in the science of medicine may be found Alapathic, Homœopathic, Hydropathic pretenders as well as skillful and successful practitioners.

Among the former, undoubtedly, Doctor Bake must occupy a very high, or we might rather say, very low, position; and our readers will have learned long before they finish the story which we have endeavoured faithfully and truly to write, that it is not proselytes such as our hero that give character to a profession. A science, taught or practised by ignorant men, too often becomes a subject of ridicule, no matter how correct its principles, or how important its use—that before we engage the services of any man, whether of a professional or mechanical class, we should endeavour to learn if he has any relationship in his vocation, with the little twinkle-eyed, rosy-cheeked, sprightly Doctor Anastasius Bake, who cured with a blue-bottle and steam the various ills of a cat, an Irishman, a negro and himself. N. L. B.

## STRATFORD CHURCH.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE Church of Stratford, looked upon only as a house consecrated to the worship of God, has hardly more claim to the attention of Christians than on our Trinity Church in Broadway. In truth, the church in Broadway is much the finer structure of the two, and has more architectural beauty to recommend it; but the Church of Stratford, regarded as the mausoleum which contains the mouldering bones of the immortal Shakspeare, who once trod its aisles, who there joined in the worship of the Almighty Being in whom he believed, is a more interesting object than the proudest basilica ever erected upon earth. The divinity of the poet's name doth hedge it in, and every stone of which it is composed is a sacred relict. We transcribe a brief description of this honoured pile from the "Rambles by Rivers" of Mr. James Thorne:

"Stratford Church is a structure of large size and unusual beauty. The bold, free hand of the old English architect is seen to advantage here. It is placed on the banks of the Avon, which is fringed by a few willows, and from the river our church appears of surpassing gracefulness. It has transepts, nave, chancel and aisles, a fine tower and steeple. The tower, transepts, and other portions, are of the early English style, and very perfect; the remainder belong to a later period, and is not less graceful. Its windows are, some of them, full of rich tracery. The approach from the town is by a curious avenue of lime-trees. The whole appearance of the pile, with the surrounding objects, is extremely pleasing. Beautiful as is the exterior, the interior is even more so. It has very recently been fully restored, and with very great skill—so great skill, indeed, is displayed, that little is left to desire. All the barbaric refinements and embellishments of the last two centuries have been swept away—would they were in every church in the country—and there is really now a fair restoration of the whole to its original state, with some little concessions, indeed, to modern requirements, but all done in the spirit of its original contrivers. The monuments in the church are many, and, besides the mounment, are interesting. One chapel is entirely filled with those of the Clopton family, and many of them are handsome. On the north of the east window is a marble tomb to the memory of John Combe, the friend of Shakspeare, and whom he has been charged with libelling in some rhyme that would have disgraced a Thames waterman. The statue of Combe was executed by Gerard Johnson, the sculptor of Shakspeare's bust. But all else sinks into insignificance before the monument of Shakspeare, rendered, too, so doubly interesting by the likeness of him it has preserved."



STRATFORD CHURCH.



# SOPHIA CARLTON,

## A TALE OF LAKE ONTARIO.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

[ORIGINAL.]

### CHAPTER I.

#### PRELIMINARY.

On the shores of lake Ontario, about midway between the rivers Niagara and Genesee, there stands a firm old mansion built of stone, situated on a considerable elevation, about forty rods from the water's edge. It commands a fine view, both of the lake and of the country around, and affords a delightful retreat for the lovers of cool breezes during the hot seasons of the year. The country in this portion of the State of New York is still new, but its appearance has materially altered during the last thirty years. Half a century ago, where the house in question now stands, the foot of civilized man had never trod; the shores of lake Ontario were frequented only by savages and beasts of the forest. Now, as the steamboats and schooners pass up and down the lake, the seaman and traveler behold a civilized land, and orchards, houses and cultivated fields are presented to their view. These objects are, to all appearances, situated on what was once the bed of the lake, the shore of which was formerly several miles to the southward, on the elevation of land running through the northern portion of the State, and familiarly called the "*Ridge*."

The first houses built in Western New York were constructed of logs; but as civilization increased, and the inhabitants accumulated wealth, large framed buildings, and houses of brick and stone were erected in their stead. At present, between the Erie Canal and Lake Ontario, there are still many waste lands and many log houses; so that, when the traveler meets with a well cultivated farm and elegant buildings, his admiration is in proportion with their rarity.

In the vicinity of the stone mansion of which we speak, however, most of the indications of recent settlement have disappeared. There is a small village to the south-east of it, and many neat country houses around about, together with schools and churches. Mr Augustus Carlton was one of the first to take up his abode in this portion of the Empire State. For several years he and his young wife lived in a humble log cottage; but as Providence smiled upon their industry, they were at last enabled to erect the house in question, constructed, in part, of pebble-stones taken from the lake. Six years ago not a farm in the vicinity was in a more flourishing condition than Carlton's, and not a family seemed more blessed with the comforts of life.

At that time Carlton had a daughter eighteen years of age, named Sophia. She was the youngest of four children, all of whom were married except herself, and settled at a distance from their parents. Sophia was a girl of good sound sense and deep feelings, well educated and beautiful. Such being the case, it must not be expected that she was without admirers, or that there were not those among

the number who cared less for her riches than for herself; for, like the beautiful heiress of the east,

"Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles."

Among those who sought her hand was a young farmer in the vicinity, whose heart, to use a figurative expression, had received a mortal wound. To be plain, George Wilson was so deeply in love with the fair Sophia, that had he had nothing else to do, he would have spent half his time in sighing and writing letters to his lady-love, and the other half in making "oaths never to be broken," and pleading his cause at her feet. As it was, he was so occupied during the greater part of his time, that he could only chat with her occasionally in the evening, or on Sunday, and dream of her at night. But Sophia was a tender hearted creature, and she took pity on poor George; and as George was good looking, graceful in his manners, noble hearted and brave, she ended in rewarding him with her love.

Notwithstanding the declaration of the poet that

"The course of true love never did run smooth,"

that of George and Sophia, for a season, was as unruffled as a sea of oil, during a summer's day, and preferable, for its sweetness, to a whole river of the divine nectar of old. George was as happy as it is possible for mortal man to be; the thought that Sophia had preferred him to richer suitors, and even allowed him to press her hand, and—once or twice—to kiss her lovely lips, literally elevated him above his fellow mortals. He had even gone so far as to talk to her of marriage, and she had given her consent to become his wife as soon as he should be possessed of a farm of his own. As this circumstance was on the point of being brought about, through the favor of George's father, the two lovers began to look forward to the consummation of their bliss as something not far ahead.

Thus far the "course of true love" had run smooth—very smooth; but it was destined suddenly to be broken by a cataract, as will be seen in our next chapter.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE BOAT RIDE AND THE QUARREL.

To the eastward of Carlton's house there dwelt a fisherman in a humble cottage on the lake shore. He and his sons spent a part of their time in attending to their nets and hooks, and the remainder in cultivating a few acres of land. During the summer season the fisherman was accustomed to rent his boats occasionally to young men from the vicinity, who came to take a trip upon the lake during their leisure hours. One afternoon in the month of September, George Wilson had occasion to pass by the fisher-

man's hut. Seeing a young man of his acquaintance about to push off from the shore in a skiff, he walked down to the water's edge to wish him a pleasant voyage.

"It cannot but be pleasant on such a day as this," said the young man; "but I must confess I don't much like going alone. If you are not pressed with business I would be happy to have your company."

It was a fine day and George was fond of the water. The temptation was too great for him to withstand, and he stepped into the boat. In a moment the skiff shot out upon the lake, rising and falling with the waves, and yielding to the pressure of two sturdy oars.

James Hastings was a young man of George's own age, of a brilliant intellect, which he devoted to the study of the law, but of no fixed moral principles. He was ambitious, passionate, and troubled with but few scruples of conscience. George had never been on intimate terms with him, and knew but little of his character, and it is but justice to say that the young advocate knew still less of George.

For a long time the skiff continued to move out upon the lake. At last, as the breeze stiffened, the two young men rested upon their oars to enjoy the movement of the boat as it was tossed upon the waves. The sun was sinking slowly in the west, and darting his horizontal rays across the troubled waters. The objects on the shore were now but dimly seen, but all looked beautiful in the mellow light, from the dark line of forest to the orchard and the open field.

The two young men gazed for some time upon this lovely scene, when James, dipping his oar in the water, said with a smile:

"It is near sunset, and at eight o'clock I have an engagement; let us return to land."

"Certainly," replied George; "especially if your engagement be of an interesting nature. A rendezvous with a young lady, for instance."

"You are a Yankee," said James, with a smile, "you are good at guessing."

"You have then an interview?"

"With the prettiest girl in the county."

"You are fortunate, upon my honour. But do I know your fair lady?"

"You have seen her, perhaps."

"Is she young?"

"Still in her teens."

George thought of his own mistress, and wished that his friend possessed one as fair and true. For a few moments they continued their course towards the land, when James resumed the conversation.

"My fair one is very fair; my lady-love is passion itself. I would not be wanting at an interview with her for six years of my life."

"You would leave one to suppose that she is very tender," said George.

"And is she not! Heavens! What joy to feel her heart beat against my own; her panting breath hot upon my cheek; her lips riveted to mine!"

"Ah! you are happy!" sighed George, thinking all the time of Sophia Carlton. "But the name of you fair one!"

"Is a secret."

"A secret sweet and precious," laughed George. "But I, too, have a——a mistress, if you will have it so—one who, though she may not be as tender as your own, is still very kind. She is as pure as the

Virgin Mary, and I dare speak her name. Now for a mutual exchange of secrets. Confess your lady-love and you shall know my own."

Again the two young men rested upon their oars, regarding each other closely.

"You would force a confession?" said James. "Very well; as I have sworn not to utter her name, I will write it upon a piece of paper; you shall do the same and then we will exchange."

George smiled, and drawing pencil and paper from his pocket, wrote the magic name. James did likewise; the two then exchanged papers. As they did so their eyes met; for a moment they looked at each other enquiringly, then glanced at the scraps of paper they held in their hands.

James read on his—"Sophia Carlton."

George glanced at his—the name was the same!—"Sophia Carlton."

Again the two glanced at each other, but it was not with smiles upon their lips. James was embarrassed; George was pale with agitation and anger.

"It seems that our mistresses are one and the same," said James, endeavouring to regain his self-possession.

"The same?" muttered his companion. "Impossible! I know Sophia too well! All you have said of her," he continued, his eye flashing with scorn and resentment, "all you have said, James Hastings, is false!"

James started; his embarrassment vanished like sunshine before a storm. He was furious.

"False!" he echoed, the blood rushing to his brain.

"An infamous lie!" responded George, firmly.

Their flashing eyes met; but it was for a moment only. Stung to the quick, James grasped his oar with both hands, and leveled a blow at his companion's head. Urged by passion, and not less by a desire to avoid the blow, George, as he saw the oar upraised, without giving it time to descend, sprang upon his enemy like a tiger. James dropped his weapon; the two are clasped in a furious embrace. The skiff rocked—the two struggled, arose upon their feet, and falling, were plunged headlong into the lake.

The waves closed over them, and the skiff, half filled with water, drifted slowly out to sea.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE FIGHT.

It might be supposed that, feeling themselves plunged into the water, the two young men would relax their hold, and that their resentment would be forgotten in the midst of the common danger; but, on the contrary, the accident served only to inflame their hatred and rage. Both were strong, robust young men, and excellent swimmers, so that a combat in the water was but little more to be dreaded than a fight upon the land.

In a moment both arose to the surface, still clasped in a fierce embrace; The shades of night were now falling upon the lake, but it was light enough for them to glance at each other and gather fresh courage from the sight. They uttered not a word, but their flashing eyes spoke volumes of bitter hatred and revenge. James loosed his hold of his antagonist to level a blow at his head. George parried it and

grasped him by the throat. Again the two young men disappeared beneath the surface of the water.

More than a minute elapsed, and it seemed that the combatants had sunk to the bottom of the lake. The waves arose and fell as before, and still there was no signs of life beneath their surface, except that a few bubbles sprung up upon the water. Suddenly a hand appeared, then the long hair of young Hastings floated upon the waves; but it disappeared again, and George's features might have been seen emerging from the water. His right hand still grasped his antagonist by the throat; but in a moment he relaxed his hold to allow him to catch his breath. The black features of young Hastings appeared upon the tide.

Scarcely taking time to recover from the effects of George's pressure at his throat, and disregarding his generosity in releasing him, Hastings made a violent effort to thrust him below the surface.

"Off!" cried George, passionately. "I came near finishing you just now, and if you tempt me again—beware!"

James either could not or would not hear. He seized his antagonist by the arm and drew him towards him. George struck him on the face, plunged him beneath the surface, but all to no purpose. James grasped him fiercely, and in a fit of passion, George once more fixed his vice-like fingers upon his throat. Again they sank down—down they went, like two eagles fighting and falling through the air.

Two minutes elapsed, and two bodies, turning over and over, struggling and writhing in agony, appeared for a moment, and plunged again into the depths of the lake.

George still grasped his antagonist by the throat. James felt himself drowning, and determined to make his enemy share his fate, dragged him irresistibly downward.

But the young farmer was strong; he managed to get his right hand at liberty, and while Hastings clung to him with the energy of despair, he raised himself to the surface of the water. He breathed, but James was still beneath the waves, struggling to free himself from the iron grasp at his throat. George could sustain himself but a moment at the surface; again his fierce antagonist dragged him down.

James now felt himself dying. His agony was fearful. His temples seemed bursting—there was a heavy ringing in his ears. The past, the present and the future flashed vividly upon his mind. In a moment, a world of unutterable thoughts rushed through his brain—his life, his fearful death! Oh! he felt that he could not die! His agony, his terror inspired him with superhuman strength and resolution. A terrible thought crossed his mind—there was one last, one fatal means of escape!

His right hand was at liberty—there was a jack-knife in his pocket! To seize it and to open it with his teeth was the work of a moment. With all his force he plunged it into the bosom of his antagonist.

With a bubbling cry, George relaxed his hold.

Hastings, half dead from want of air, his features black and his eyes starting from their sockets, arose to the surface of the water.

He looked about him. Night had set in. The dark waves rolled heavily, and he could at first scarcely support himself upon the tide. All around was a solitary waste of waters, except that at a distance, a dark line upon the horizon indicated the shore. As he

paused to regain his strength, he saw, a few yards distant from him, the inanimate form of his companion tossed upon the waves. In a moment it disappeared again, and James was alone upon the surface of the water.

What thoughts rushed through the bosom of the young man then! Remorse for the deed he had done, inspired him with terror which he could not shake off. The gloomy aspect of the sky, now covered with black clouds, the awful solitude of the watery wilderness, and above all, the hoarse murmuring of the heaving waves, served to fill his soul with superstitious dread. Oh! how bitterly did he regret having, through a vain desire to excite the admiration of his companions, spoken lightly of Sophia Carlton, whom he scarcely knew!

But the darkness was increasing, the wind blew stronger and in fitful gusts; the waves began to be tipped with foam, and the solitude became more dreary. Having recovered his strength, the young man began to make for the distant shore, directing his course towards a dim light which twinkled on the beach.

His progress was slow, but steady; rising upon the waves, with a strong arm he cast aside the waters, and still continued to advance.

For more than an hour the young man struggled with the watery element. At last his strength began to fail; exhausted, his arms could with difficulty meet the waves. But the beach was near, and he was inspired with fresh hope and courage.

At last his limbs became powerless—numb. He could no longer advance, and the waves rolled over his head. He felt himself sinking, and uttered a cry of despair; but that cry was followed by an exclamation of joy—his feet had touched the ground!

Ten minutes after he was dragging his weary limbs along the beach.

The light towards which he had directed his course, was in the fisherman's hut. He advanced towards it—knocked at the door, and was admitted by the fisherman's wife. Unable longer to support himself, the young man fell fainting upon the floor.

Two days after, the following announcement appeared in the village Gazette:

"A most lamentable occurrence took place on Saturday evening, about two miles from this village, on the lake shore. A young law student, named Hastings—well known to the people in this vicinity—accompanied a young farmer, named George Wilson, in a boat ride upon the lake. When about a mile, or a mile and a half from the shore, a sudden gale upset the skiff, and the two young men were plunged into the water. Hastings made his escape by swimming, but his companion, who has not yet been heard from, has probably found a watery grave.

"Young Wilson was of respectable connections, and he has left a disconsolate family to mourn his loss. It is said, too, that he was affianced to a young and beautiful girl, who, it is feared, will not survive the shock.

"We hope this melancholy circumstance will prove a warning to all young men, who otherwise might be inclined to risk their lives, and the peace of their families, in a frail open boat upon the water."



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE ESCAPE.

Strange as it may appear, George Wilson was not dead. At the moment the wound was given, Providence had seen fit to preserve him from immediate death—perhaps to afflict him with more enduring pangs.

Feeling the keen blade of his antagonist pierce his side, he relaxed his hold as we have seen, and remained for some time in a state of insensibility. But the cold water seemed to staunch the blood and to restore his consciousness, so that at last, arising to the surface, and casting his eyes about him, a recollection of all that had passed rushed across his mind.

Scarcely able to keep himself from sinking, owing to the wound in his side, George saw with despair the distance which intervened between him and the shore—a distance which he felt it impossible to proceed. The awful thought then flashed upon his mind, that he was destined to end his days in the bosom of the lake—to die alone in the midst of the hoarsely murmuring waves!

And then he thought of Sophia! Bitter was the reflection that all their hopes of happiness were thus to be destroyed, all their joys to be cut short by death!

And all this time his strength was failing fast; and the waves began to dash over his head and strike him on the face. He could not sustain himself on the surface for more than a moment, when the billows would bear him down. He no longer heard the dashing of the waters, for there was a confused ringing in his ears; he could no longer see the shore, for he was blinded, and often his head was immersed in the foaming waves.

Once he sank, and thought his hour was come, but struggling fiercely with the element, he again arose to the surface. It was for a moment only; his strength was exhausted, and the waves swept over him again.

At that moment, through the darkness, a pair of outstretched hands might have been seen upon the surface, moving convulsively to and fro, as if to catch at a feather or a straw.

Suddenly George felt a hard substance strike his arm. He seized it eagerly—it was an oar!

Fearful is the grasp of a drowning man! George's fingers were indented in the wood. In a moment his head appeared above the waves.

For several minutes the young man was insensible, but he still clung to the frail piece of wood which separated him from death.

When his consciousness returned, his frame was filled with shooting pains, but hope dawned upon his mind and inspired him with strength. The shore had become invisible, and a black veil of clouds shut out the light of the stars. Which way to turn he knew not, for nought but an endless line of darkness was to be seen on every side.

At last he thought he could distinguish some object darker, more elevated than the waves, and the continual monotonous murmurings of the waters seemed at intervals to be broken by a short quick splash, as if met by a harder substance than themselves.

With difficulty George moved towards the floating substance; and on drawing near he could more distinctly see it raising and falling with the waves. Inspired with hope and new strength, he proceeded onward with greater rapidity, and soon came near enough

to distinguish its form. What was his joy on finding it to be the boat which he supposed was lost!

The skiff was half filled with water, but fortunately George succeeded in getting into it without filling it entirely. Although scarcely able to move, he immediately proceeded to bail it out with a basin which he found chained to one of the seats.

Having completed his work, he sank exhausted upon the bottom of the boat and fell asleep.

Upon awaking, his limbs were so stiff and cold that he could scarcely move. The sky was hung with clouds, and darkness and solitude reigned on every side. Truthfully then might he have repeated with the poet:

"Awaking with a start,  
The waters heave around me, and on high  
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,  
Whither I know not——"

George raised his head upon his hand and looked out upon the scene around him. The boat was drifting away, and he fancied that at every moment it was moving from the shore. Crushed by anguish and despair, he again bowed his head upon the bottom of the skiff and fell asleep.

When he again awoke, the hoarse murmur of the waters still fell upon his ear; but the darkness had in a great measure passed away; the clouds were dispersed, and a faint light appeared on the horizon.

That faint light was in the East; it was the approach of day.

At last the sun arose, and as his joyful beams glanced over the sparkling waves, the wind fell and the waters became more calm.

Two sails at that moment appeared in view, but it was in vain that George endeavoured to make a signal of distress. His limbs were stiff and motionless, and he saw the two vessels disappear again on the horizon.

Land now became visible; but it was not the land which he left the night before. In a little more than twelve hours he had drifted in sight of the northern shore of the lake.

At noon a schooner passed so close to him that he could have heard a cry from one on board; but when he strove to shout, his voice was hoarse and no louder than a whisper. The schooner saw him not; he sank in despair upon the bottom of the boat.

It was a lovely day, and the waters were but slightly ruffled by the wind; but still the skiff continued to approach the Canadian shore.

Thirst became pressing, and George drank the water of the lake; but he had not wherewith to appease his hunger.

Towards evening, roused by the thought of spending another night upon the water, George, who had not thought to persevere even the oar which saved him from drowning, detached the basin from the bottom of the boat, and exerted all his strength to use it as a paddle. In a few moments, however, he sank powerless within the boat; he could do nothing to save himself.

At sunset, the Canadian shore was near—so near that George had hopes of being washed upon it in the night. But his agony was destined to be of less duration. He had scarcely closed his eyes to sleep, when the sound of oars rising and falling in the water met his ear. Raising his head, he saw two men in a boat, approaching directly towards him.

Overcome with joy, he could only clasp his hands and shed tears of gratitude for his deliverance. The two men questioned him; he answered as well as he was able; and attaching a rope to the bow of the skiff he was in, they conducted him to the shore.

The hardships he had endured were too much for George. He fainted before they reached the land. On recovering his consciousness, he found himself in a humble cottage, surrounded by strangers, and with a physician by his side dressing his wound.

His first thought was of Sophia; and he offered up a silent prayer of thankfulness for his narrow escape from death.

## CHAPTER V.

### CONCLUSION.

Meanwhile the parents and friends of George Wilson mourned for him as dead, and young Hastings believed himself a murderer.

Sophia was inconsolable. Oh! had George known how keenly she felt his loss, could he have divined the depth of her affection for him, joy alone would have cured all his ills.

At first Sophia indulged in the hope that he had reached the shore at a distance up or down the lake, but as days, weeks, and finally months passed by, and no news from him was received, she lost all hope and gave him up as dead.

One day in the month of January, as Sophia was seated at her chamber window, looking out upon the cold, stormy lake, and thinking of her poor George who had lost his life—as she supposed—within sight of her father's house, the servant came to inform her that a person in the parlour wished to speak with her. She descended mechanically, thinking all the time of George Wilson, and without giving herself the trouble to enquire who her visitor was.

She entered the parlour—Heavens! was she dreaming, or was it a ghost she saw!

George Wilson stood before her! He opened his arms, and Sophia, uttering a cry of joy, threw herself upon his bosom. For a moment, insensible to everything save the happiness of beholding him again—him whom she had believed lost to her forever—she re-

mained clasped to his heart; and need we say that her arms were thrown about his neck, and that her lips were pressed to his own? Oh! hers was a woman's heart!

It is needless to describe the joy of two lovers meeting under such circumstances. When the first gush of feeling was passed, George told her his history since last they met, concealing nothing save his quarrel with Hastings. Generously keeping silent on that subject, he accounted for his prolonged sickness by the hardships he endured while alone upon the lake. He confessed that he had written to his father, to inform him of his fate and to ask for money to pay his expenses, and owned that he had been so cruel as to request his family to conceal it all from Sophia, that he might surprise her on his return. Woman pardons no faults so easily as those committed through love to her, and therefore Sophia forgave him all.

On leaving his mistress, George met, at no great distance from Mr. Carlton's house, the author of all his woes. At first it is quite possible that James thought he saw a ghost, for he had dreamed of apparitions every night since George's supposed death; but when George regarded him with such a smile as ghosts were never known to make use of, and when George extended his hand in the most life-like manner imaginable, his heart leaped for joy to find that he was not the murderer he had supposed.

"Heavens! is it you?" cried he, grasping young Wilson by the hand.

"Myself in person. You are surprised?"

"George Wilson," exclaimed Hastings, pale with emotion, "I thought—I feared I had killed you! God forgive me for what I did on that terrible night, for I was wild with passion—mad. Say at least that *you* forgive me."

"With all my heart; for I myself was not altogether blameless. We were both hot-blooded."

"And I was insolent—rash," cried Hastings. "But have you revealed the secret—"

"Not I," replied George, with a smile, "and I promise to keep it a secret forever."

George kept his promise. The secret was never revealed by him, except that he whispered it to Sophia on the evening of their marriage.

## HOPE.

BY A. FELLOE.

[ORIGINAL.]

UPON the eminence of those results  
The human heart forever searches out,  
Adown the years of latent fear and doubt,  
And stronger growing from the cold repulse,  
Sits hope enthroned, and with the high impulse  
Bred in its very nature, strives to find  
Sure consolation for that imaged woe

Whose form is ever mirrored in the mind;  
Or to the senses borne upon the wind,  
In one eternal, never ceasing flow;  
And firm in Faith of God's redeeming love,  
It turns, with watchful look, to bliss above,  
Conscious that woes which dim each lustrous eye,  
Are changed to joys beyond the happy sky.

## REMINISCENCES OF A PHYSICIAN.

## NO. II.

[ORIGINAL.]

"Why don't you get married, Doctor? I am sure, it would benefit you greatly in your profession."

This was the question and reason of my fashionable friend Mrs. Watson, one morning, while engaged in a professional chat, after having prescribed for her child, that was now rapidly convalescing after a severe attack of croup. As the child had been taken suddenly ill, and was not expected to recover—that it now had passed all danger—the mother's heart was overflowing with gratitude to the man whose skill she believed had saved the life of her only child, a lovely boy four years of age; and in her anxiety to show how well she appreciated my services, she had thought of many ways by which the young doctor might be benefitted, and marriage, to her, seemed the first step to that eminence that she thought I was entitled to. Had I answered the question truly, I would have replied that I was unable to support the woman of my choice as I thought she deserved; but prudence dictated an opposite course, and I replied that I intended shortly to marry, thus satisfying my fair interrogator, and preventing her from suspecting that poverty alone was the cause that prevented me from uniting my destinies with one of the fairest and loveliest daughters of Eve.

And how often is this question asked of the young professional man, either by mistaken though well-intended friends, or the scheming and interested relations, that are on the lookout to dispose of some decaying beauty or neglected belle, that is fast verging into the "sear and yellow leaf"—by the former, if he happens to have a spirit above bending to, or a love for a woman too pure and too tender to lure her from a comfortable home to share his scanty income, or bow to the shifts which shabby gentility is so often forced to make—by the latter, to find out if his receipts per annum are sufficient to maintain their *amiable* daughter, niece, or cousin, (as the case may be) in a fashionable circle, and give entertainments, in which, of course, *they* intend to shine—and how often is the young professional man duped by the latter, or acting upon the well-intended though mistaken views of the former, induced to marry, and find, when too late, that he has been miserably disappointed in his expectations of success, because he has *got married*. How many are living at this day, steeped to the lips in poverty, burdened with the cares of an increasing family, their hearts daily crushed by the thought—caused by the thought—that their children cannot occupy that station which their beauty and education entitle them to, but which their poverty forbids; and hear, probably from the lips of purse-proud ignorance, "The children of the poor doctor," or minister, (as it may happen).—They who, if they have not married to satisfy their friends or interested relatives, have risked their own, and the happiness of their offspring, by that mistaken notion which many have practiced and few have succeeded in, of marrying with the hope and expectation that *soon* their income will enable them to live as they would desire. Because their influence is extending they will draw upon it in anticipation—false delu-

sion! The method to gain influence is like the miser gaining gold; hoard up every little, and gain a stock, which will make you the patron, not the beggar. The influence of a poor man in this world is scarcely felt; of a rich man, powerful.

What a sentiment! so often indulged in by smitten youth and love-sick maidens, and which, if there is a sentiment more fraught with mischief and dire consequences to the human family than any other with bad effect, it is that of Marrying for love, and working for riches." How often have I seen the effects of this sweet-sounding, but happiness-destroying, sentiment upon the bed of disease, and racked with the thought, that they alone were the cause of their now miserable situation. It is not when in possession of health, or radiant with beauty, and sparkling with wit, or admired for talents, that they are enabled to comprehend the situation to which their rashness may lead them, or those they love. Advocates of wedded poverty will point with proud exultation to a single case, probably of some one now standing high in the estimation of men, that was urged into such position by the sustaining influence of a loving and devoted wife—vain illusion! If a man is not urged on by ambition, or lured by fame, woman cannot raise him to eminence, though she were as beautiful as Venus, or talented as Minerva. No: man may, and does elevate the woman of his choice to his position, by the influence or force of talent. Whatever she may be, she is *his* wife, and as such is respected. But a man to be elevated by his wife the world doubt his attainments. How often have I seen the man of genius struggling with his poverty, for the sake of those who were dearer to him than life, and every effort only served, like the dying throes of the wounded bird, to drive the barbed arrow deeper in his bosom; when the same man, without those claims upon his love, did and could sustain himself, and eagle-like soar aloft and alone, by the force of his own unaided efforts, and force from the admiring world around exclamations of wonder and words of praise. But now bowed down in spirit, ruined in hopes, crushed in feeling, he can no longer sustain the proud position he once enjoyed, and the world wonder what they could have once seen in him that they could have admired. Let it not be understood by any of my fair readers that I am opposed to early marriages, or that I am a disciple of Malthus; on the contrary, I advocate the union of hearts, not heads: and if there is anything left in poor, fallen humanity, worthy of admiration, it is the warm gush of youthful love, as it flows pure from the heart, unstained by the knowledge of the world, and free from the taint of hypocrisy which it so soon acquires after having left the fountain. But I doubt the love of any man that would take the woman of his choice from the bosom of a loving family, and trust her happiness or comfort to the chance of success. Miracles do not happen in our days, and the man that thinks he can support a family by trusting to Providence, will find himself as much mistaken as if he used the



same means to pay a note that was due in the Bank. It is true, that the Christians bread and water is sure, but few in these days of refinement and luxury care about living on such homely fare, nor do I believe that it is as suitable to make smiling wives as something more agreeable to the palate. No doubt many of my fair readers, with pouting lip, and flashing eye, will say, "what a monster, to compare love and means of support; I could live in a cottage on a crust, with pure affection to season it with." Wait, gentle reader; you have not seen as much of this poor love as I have. You remember Ellen R., that married the poor minister, or Mary L., that married the young promising lawyer, don't you? Well, it is some years now since they were married, and ask them how many hours of wedded joy they have had, or how much nearer the goal of anticipated bliss than they were ten years ago? But few I suppose will believe me, and thus I will have all my trouble for their welfare in vain. Well—I have at least warned them of the rock upon which I have seen so much happiness wrecked; and if they will ship their happiness on board the bark of Matrimony for the long voyage of Life, without knowing that their is provision for the cruise, I hope they will not complain if they are obliged to go on short allowance for some part, if not the whole of the trip. How few know the amount of privation and suffering they are obliged to undergo, in forming unions for life without having made provision for this increase of happiness.

This was the result of the cogitations which passed through my brain the other night, as I sat smoking a fragrant Havanna, after my usual routine of duty was finished, and caused, no doubt, by the intelligence that I had received at tea, that a young lady, a former patient of mine, was about to be married to a young physician that had lately settled in this city, and whom his friends thought it would benefit by taking to himself a wife, on account of the influence the connexions of a wife would bring him. The doctor had his diploma, and the intended bride had a fashionable education; together they would form a match of splendid misery. He would find that patients sent for *him* when they were sick, not for his wife or her relations; and his wife would find it difficult, if not impossible, to live upon the small practice of her husband; and that to be the wife of a starving professional man was a poor compensation for the sacrifice of a fashionable home. How mistaken a notion for a physician to indulge in, that he must be married before he can obtain any practice, and marry a woman for the sake of a stepping-stone into such. Go ask yonder married doctor, who once thought that an income must arise from his practice by perseverance—look at his furrowed brow and anxious countenance—though scarce forty, he looks more like a man of seventy years of age—that man has written and edited more valuable professional works than any other man of his age; and had he now time to pursue his favorite researches, he would astonish the world with the labor of his brain. But for the sake of those around him he is obliged to sacrifice future fame and wealth to the present pittance, and struggle on, from day to day, until in a few more years he falls into a premature grave, leaving his family unprovided for, and others to reap the fruit of his labors, while he was obliged to drudge for the support of his family. Sickning thought! Nor is it confined to one

profession; all professions furnish enough, too many, cases to illustrate the falsity of "marrying for love and working for riches." With professional men it is different from those engaged in mercantile or mechanical pursuits, for the world generally supposes that a professional man, poor in pocket, must be poor in talent, which accounts for the success often attending the efforts of charlantry and quackery of one kind or other. But in mercantile and mechanical business the world is more competent to judge than in the former, and they generally use their prerogative, sometimes truly, often falsely; but if a man have wealth, what a magnifier of his virtues. I now behold a man whose talents were once generally supposed to be below mediocrity, but chance threw in his way a widow worth some hundred thousand dollars; when lo! and behold! his name was in every body's mouth, and the success of his practice was astonishing; when, in the next block below him, in the same street, toiling in poverty, lives a man as far superior to him in talents and attainments as his friend is in wealth—thus it is the world judges. Well do I remember the smiles of beauty and bows of friendship I received some twenty years ago, when I began to accumulate something from my practice, and was enabled to drive a horse and carriage, where I used to walk, many knew me that did not recognize me before, and many knew me that I did not remember; while some of my old acquaintances, that knew me from childhood, thought that I must possess some talent, or I never would have succeeded; and, when requiring professional services, would be sure to send for *him* they knew so long, but *had* forgotten; and thus my success gained for me the acquaintances of my boyhood. While the same men a few years before, if a sixpence had kept me from starving, would have forgotten to have given it; but the same *one* despised *their aid* as he scorned their friendship. Among the poor and humble was often found that which was more grateful to his heart than their gold. And with no wife to sooth and sustain, or no dear ones to suffer, he sustained himself, and now lives to show that it is not necessary to get married to gain the confidence of his patients, or to have rich and powerful connexions to obtain a practice.

Few except those that have passed through the ordeal, can know the trials and difficulties young professional men endure before they attain a rank or position in society, or else few, if any, would have the courage to encounter, or the perseverance to surmount the difficulties that beset their path. To those that have not pursued a professional life, all looks fair and smooth, and perchance they envy the physician his easily got, though toil-earned fee, or the large income of the lawyer, or the fame and influence of the talented clergyman; never considering for a moment the deep research and patient investigation by the bedside of contagion and death, or the midnight and morning study with the musty books, or the aching brow, and disappointed expectations, that had to be endured to gain this popularity, or acquire that fame, which at best, is but a poor return for the sacrifice made to obtain it. They never think of the blighted feeling which comes over the heart, when with the conscious possession of talents, still the world knows you not, or perchance sneer at humble, though honest pretensions, while unblushing impudence and pretending ignorance, are courted and admired. These are the causes

that furrows the brow and blanches the head of the professional man, and makes him, though young in years, old in feelings. 'Tis like the trappings of the theatre—before the scenes all is gold and sunshine, behind all is gloom and cheerless. Could the private feelings and views, the hopes and bitter disappoint-

ments of professional life be laid open to the world, the wonder would be that so much is endured, and so little return expected, and doctor's bills would be more readily paid, the minister's salary not wondered at, and the lawyer's services, if required, less grudgingly remunerated.

## WEBSTER GROVE.

BY W—— W——.

[ORIGINAL.]

I KNOW a spot far from the city's dust—  
A little spot with here and there a tree  
Planted by men, good men who Nature loved :  
They died long since. Their graves are just beyond  
The neighboring hill, and never pass the swains  
By those old graves without a blessing breathed  
Upon the sleepers there ; for they were wise  
And kind and true, and in the ancient times  
Did their just part in Nature's harmony.  
But that sweet Grove ! How well its branches suit  
The gentle landscape there, like sweet soft notes  
The perfect master drops into his tune  
Like stars, and so illumines the cloud of sound.  
That Grove !—willow and birch, and poplar tall  
That seems to take the sun in his own right—  
That company of trees ! it is a gem,  
A joy, a hymn, a benediction there—  
A voice in every leaf, and birds in every tree.  
And they make music all the summer day ;  
And some are half the night awake and call  
In earnest cadence to the patient moon  
Drunk with the melody of stars that sing  
The songs God taught of old.

But you should hear  
Their voices when the morning plants her rose  
Within the garden of the East. Such sounds !  
It seems their little hearts would burst with joy !

Ah ! cold is he who hears them, yet denies  
They also know there is a God that makes and loves :  
For feeling equally with thought I hold  
To be divine. It is the rosy cloud  
Upon the hard grey sky—the emerald robe  
Upon the stern tall mount—the rainbow arched  
Around the gloomy cataract—the heart  
Of this dull world that sends the living blood  
Like lightning to the brain—the sign, the proof  
That Heaven is not a dream nor God a power  
Of great cold thought alone.

Thou lovely grove !  
Kind hands have rule o'er thee—the thoughtful sire  
And matron staid, with souls like summer beams  
That bless and kindle all they touch—the boy  
Whom pity lifts to manhood. Therefore the birds  
Sing in the branches and the passionate wind  
Finds leaves for dalliance. I love ye, trees !  
In days gone by did ye a shelter give,  
While I in STREET's flower-pictured pages heard  
The rustling of the branches echoed back,  
And knew the poet's secret power.

O, Grove !  
Not useless are thy trees !—thy delicate leaves  
Are fed by sunlight, and the summer's cloud  
Stoops over thee, a gentle Almoner  
Who knows that thou in turn wilt give a joy.

## TO A FRIEND.

[ORIGINAL.]

THINE is a soul, which in the trial-hour  
Faithful to Truth and Righteousness is found,  
Dwelling beneath the shadow of that power  
Which shelter all who stand on hallowed ground.  
A christian love, and a deep reverence  
For the eternal principles of Right,  
A kindly heart that would alike dispense  
To all mankind the gifts of Love and Light,

A spirit mild, a judgment sound and clear,  
And a heart-speaking eloquence are thine ;  
These gifts deservedly have made thee dear,  
And hearts that know thee well, echo this praise of mine.  
Joy shall attend thee, and around thy path  
Shall cluster blessings which no worldlying hath.

Woodland, Ohio.

N. H. S.



## THOMAS MOORE.

IN May, 1780, Thomas Moore was borne in a humble house in Aungier-street, Dublin, where his father carried on the trade of grocer and spirit-dealer. At an early age he gave indications of a poetical taste; and, while yet a child, in the drawing-room of his father's house, penned poems and songs that teemed with passages of beauty, tenderness, and eloquence. At fourteen, he made his first appearance before the public in a sonnet published in the "Anthologia," a Dublin magazine. This sonnet was addressed to his schoolmaster, Mr. Samuel Whyte, by whom he was first educated, previously to his being sent to the University of Dublin.

Here it was that Moore first gave in his adhesion to liberal and patriotic sentiments, and here it was that the music in the soul of this true poet emanated from chords that never jarred. He caught the living manners as they rose; exhibited great power in description and vivid appreciation of character, from the whistle of a clown to the trumpet-note announcing the approach of majesty. He had the gamut of earth's generation by heart; from princely pomp to patient poverty, he could sound it from the lowest note to the top of the compass. Not a chord of the great instrument of human government but which, if he heard, he could tell the key. This studier of character and searcher into the very heart of society, emigrated in his nineteenth year, from Ireland to England.

On his arrival in London, as he was destined for the bar, he entered himself of the Middle Temple, in 1799. But, amid his legal studies, the poet was true to the divine impulses within him; and in the course of 1800 published his beautiful and forcible translation of the "Odes of Anacreon." This was poetry from

the true Helicon. Every song was spiritedly rendered. Anacreon, indeed, among all the Greek poets, was Moore's especial favourite. This might be expected from the great similarity that existed between the dispositions and characters of the two poets. They are full of tenderness and truth. And no one has ever been able to rival them in the grace and liveliness of their verse, and the softness and beauty of their effusions.

A few weeks after the publication of this universally admired translation, Moore's destiny was fixed. His ambition had wandered from the woollack to a niche in the temple of Muses. The shining blue empyrean of literary success was visible, and he took the path that fate had marked out for him. In 1801, he achieved a signal and extraordinary success by the publication of a volume of poems (Little's poems) that, in any other hands but his own, would have been coarse and disgusting. But in his, in spite of their lubricious and indelicate tone, they were pervaded by a spirit of so much grace, beauty, wit, and humour, that they met with loud applause, and the gay and amorous young poet had the gratification of beholding an extensive circulation of his book.

The great and noble now welcomed him to their houses; and his introduction to the first circle of fashionable life, which was procured him by his writings, was secured and retained by his wit, his songs, and conversational brilliancy. The powerful acquaintance that he had now formed showed Moore that a like policy of his conduct would help to push him on in the world and make his fortune. He therefore published, in 1803, a pamphlet entitled "A Candid

*Concluded on page 552.*



# LIVING PICTURES

## OF AMERICAN NOTABILITIES, LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

NO 6.

SKETCHED BY A FREE HAND.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE first error of the artist consists in stepping beyond his art to seek, in the resources of another, an increase of imitative resemblance. \* \* \* In every art there must be, with respect to truth, some fiction, and with respect to resemblance, something incomplete.—[*English Essay.*]

“We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.”

Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.—[*Dryden.*]

THERE are some features in the minds of those who aspire to be great, which, compared with each other, form striking and perplexing paradoxes. The critical student is continually running against some fact which overturns one or more of his previously well grounded theories, and sends him back into the dark corners of the realms of doubt and indecision from whence he had concluded he was safely and surely delivered. Now, as often before, this is our case. Wisdom is truly the child of experience, and opinions, like wine, improve by age. They are formed entirely for the time in which they are created, and they are dependent for life solely upon contingent circumstances and the oft-mentioned spirit of the age. The reader will please bear in mind that we are speaking altogether with reference to literary affairs. A brick is always a brick, but a book may not forever be a book, excepting in its mechanical attributes. The successful writer of to-day is too frequently accounted the indifferent scribbler of the morrow. What the critic of one epoch pronounces to be the only correct style, the sapient reviewer of another condemns in terms of extremest contempt. The authors of the day are “the spirits of the age.” In them we discover the various rules and habits of the public, to whose members they appeal for support and praises. The humor of the popular humorist is the humor of the mob; the sentiment of the prominent graver thinker is also the sentiment of the community; the passion, the morality, the style, the tone, of the acknowledged collective genius of a given and recognized era are (of utmost and imperious necessity,) faithful and true embodiments of the living manners and actuating propensities thereof. Mournfully may we regret that this is so. It had not always been to the extent which now it covers. Of course, as we have said, the poetry and thought of every age partakes surely of the characteristics of the readers for whose edification they are uttered; but yet, among the volumes of an epoch, we are now and then permitted to grasp reading which its parent intended for posterity. The moment an author conceives the idea of writing just as he thinks, (and few authors do so,) he should at once realize it. When he can do this, and do it in despite of every notion of waning popularity, decreasing emoluments, and cold-water-praise, he may hope, with strong reason, to be heard of long after the disappearance of his own generation.

A miserable jobber is that author who depends exclusively on contemporaneous inspiration. He has as much right to be termed a shining intellectual light, as the painter who daubs shilling prints has to be entitled an artist. So, in the rank of poetry, local satire, (aimed at non-enduring persons and things) is not legitimately admissible. Although a satire of this species contains many excellent passages coming to the true standard, yet, as a whole, it has no business among poetry undefiled. Exceptions will be found to this rule, (which we admit is in opposition to the opinions of men, in all respects better than ourself,) but there is a trite saying, that exceptions are to every rule, so that our own is not invalidated for that. One of these exceptions, (not however, very fully developed,) we have discovered in the “CURIOSITY” of CHARLES SPRAGUE, the avowed subject of this paper. This poem is in the heroic measure, and is palpably formed after the model of Pope. An illustration of curiosity may properly belong to any period of time, for we believe curiosity has harbored in humanity from the days of Adam and Eve down to this very hour. But a comparative illustration can be rendered supremely local, if the writer is inclined to render it in that manner.

In the first place—allowing us to begin afresh—Mr. Sprague was a writer altogether for his own time. We say *was*, because he has not made his appearance in types, and on paper, of late, that is to our knowledge. He did not soar above the petty conditions of the hour in which he concocted his rhymes, but strove to make what he wrote the admired *brochure* for contemporaries. We do not believe that he ever contemplated the vast feat of fabricating verses for those who might come after him to inspect. What he produced was the offering of mature thought, unquestionably; but that thought was excited to discover how the literary palates of those who were to see and hear his poem might be politically tickled. “Curiosity” was written to be delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the year 1829. It was composed just exactly as melodramas are—to catch the applause of the moment—to serve the purpose of the day—to be the particular effect of the occasion—to live a brief few weeks and then die. It is to the credit of the author that, under all these circumstances, it lived, and lived, too, to be stolen. An English officer printed it, with a few un-

noticeable alterations, as his own, and the English press, with pardonable partiality, supposing it to be the intellectual progeny of a genuine John Bull, lauded it rather beautifully. But when, a short time after, "Curiosity" was avowed to be constructed of American material it was rated a little below par by the same authorities. These trifling mistakes have often occurred in the English press, and also in the press of every other people, so that we need express no astonishment thereat. Criticism is notoriously corrupt or defective in all parts of the world. Perfection in criticism, however desirable it may be, is one of the chief unattainables in literature. Critics are but men of flesh and blood, and are imbued with all the weaknesses of mortal nature. They are liable to be led astray by their prejudices exactly as are the rest of us. We should not censure them for betraying, on occasions, their little frailties. They *must* have their partialities, and having them, will, when strongly tempted, expose them in defiance of the requirements of justice. A man of men would he be who could purify his animal grossness and concentrate all that had constituted his passions into a refulgent ray of intellect. Therefore our brethren across the water are plainly excusable for condemning as American what they had been happy to commend as English. And now we must exercise a more than earthly virtue;—we must smother our national pride—extinguish the fire of American bias which fiercely rages in our bosom, and declare that the notice taken of the *American* poem was more correct than that afforded of the *soi disant* English one. "Curiosity" contains passages of worth—great worth. The author opens it by declaring that "Curiosity came from Heaven." We doubt this, although there is no method, notwithstanding the magnetic telegraph, of discovering any satisfactory settlement of the question. There is no impropriety in admitting that the passion is of divine origin, for, albeit, much harm has resulted from its exercise, so has nearly all the good which blesses us. What stimulates the student in his labours? what the inventor? Curiosity. It made Sir Isaac Newton, Galileo, Hervey, Herschel, Fulton, and, to be brief, every other individual whose name is illustrious through benefits conferred upon the universal community. Without curiosity the said community would be a purposeless mass whose component parts would propagate like weeds and die as they had lived, unhoping and uncared for. With a subject affording a scope illimitable, Mr. Sprague, had he truly estimated the sublime tendency of his efforts, might have presented the world with a work which, for intrinsic value alone, would have lived in favour while effusions of ability owned a claim on general notice. We believe that his powers, if they had been exerted to their full bent, were equal to a task of this nature. Why did he *not* exert them then? is a natural question. We can tender no other reply than this—that he did not rely for fortune upon the labours of his pen, but made them the foundations of mere fame for the time present. He never aimed at being "niched in cathedral aisle," or buried in a "poet's corner." We have no Westminster Abbey, and our poets do not think it worth their while to seek for the establishment of one. The doctrine

"Present fame for me,  
I rhyme not for posterity,"

they universally embrace, and of those who *have*

rhymed for the unborn, not one, we venture to say, ever supposed that he was doing anything of the kind. Genius, however, will assert its prerogative, and you might as well endeavour to chain the current of the Atlantic as seek to curb the instinctively onward course of superior minds. The Belgian giant, who stands over eight feet high, and is proportionably developed, could not prevent his growth. He grew in obedience to the will of the Divine, and here he must stand, while he exists, a monument of superior physical advantages. A genius (and we trust our readers will ever remember that a genius is not, in our mind, what the vulgarism of the public too commonly accounts him) is an intellectual Belgian giant, who *must* grow taller and stouter than others. Mr. Sprague has not reached an attitude that astonishes us. He is no giant of the mind. His intellect is only of an ordinary *calibre*, and he possesses no claim to be ranked as one of the first of American poets. The anthology edited by Mr. Griswold contains a frontispiece in which are the portraits of Haleck, Bryant, Longfellow and Sprague. In vain we have laboured to discover a reason for this classification—this association. It is vastly complimentary to Mr. Sprague, but by no means justly flattering to the gentleman in whose company he is constrained to appear. We imagine Mr. Griswold would be perplexed to assign a convincing reason for the enduring formation of this specific quartette. He has given, in the volume issued under his supervision, about all that Mr. Sprague every wrote in the way of poetry; but it affords not the slightest insight into his motives for glorifying him as he does. Compared with the efforts of the three gentlemen whose "counterfeit presentments" figure in the same page, and upon the same plate, Mr. Sprague's are palpably inferior. If he may indisputably take a stand among the greatest poets of America—or any other country—we have altogether mistaken the qualifications necessary to poetical knighthood, and, to be constituted a true critic, must unlearn all that we have learned. He is a man of talent. "Curiosity"—his longest poem—betrays a *just* mind; but a cartman, or a fish-vender, or even a felon, may possess that. Poetry does not consist in the utterance of common-place truths, and, employ what sophistry you will, you can never overthrow the assertion that *all truth* is common-place. Mr. Sprague's "Curiosity" is nothing more than an essay in rhyme—an essay whose construction exhibits a fair share of tact—some development of close observation, together with a limited and conventional knowledge of the world and the paltry motives by which it is usually actuated. The author has not developed the ghost of a cosmopolitan idea. Nothing could be farther from poetry. It is *fact*, minus any embellishment of an imaginative cast. It offers neither elegant flowers of fancy, nor delicate figures, to the reader. Its method is as thoroughly *unpoetical* as that of the Administration organ's leaders. Its style is terse, quaint and taking, but not artistical. The diction is not commendable, nor is the general mechanical execution by any means faultless. In short, it is only what Mr. Sprague could have fabricated it to be—a work for a society, not the public; at all events not for posterity, which, poetically speaking, is the real public. As the utterance of crude, undisguised truth—truth which falls upon mind and ear with sledge-hammer force—"Curiosity" is equal to any modern

doggrel. Satire we, perhaps, should not call it, inasmuch as the term satire signifies wit of a peculiar character, and this "poem" contains no wit of any species. It is simply a hard hit at contemporary foibles.

Of the passages "Curiosity" comprises, and designated in another part of this paper as being of great worth, are the following :

"And where is he upon that Rock can stand,  
Nor with their firmness feel his heart expand,  
Who a new empire planted where they trod,  
And gave it to their children and their God?  
Who yon immortal mountain shrine hath press'd,  
With saintlier relics stored than priest e'er bless'd,  
But felt each grateful pulse more warmly glow,  
In voiceless reverence for the dead below?  
Who, too, by Curiosity led on,  
To tread the shores of kingdoms come and gone,  
Where Faith her martyrs to the fagot led,  
Where Freedom's champions on the scaffold bled,  
Where ancient power, though stripped of ancient fame,  
Curb'd, but not crushed, still lives for guilt and shame,  
But prouder, happier, turns on home to gaze,  
And thanks his God who gave him better days?  
Undraw yon curtain; look within that room,  
Where all is splendour, yet where all is gloom:  
Why weeps that mother? why, in pensive mood,  
Group noiseless round, that little, lovely brood?  
The battledore is still, laid by each book,  
And the harp slumbers in its custom'd nook.  
Who hath done this? what cold, un pitying foe  
Hath made this house the dwelling-place of woe?  
'Tis he, the husband, father, lost in care,  
O'er that sweet fellow in his cradle there:  
The gallant bark that rides by yonder strand,  
Bears him to-morrow from his native land.  
Why turns he, half-unwilling, from his home?  
To tempt the ocean and the earth to roam?  
Wealth he can boast, a miser's sigh would hush,  
And health is laughing in that ruddy blush:  
Friends spring to greet him, and he has no foe—  
So honour'd and so bless'd, what bids him go?—  
His eye must see, his foot each spot must tread,  
Where sleeps the dust of earth's recorded dead;  
Where rise the monuments of ancient time,  
Pillar and pyramid in age sublime;  
The pagan's temple and the churchman's tower,  
War's bloodiest plain and Wisdom's greenest bower;  
All that his wonder woke in school-boy themes,  
All that his fancy fired in youthful dreams:  
Where SOCRATES once taught he thirsts to stray,  
Where HOMER pour'd his everlasting lay;  
From VIRGIL's tomb he longs to pluck one flower,  
By AVON's stream to live one moonlight hour;  
To pause where England "garners up" her great,  
And drop a patriot's tear to MILTON's fate;  
Fame's living masters, too, he must behold,  
Whose deeds shall blazon with the best of old:  
Nations compare, their laws and customs scan,  
And read, wherever spread, the book of man;  
For these he goes, self-banish'd from his hearth,  
And wrings the hearts of all he loves on earth.  
Yet say, shall not new joy these hearts inspire,  
When grouping round the future winter fire,  
To hear the wonders of the world they burn,  
And lose his absence in his glad return?—  
Return! alas! he shall return no more.  
To bless his own sweet home, his own proud shore.  
Look once again—cold in his cabin now,  
Death's finger-mark is on his pallid brow;  
No wife stood by, her patient watch to keep,  
To smile on him, then turn away to weep;  
Kind woman's place rough mariners supplied,  
And shared the wanderer's blessing when he died.  
Wrapp'd in the raiment that it long must wear,  
His body to the deck they slowly bear;  
Even there the spirit that I sing is true;  
The crew look on with sad, but curious view;  
The setting sun flings round his farewell rays;  
O'er the broad ocean not a ripple plays;  
How eloquent, how awful in its power,  
The silent lecture of death's Sabbath-hour:  
One voice that silence breaks—the prayer is said,  
And the last rite man pays to man is paid;  
The splashing waters mark his resting-place,  
And fold him round in one long, cold embrace;

Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,  
Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more;  
Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,  
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep."

This is not sufficient to stamp a voluminous production with the mark of genuine currency. Poems, like the most valuable coin of the country, must be *all gold*. An alloy will not go for its face, albeit it is half made up of the scarcest and most precious of all metals. We do not see why *literary* counterfeiting is not unmistakably punishable. A coiner robs one of that which can be replaced, but a literary counterfeiter tampers with the brain and tastes of his victims, and perchance, accomplishes injuries for which there is to be found no specific remedy. This comparison of false poems and false eagles will do very well to illustrate our meaning, and, therefore, its use is allowable. If it be not so, we have gone too far to recede, like the man who first kicks you and afterwards allays the smart of the bruise or abrasion by begging pardon.

We have been anxious to give a settled and complete opinion concerning the longest of Mr. Sprague's published poems, and we have spoken all that we think requisite to the end proposed. A Methodist tract, or a discourse on astronomy would be quite as likely to entitle a man to be called a genuine poet. If *versification* be the only necessary foundation whereupon to build poets, then is the earth full of them. But wood-sawyers are not carpenters, draymen are not coachmen, nor are riders of race horses fox hunters, any more than stringers of wordy jingle are poets. We do not intend to convey an idea that our subject is a mere fashioner of jingle—far from it. We only mean to show that he is not fitted (on the score of "Curiosity") to hold the rank assigned to him. To accord the highest position to an individual, whose right to it has not been unquestionably and frequently established and made apparent, is to elevate before the public eye an example, whose effect may be exceedingly ruinous. Almost any clever young man, whose college life has been prolonged beyond the sophomore period, can versify if he sets earnestly at work. By constant practice one can acquire the art—*art*, if you please—of placing his heels at the back part of his neck. Well, neither the acquisition of the young man from college, nor that of the persevering gymnasiest will confer honourable or wide extended fame; yet, if we hold up mere verse—dictated by a just mind though it be—as the best of poetry, clever young men may conceive hopes which can only be strangled in their infancy, a misfortune from which the intellects of some would never recover.

Something more affecting Mr. Sprague's Curiosity, and we have done. The curiosity he discourses of is not that of the world, but is essentially "Yankee" curiosity. The passion he depicts under that name never existed anywhere but in the New England States, or in Connecticut. In Yankee land proper there is a class of people who grow in the shape of a note of interrogation, and these were the people whose *inquisitiveness* Mr. Sprague mistook for *curiosity*.

The next best production of our subject's—at least according to the statements of his friendly critics—is a "*Shakspeare Ode*." It is carefully and handsomely constructed, and exhibits a better knowledge of the



rules of composition than Mr. Sprague's "longest poem." It contains some master touches, but, as a whole, lacks sustaining power. It is a sort of *rifacimento* of the incidents of Shakspeare's plays, put together nicely, and constituting a very agreeable paper to be read at an anniversary dinner of actors, or to be recited by ambitious young thespians from the stage of a private theatre. It conveys not a single original thought, and can simply be called a respectable bit of literature for newspaper publication. Plunging among the few poetical papers, acknowledged to be Mr. Sprague's, we find nothing that justifies us in awarding him any rank among our first poets. In a trifle headed "THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS" he styles the air the "upper deep," and this is about the nearest—we were tempted to say the solitary—attempt he has made to be original. We believe the thought quoted is not *altogether* original, but if Mr. Sprague gets the entire credit of it nobody else can be a loser. A little poem (the use of the term poem is technical) entitled "ART" embraces a pretty idea, viz:—that art, an angel, "left her place in Heaven" when man was driven from Eden, to take up her habitation on earth and soften down the curse pronounced against the race of Adam. It contains nothing else. And now we request a reading of the annexed:

## TO MY CIGAR.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,  
In learned doctors' spite;  
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,  
And lap me in delight.

What though they tell, with phizzes long,  
My years are sooner pass'd;  
I would reply, with reason strong,  
They're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art  
A monitor, though still;  
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart,  
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou'rt like the man of worth, who gives  
To goodness every day,  
The odour of whose virtues lives  
When he has passed away.

When, in the lonely evening hour,  
Attended but by thee,  
O'er history's varied page I pore,  
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft as thy snowy column grows,  
Then breaks and falls away,  
I trace how mighty realms thus rose,  
Thus tumbled to decay,

A while, like thee, earth's masters burn,  
And smoke and fume around,  
And then, like thee, to ashes turn,  
And mingle with the ground.

Life's but a leaf adroitly roll'd,  
And time's the wasting breath,  
That late or early, we behold,  
Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe,  
One common doom is pass'd:  
Sweet nature's works, the swelling globe,  
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now?—  
A little moving heap,  
That soon, like thee, to fate must bow,  
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,  
Thy essence rolls on high;  
Thus, when my body must lie low,  
My soul shall cleave the sky

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would exclaim, on reading the above, "that's capital!" So it is, in a certain way; so are the advertisements of Gouraud, the vender of freckle-banishing soap, likewise Brandreth's pill eulogies. Now, Gouraud and Brandreth may expect to be ranged at as lofty a point in the temple of poetical fame as Bryant, and Halleck, and Longfellow, with as much propriety as Mr. Sprague, for "To My Cigar" is about as good as anything in its author's very scanty collection. What merit *does* that possess? Horn, the recognized Joe Miller of the day, (we take our cue from the papers) would blush to be charged with its wit, and as for its moral, it is to be found tacked at the end of every tale in the boarding-school Misses Magazines. The most sensible of all Mr. Sprague's verses is an ode pronounced at the centennial settlement of Boston. Yet it was written to serve a purpose, and having done that, is comparatively valueless. A few lines on the death of a friend evince some depth of feeling, and some skill in the use of language. A spirit of piety pervades them, too, and one may gather from their tone the seeming fact that their composer is capable of powerful social attachments, and is strongly wedded to domestic pleasures.

With the lines below we conclude our extracts.

## LINES TO A YOUNG MOTHER.

Young mother! what can feeble friendship say,  
To soothe the anguish of this mournful day?  
They, they alone, whose hearts like thine have bled,  
Know how the living sorrow for the dead;  
Each tutor'd voice, that seeks such grief to cheer,  
Strikes cold upon the weeping parent's ear;  
I've felt it all—alas! too well I know  
How vain all earthly power to hush thy woe!  
God cheer thee, childless mother! 'tis not given  
For man to ward the blow that falls from heaven

I've felt it all—as thou art feeling now;  
Like thee, with stricken heart and aching brow,  
I've sat and watch'd by dying beauty's bed,  
And burning tears of hopeless anguish shed;  
I've gazed upon the sweet, but pallid face,  
And vainly tried some comfort there to trace;  
I've listen'd to the short and struggling breath;  
I've seen the cherub eye grow dim in death;  
Like thee, I've veil'd my head in speechless gloom,  
And laid my first-born in the silent tomb.

This last excerpt is the diamond among the paste. Truly—honestly, dear reader, we have presented nothing but what is rigidly correct here. Could any candid reviewer or essayist consent to declare Mr. Sprague worthy of the position his friends wish him to hold on the strength of the quotations we have made? We are positive the response will be, unanimously, "decidedly not." There is no denying the fact, that water will not burn, however perseveringly fire may be applied to it.

Mr. Sprague has written but a sparse quantity of prose—not enough to admit of our making any allusion to him as a prose writer. What very little he has written is badly composed, seeming as if the author considered the task he had undertaken to be of the minutest importance.

Let us finish this paper by stating that Mr. Sprague has been engaged all his life in mercantile and banking avocations—is a gentleman of kindly manners; retiring, and genuinely amiable; and actually *loved* by those who are admitted to intimate association with himself and family. We believe he is the

cashier of the Globe Bank of Massachusetts, so that his autograph bears various values, and will, probably, bring more ready money than that of the first poet of the age. He is fifty-seven years of age. He lives in or near Boston, where he was born, his father being one of the famous "Indians" who made a tea-pot of Boston harbor to spite the Parliament of England and King George. The most notorious of his productions were prologues and addresses, written for the theatres—the Park, of New York, being of the number, (of the theatres, not the prologues and

addresses.) Mr. Sprague carries one of the finest heads ever fingered by craniologist. He is a gentleman of goodly, but not striking appearance. The most prominent feature above his shoulders is his forehead, which is remarkably lofty. He never mixes in society, and is no traveller. Up to 1842, as we learn from his only panegyrist, Rufus W. Griswold, he had never been thirty miles from his native city. How can such a man, who *must* gain all his knowledge from books, hope to be above mediocrity as a writer?

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TIMES OF GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

NO. 2.

### RICHARD LAWRENCE, THE ASSASSIN.

[ORIGINAL.]

THE virulence of party was so exceedingly animated during two or three last years of General Jackson's administration, and the newspaper assaults that were made on the President, were distinguished for such unusual bitterness that it was seriously contemplated, by his friends, to get up a life-guard to protect the Executive mansion and its distinguished occupant. A scheme of this kind was more than once hinted at in Congress, and would have undoubtedly have been carried into execution, had it not been indignantly repelled and rejected by General Jackson.

What probably first led to the suggestion—of the expediency of getting up a life or body-guard for the President—was the violence exhibited at a public meeting, held in the city of New York, at which it was proposed that an armed body should be enlisted and enrolled by the citizens, to proceed to the Capitol and compel the President to modify, if he did not change, the entire policy of his administration, so far as it related to matters of finance. The proposition was an idle one, conceived by demagogues, and openly proposed and advocated by a political fanatic, named Gould, who lived long enough to find himself ridiculed for his folly by all classes, and by all the political sects in the Union.

In the month of January, 1835, at a time, when, in consequence of pending difficulties between this country and France, the public mind had become somewhat diverted from the politics of factions, an attempt was made on the life of General Jackson, by a young man, named Richard Lawrence. He was a journeyman painter, about twenty or twenty-one years of age, and a native of Great Britain, though for some years, a resident of the city of Washington.

This bold attempt was made in the day time, and in the presence of at least ten thousand people, on the steps of the east front of the Capitol. The opportunity sought, was a singular, and a melancholy one.

The Hon. WARREN R. DAVIS, a representative in Congress, from South Carolina, a wit, a poet, and a Statesman, had, a few days before, fallen a victim to the diseases incident to the Capitol; and was to be

buried, of course, from the Halls of Congress, in conformity with Parliamentary custom and courtesy. Warren R. Davis had lived a life of easy elegance; was of convivial habit and temperament; as a poet and scholar, he had distinguished himself; and, consequently, an unusually large assemblage had collected, to pay to his lifeless body the holy rites of sepulchre. It was he who wrote the celebrated and popular parody on "Roy's Wife," entitled "Johnson's Wife of Louisiana," which had so extensive a run in England and America.

The multitude had listened to a funeral discourse from the Chaplain, in the hall of the House of Representatives, and had marched, in procession, through the rotunda to the east front of the Capitol, and were standing on the esplanade, General Jackson somewhat in advance, when Richard Lawrence, who had gained his position, no one could tell how, drew from his bosom a brass barrelled pistol, deliberately presented it to the breast of General Jackson, and pulled the trigger. The percussion cap exploded without discharging the pistol. Finding himself baffled in his attempt, he drew a second pistol, which had the same effect—the percussion cap exploded, and no harm was done. So adroitly did Lawrence act, and so dense was the crowd, that he was not discovered by any one at the moment, except General Jackson, who raised his cane and struck at, but missed his object. As he raised his cane, he ejaculated an emphatic expression, familiar to himself, which arrested the attention of others, when Lawrence was secured by Captain Gedney, of the Navy, who clasped him in his arms, and then pinioned him. The cry was, instantly, "kill him, kill the assassin, kill him." Gedney, however, held the assassin fast, and demanding that law and justice should take their course, hurried the madman into a carriage, and conveyed him to prison.

The excitement that immediately ensued was terrific; the mass in attendance swayed to and fro like the waves of the ocean; and, hundreds, not knowing what was the actual cause of alarm, attempted to make a precipitate retreat, to avoid being trampled on.

Unfortunately, as it afterwards proved, the Hon. George Poindexter, a Senator from the State of Mississippi, was one among the first to make a precipitate retreat. As soon as the assemblage evinced an intense excitement, Mr. Poindexter, who had been crippled in a duel, hobbled as fast as he possibly could to his carriage, and leaping into it, bade his coachman drive with all possible celerity to Pennsylvania Avenue. This extraordinary movement at once confirmed, in the minds of many, the suspicion that very speedily arose, that he had employed Lawrence to assassinate General Jackson.

Between General Jackson and Mr. Poindexter a most acrimonious feud had for years existed. They had, at one time, been on terms of the closest intimacy, personally and politically. Mr. Poindexter had defended General Jackson with great ability and success, in the matter of the Seminole war, and the execution of the British emissaries, Arbuthnot and Ambrister; and, beside this, he had rendered him important service in the canvass that had resulted in his election. The contest over, and General Jackson in office, Governor Poindexter sought, and expected, it was said, a diplomatic station, and being refused, or the gift being procrastinated, a feud ensued, which led to the most unpardonable bitterness on both sides. The parties, and the friends of the parties, criminated and re-criminated each other, in a manner that led to the most implacable hatred, an unconquerable thirst for vengeance.

To such a length was this feud carried, that Governor Poindexter, goaded perhaps to madness by the taunts and sneers of the *Globe* newspaper, then the accredited organ of the government, that he despatched a friend to the White House with a challenge, inviting General Jackson to mortal combat. The challenge, and the bearer of it, were treated with corresponding indignity and contempt; and the latter was instructed to inform his *friend*, Governor Poindexter, that General Jackson could not recognize a blackguard, who was in the daily habit of horse-whipping his wife! This assertion having been made public, Governor Poindexter found it necessary to appear before the public in self-vindication. He denied ever having been guilty of any rudeness to the gentler sex; pronounced General Jackson a slanderer; and, as for the charge of horse-whipping his wife, he appealed to the lady herself, to contradict the calumny or to sustain it.

It was while this unfortunate state of things existed that Richard Lawrence, the assassin, made his attack on the life of General Jackson, and created the suspicion that Governor Poindexter was his instigator.

Governor Poindexter lived in Four-and-a-half street, a few doors north of Pennsylvania Avenue. Directly opposite stood the shop of an Irishman, named Michael Foy, a blacksmith, and "doctor of the diseases incident to horses."

Foy had long been an applicant for work, in the way of his vocation, on the public buildings; and, though often promised it, he had never been gratified. He was a man of rather immoral habits, and everything served to operate to his manifest disadvantage.

When the attempt of Lawrence, to assassinate General Jackson, was made known throughout the city, and the name of the assassin was published, Michael Foy recollected that he had often seen Richard Lawrence go into and come out of Governor

Poindexter's residence! He forthwith communicated the fact to a near neighbor, named Stewart, who, on comparing notes and overhauling his memory, recollected the same thing. Foy and Stewart conferred several times on the subject, and at last communicated all they knew to a Mr. Louis Coltman, who was an Alderman, or council man, representing one of the wards of the city of Washington, in its local government.

Coltman was an active and a warm political partisan, devotedly attached to General Jackson, and ever ready to serve him. Being aware that the general suspected Poindexter, he called on him and stated what Foy and Stewart had related. General Jackson listened to him to the end, and then told him that he would have nothing to do with the matter as long as it presented an unauthenticated aspect. "Go," said he, "to these men and tell them that if they know anything that will lead to the detection and conviction of Poindexter, they must reduce it to the shape of a sworn affidavit. Let them swear to what they profess to know, and hand it to me, and I will attend to it."

Coltman, who was disposed to figure somewhat largely in the business, did what General Jackson suggested; and Foy and Stewart made affidavit of all that they had seen, and almost swore away the life and reputation of George Poindexter. The old general had had the affidavits in his possession some time, when he one day happened to mention the subject, as an implied state secret, to Mr. Joel Mann, of the Pennsylvania delegation, in the House of Representatives. Mr. Mann faithfully kept the secret a week or two, when, being one evening a little excited at a convivial party, whispered it, in confidence, to a member of the Rhode Island delegation. That member, in turn, imparted it to a Mr. \*\*\*\*\*, who was at the time a Congressional reporter, and Washington letter-writer, and correspondent generally. The story was not imparted as a secret to Mr. \*\*\*\*\*, who, supposing that the existence of the affidavits was a fact familiar to almost every one in Washington, communicated the whole affair to one of his New York correspondents, with the addition of "these affidavits, unless destroyed by counterbalancing testimony, must and will convict Governor Poindexter, and consign him to the dungeons of the Penitentiary."

The letter, embracing the facts of the case, was published in New York without a moments delay, and produced the deepest excitement. It was at once denounced as a falsehood, by the papers in the interest of the opposition, and warmly sustained by those which advocated the Administration, many of whom affirmed to the irrevocable truth of every word it contained; and this they did, without knowing one word authentically about the matter.

The published letter returned to Washington, after the lapse of a few days, when it was denounced as false and calumnious by the National Intelligencer, the United States Telegraph, and even by the *Globe* itself, for General Jackson had not confided the secret of the affidavits to his official editor. In the Senate the letter was denounced by Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Webster, and all the leading statesmen of the opposition; and, Governor Poindexter having bestowed on it the seven vials of his wrath, demanded an early and an impartial investigation, and the immediate arrest of its author. This he demanded, he said, in



justice to himself, and to the dignity of the Senate ; or, if he were guilty of the charges preferred, he were unworthy of the seat he held, and of the confidence and association of all honourable men.

An Executive mandate was immediately issued ; placed in the hands of Shackford, the *Sergeant at Arms*, who was instructed to arrest the author, who was lying dangerously sick at his lodgings, in Pennsylvania Avenue ; and, in despite of his remonstrance, he was informed that he must either submit to close arrest in the Capitol, or yield the name of the person who had informed him of the existence of the affidavits. Of course Shackford, the *Sergeant at Arms*, had no authority to offer any such terms or threats, but, as he was very much disposed to figure in the business, and thus strengthen him in the tenure of office, he submitted a proposition at once insolent and infamous. He was assured, in return, that no one's name would be produced till after consultation could be had with the original possessors of the secret affidavits. Shackford then replied that he was authorized to say that forty-eight hours for consultation and consideration would be allowed ; after which, if the name of the informant were not yielded, summary action would be had.

The next day, at a very early hour, a son of Mr. John C. Calhoun called on the author of the letter, as the friend of the Hon. George Poindexter, and, in his behalf, demanded the names of the persons who had given information of the existence of the affidavits, and intimated that, unless this call were complied with, resort would be had to a more summary process for a remedy. He, at the same time, "handed in" a missive from Governor Poindexter, which partook at once of chivalry and saltpetre.

The author of the letter remained obstinately mute, refusing to make use of the name of any one ; and, as the affair had at this period generated an intense excitement, he was afraid to call upon his informers to sustain him, because he feared that they would deny their previous assertions.

In this state of dilemma, having partially recovered, he bethought him that he would call on General Jackson. So thought, so done. He availed himself of an early hour, and was fortunate enough to find the old soldier at leisure and alone.

"Sir," said he, "I come here on delicate business ; I am the author of a letter originally published in a New York paper, charging that you are in possession of affidavits to prove that Richard Lawrence was employed by George Poindexter to attempt your assassination. It is not in my power to prove the existence of any such papers ; and, if I cannot make good the contents of my letter, I am irrevocably ruined. I cannot contend with the Senate ; and, unless I make out my case, my reputation as a man, and my profession as a writer, are destroyed ! Mr. President, may I be permitted to ask if you possess the affidavits ?"

"Make yourself perfectly easy, young man," replied the general ; "the affidavits are in my possession, and here they are, sir !" At the same instant he drew them from his pocket, and, in a voice of thunder, whilst his eyes flashed fury, he exclaimed :

"by the eternal !—go, sir, tell the Senate that Andrew Jackson has the evidence of the guilt of George Poindexter, and is responsible to God, and to his country. Take them, sir, if you desire to do so, and sustain yourself !" But, upon after consideration, he made up his mind to retain the originals, and suffer copies to be taken.

The names of the original informers were now surrendered to the Senate, and a select committee of investigation was ordered, composed of Mr. Silas Wright, of New York, Mr. Nathan Smith, of Connecticut, Mr. Willie Mangum, of North Carolina, Mr. Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, and Mr. John Tyler, of Virginia.

The committee were in session six days, and examined a multitude of witnesses. It proved that Lawrence was a maniac, who had taken it into his head that he was the monarch of England, and had come over to this country to subdue and re-possess himself of his revolted provinces : That he regarded General Jackson as an usurper, and had made up his mind to assassinate him himself, and thus win an imperishable renown. On all other subjects, save this of being entitled to thrones, and the possession of kingdoms and provinces, he was perfectly sane ! He was a painter by occupation ; and, when seen about Governor Poindexter's hotel, was actually engaged in painting the building. All these facts were abundantly proved, and the committee reported a full acquittance of Governor Poindexter.

Lawrence, after his arrest, went through an examination before Mr. Justice Cranch, who ordered him to find bail for his appearance at court, to answer for the assault, with attempt to assassinate. The sum demanded for his appearance was fifteen hundred dollars, which was deemed too small by eager and syncophantic partizans ; but it was equivalent to eternal incarceration, as the poor fellow could not have found any one to be responsible for him in the sum of fifteen shillings.

At the time of the arrest of Lawrence, it was doubted, by many, if his pistols were loaded, as neither of them went off. To ascertain the fact, they were placed in the hands of Major Donelson, and a company of gentlemen, who examined them. They were found to be loaded with ball, slug, and buck-shot, and, being re-capped, went off, and perforated a two inch oak plank at the distance of some ten yards. They were brass barrelled, connected near the brich, or chamber, by a screw.

Why they did not explode when placed at the breast of General Jackson, of course no one can tell, but it was supposed, as Lawrence had carried them in his bosom many days, and as the weather was very warm, for the season, that the warmth of his body had destroyed the percussion caps.

Lawrence was committed to jail in the month of February, 1835, and remained there many years, when, I think, he was conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum in Baltimore. When I last saw him, he appeared to be contented and happy, and was very busily engaged in parcelling out crowns and kingdoms, while he originated monarchies and despotisms.

## THE SHADES OF DEATH.

## A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.

NO. VI.

[ORIGINAL.]

BEFORE the campaign of 1778, the inhabitants of several sections of Pennsylvania were every moment in dread of being attacked by different bands of tories and Indians, who regardless of every compassionate feeling, barbarously murdered every human being who came within reach of their savage forces. Men and their wives were torn from each other and carried into captivity, children were ruthlessly butchered before the eyes of their parents, while their murdered bodies were trampled in the dust, or burnt to ashes on their very hearths. Sometimes, when incapable of defence, they would sue for mercy in the most piteous tones, but no matter how pathetic or truly heart-moving their supplications, they were never heard, and the tomahawk and scalping knife in every instance did their bloody work.

Wyoming, a happy and flourishing settlement, on the eastern branch of the Susquehanna, was attacked with more than usual ferocity; houses were burnt to the ground, property was destroyed and any one that did not escape from the scene of bloodshed was dispatched on the spot, and hurried into eternity without one moment of preparation. Flying from the mother country to escape oppression and tyranny, too many of our forefathers found, instead of an asylum for their sufferings, a wilderness peopled by atrocious savages, whose cruel barbarities were far worse than the miseries they experienced at home.

The village of Wilkesbarre was also destroyed with Wyoming, most of the inhabitants were carried into captivity, their property was plundered, and the whole settlement laid waste. Those who escaped, fled from the valley and proceeded on foot some sixty miles through the great swamp, almost destitute of clothing and many without a particle of food. A number of the women and children died of their wounds, and others, wandering from the path, were lost in the wilderness,\* and were either killed or died from starvation. At this period hostilities were carried on with more than usual acrimony.† The British troops and the American tories, with the native Indians, exhibited instances of cruelty and barbarity deeply to be lamented.

\* This wilderness was afterwards called "The Shades of Death," an appellation which it has retained to the present day.

† We give the subjoined extract for the purpose of showing the reader the extent to which the feeling ran in those days:—"A short distance below the battle ground, there is a large Island in the river, called Monockonock Island. Several of the settlers, while the battle and pursuit continued, succeeded in swimming to this island, when they concealed themselves among the logs and brushwood upon it. Their arms had been thrown away in their flight, previous to their entering the river, so they were in a manner defenceless. Two of them, in particular, were concealed near and in sight of each other. While in this situation, they observed several of the enemy, who had pursued and fired at them while they were swimming the river, preparing to follow them to the island with their guns. On reaching the island they immediately wiped their guns and loaded them. One of them, with his loaded gun, soon passed close by one of these men, who lay concealed from his view, and was immediately recognised by him

Among those who escaped being butchered at Wilkesbarre, was a very beautiful young lady named Lucy Hastings, betrothed at the time to a young officer in the American army. She was very delicate, and had been quite ill for some weeks previous to the attack on the village by the tories and Indians. At home, in England, she had been used to a different course of life than that which she had been subjected to since her arrival in this country, for the reader is most probably aware that at the best of times, the early settlers encountered nothing but trouble and privation. But Lucy endured all her suffering with a patient and heroic fortitude, never breathing a murmur or whispering a syllable of complaint against the condition in which she was placed. Her parents becoming tired of the oppression which bound them down at home, resolved to try their fortunes in America, and, if possible, end their days in happiness and contentment. They were not overblessed with this world's goods when they left England, but were in what is now very generally called "easy circumstances," a phrase which is intended to convey the idea of a plenty without too much or too little, in fact just enough to live comfortable and conveniently; always contented and never fearing the visits of those phantoms of the nineteenth century, "duns" and "bores." To Lucy her trip to America presented to her mind but little attraction—she had been born and brought up in "Merry England," and with that country were associated all her ideas of future happiness. The fields and the flowers, fond and cherished scenes of her girlhood's days, young companions with whom she had long been acquainted, and whose very names stirred in her mind thoughts and recollections which made her heart beat rapidly, but their power was without effect, and she resolved to accompany her parents to their new home, let the peril be ever so great. They had made up their minds pretty well before they started as to what they would have to encounter, but little, ah! very little did they dream of the terrible and awful sufferings which awaited them.

Not many months after their arrival, Lucy was introduced to Charles Rutledge, then a Lieutenant in the American Army. He created on her mind a deep and lasting impression, and as their feelings were mutual it was but a short time after the ceremony of

to be the brother of his companion who was concealed near him, but who, being a tory, had joined the enemy. He passed slowly along, carefully examining every covert, and directly perceived his brother in his place of concealment. He suddenly stopped and said, "So it is you, is it?" His brother, finding that he was discovered, immediately came forward a few steps, and falling on his knees, begged him to spare his life, promising to live with him and serve him, and even to be his slave as long as he lived, if he would only spare his life. "All this is mighty good," replied the savage-hearted brother of the supplicating man; "but you are a d—d rebel;" and, deliberately presenting his rifle, shot him dead upon the spot. The other settler made his escape from the island, and having related this fact, the tory brother thought it prudent to accompany the British troops on their return to Canada."—*History of Wyoming.*

introduction that it was circulated about by one or two of those peculiar individuals who are most always sure to get possession of such intelligence before the parties themselves, that they were shortly to be married, Miss Lucy Hastings, and the gallant Lieutenant. In this instance the report had some foundation. They had enjoyed each others society but a short time, however, before Rutledge received orders from head quarters to join the army immediately. At any other time the news would have been received by him with the greatest cheerfulness and pleasure, but as it was he did not murmur or utter a word of complaint, for he well knew how much his country needed his services, and he was the last one to refuse his aid in the hour of peril. He quickly acquainted Lucy with the contents of the communication he had received from his superior officer, which proved to her, as he expected, a very severe blow, for since they had known each other they had not been separated scarcely a moment, and now at such a time and under such circumstances the bare thought of separation almost chilled the life blood in her heart.

It was in the summer time, when the epoch of this tale commences; and the hour of sunset was drawing near. A golden glow pervaded the western horizon, and the tree-tops glittered with a lovely light as the mellow rays of the departing sun fell upon woodland, mead, and river. The lovers had met for the last time, and, as on all such occasions, the moments passed very rapidly.

"Do not feel so sad, Lucy," said Charles, brushing a tear drop gently from her cheek, "we will not be separated very long—a few months only, then I will return, never, never to leave your side again. Do not weep, Lucy, do not weep."

The fair young girl uttered not a word, but laid her head softly on his breast, while she twined her beautiful arms closer and closer about his neck.

Oh, in a moment like that, when the warmest affections of the heart of woman gush forth as from a fountain of holy love, and the tongue is unable to give utterance to the thoughts and feelings which fill the soul with beauty—oh, in a moment like that, how far above all earthly considerations, how firm, elevated and exalted, becomes the grosser part of man's nature! He feels her warm breath on his cheek, her heart beats with his own, and he knows that her soul, her very being, her whole existence is with him. Pure, beautiful, and elevated, indeed, are thoughts like those.

The love of a virtuous woman is undying. Prosperity will strengthen it—adversity will brighten and invigorate it, and give to it additional lustre and loveliness. She will cling to the man of her choice like the sweet and delicate vine to the sturdy oak, and nothing can make her unloose her hold but desertion or death. The brilliant skies may shed down all their gladdening beauties—flowers, sweet and gentle flowers, may bloom gaily in her path—friends, kind and loving friends, may hover near her, but she would forsake all, everything, for one fond look, one sweet smile from him who has won her heart's pure love.

\*The soul of Lucy was in the keeping of Rutledge. Her love had "grown by what it fed on" until at last it had become a part of her very existence. How eloquent those tears which rush unbidden from the fountain as she clasps his hand and whispers softly, "It is well."

And now the parting kiss, and the sad farewell, perhaps, for ever.

"Good bye, Lucy!"

"Good bye, Charles."

Another embrace, a gentle pressure of the lips, and they had parted.

She returned to her room with a heavy heart, for she read in the future, in living characters, *uncertainty*.

Charles mounted his white charger, standing under a willow tree, a short distance below the house, waiting to carry him to his journey's end. As he mounted the faithful animal he cast a last fond, lingering look towards her window, and then burying his spurs in his horse's sides was quickly out of sight.

At that time, in consequence of the treaties concluded with her revolted colonies, Great Britain declared war against France. The ministry presuming that assistance would be sent to our countrymen, transmitted orders immediately by the commissioners, that Philadelphia should be evacuated, and the British troops concentrated at New York. Sir Henry Clinton, who had been appointed commander-in-chief on the resignation of General Howe, quitted the city on the 18th of June, and marched slowly eastward. Washington, with his usual foresight, left his huts in the forest, and, collecting his forces together, hung upon the rear of the royal army, watching for a favorable opportunity to offer battle. On his arrival at Monmouth, in New Jersey, General Lee, who had lately been exchanged, was ordered to take the command of five thousand men, and, early on the morning of the 28th, to commence an attack, being assured that he should be supported by the whole army. He commenced operations accordingly, but perceiving the main body of the enemy returning to meet him, he began to retreat. For this, Washington,\* who was advancing to render the promised support, rode hastily forward, and addressed him in such language as his conduct demanded. After this, a warm engagement ensued, and Washington arriving with the main body of his army, compelled the British to fall back.

The day had been intensely hot, and the troops were greatly fatigued. Before the attack commenced, however, it was nearly dark, and it was therefore thought advisable, by the commander-in-chief, to postpone further operations until morning. This intention of renewing the battle was frustrated by the British troops, who, about midnight, marched away. Next morning all further pursuit was deemed useless, and Washington drew off the greater portion of his troops to the borders of the North River. The loss of the Americans in this battle was eight officers and sixty-one privates killed, and about a hundred and sixty wounded. The loss of the British, in killed, wounded, and missing, is stated to have been three hundred and fifty-eight men, including officers.

Lieutenant Rutledge was wounded quite severely, and it was deemed advisable to send him home until he should recover sufficiently to be able to take his

\*Lee, irritable and proud, could not forget the manner in which Washington had addressed him, and in two passionate letters demanded reparation. A court-martial was instituted; he was found guilty of misconduct on the day of battle, and of disrespect to the commander-in-chief, and was suspended from command for one year. He never afterwards joined the army, but died in seclusion just before the close of the war.



position in the army. His gallantry and good conduct had been observed by Washington, who spoke highly of his merits, and appeared very solicitous in regard to his welfare.

After considerable promotion, he at last consented to return home, but judge of his feelings after his arrival, to learn that the village in which Lucy resided had been attacked by a party of Tories and Indians, that the inhabitants were nearly all murdered, and the houses burnt to the ground. In an instant he forgot the wound which annoyed him, and he sat out immediately to ascertain if the dreadful news which he had just heard was correct. He was not long in reaching Wilksbarre—when, alas! he found all that he had been told was too true. But his joy was unbounded when he learned from the lips of an old negro that Miss Lucy had made her escape, and was probably beyond the reach of danger. He lost no time in starting off in the direction which he understood she had taken, although his wound from inattention was fast becoming very painful.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached the path in the wilderness. The sun was slowly declining, and not a breath, not a whisper disturbed the solitude of the place. No sacrifice would have been too much for him to have made then, if by it he could for a moment gaze on the features of her who, above all others he loved most dearly.

And Lucy, the object of his search, where was she all this time? She had escaped from the savages un-

hurt it is true, but better, far better, would it have been for her if they had murdered her on the spot—she was suffering a living death—she was slowly dying of starvation—because of the fatigue and privation she had encountered for three days, and during that time not having tasted a morsel of food, her powers of endurance at last became exhausted, and she sank down on the grass beside a few wild flowers never to rise from it again. Poor girl! language would fail in attempting to portray her sufferings.

As the shades of night darkened the earth, Rutledge fell into a gentle slumber, but he was soon disturbed by the shrieks of the wild birds which hovered around the spot. Feverish and restless he rose from the ground and wandered he knew not whither. When near a little brooklet he fancied he heard a sigh that sounded like some one in deep distress. He stopped and listened, but it was not repeated, and he passed on.

“His path was rugged and sore,  
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
Through many a fern, where the serpent feeds,  
And man never trod before.”

But he was successful in his search—he found her at last, found her when the damp dews of death were settling on her brow. She recognised him, but his name was the last words she uttered. Many years afterwards two skeletons were found, lying side by side in the wilderness—they were all that remained of the young lovers.

## BORDER BULLETS:

OR, REPORTS FROM THE RIFLE OF AN OLD FRONTIER MAN.

NO. 2.

### A NIGHT AND DAY IN PERIL.

[ORIGINAL.]

ANY one who has traveled the Missouri river could not fail to have been struck with admiration, by the wild and sublime scenery which meets the eye in all directions. That part of the Globe is its Eden, and without wishing to utter a blasphemy, I will venture to say that our first parents could not have forfeited a nobler paradise on earth.

When I was much younger than I am at present, one of my adventurous schemes was a trading trip to New Mexico—then a rare, almost unheard of, project, but now more common and less dangerous by odds. There were four of us, one a Yankee from Maine, another a quadroon Indian, and the third a back woodsman like myself. He and I were old acquaintances, but of the others we knew a very little, inasmuch as we had met them only a few weeks previously by the merest chance. The quadroon was a stalwart fellow, with a developement of muscle perfectly astonishing. His skill in the use of fire-arms, and a weapon he never was without—a huge knife—amounted nearly to legerdemain. His countenance was no particular passport to anybody's good graces, and I was not surprised that, try how I might, I could

not like him. The Yankee was, in appearance and in character, a type of his brethren—a little malicious, and not a whit too brave though. However, my companion thought, coincident with myself, that as they knew the country thereabouts better than we, could converse in Spanish, and were well supplied with articles for traffic—it was our interest to fraternize.

Just above the Council Bluffs—than whose grandeur and sublimity of aspect there is nothing finer—we met six Pawnee Indians, with whom we bivouaced over night. It was a dreadful night in one sense of the word. We spread our blankets in a circle, sleeping, as it were with our feet concentrated in the centre, our heads radiating outward. Our packs we used for pillows. The Heavens were our roof, and the forest trees our curtains. It was decided that the quadroon and the Yankee should keep watch while we slumbered, and they accordingly took their posts a few yards distant. All was soon as silent as death, excepting the yelling, howling, and wailing of the wild beasts, to keep away which we adopted the usual precaution of a fire.

I had slept about three hours, as near as I could

calculate, when I was awakened by a gentle pulling at my pack. There is no half-awake business in the lynx-eyed watchfulness of a dweller in the wilderness. If awake at all he is sure to be wide awake, with every one of his wits to aid him at ten seconds' notice. I instinctively scented danger, not as the battle, "afar off," but near at hand and immediate. I did not stir, for I knew too well that if an enemy were so close, the first movement made by me would be the signal for an unerring death-blow. The dusky light, cast forth by the half-consumed brush, revealed the swarthy forms of the savages, and that of my friend, in motionless repose; but I could not discover the guard in the furtive glance I threw around. The pulling at my pack continued, and I perceived that it was being slowly withdrawn from beneath my head. Still I feigned slumber. At length it was *entirely* withdrawn, and my head was very carefully permitted to descend to the ground! I manifested a slight condition of disturbance, and, as if in the restlessness of half-broken sleep, changed my position. It was then I heard the voice of the quadron utter the command:

"If he wakes, strike before he has time to breathe."

"I will," was the cool reply of the Yankee.

"Take this pack behind yonder rock, while I go for the other one," said the quadron.

"Make haste about it," whispered the Yankee, as he moved away noiselessly with my property upon his shoulders.

The quadron now crept towards my friend, who was sleeping nearly opposite to me, and as he turned his back, I drew one of my pistols, without betraying my real situation. It was my determination to shoot him the moment he attempted to carry off my friend's property, but I was spared that trouble. Scarcely had the quadron stooped over his intended victim, ere he fell. One of the Pawnees, like myself, had been watching him with an eagle's unquailing glance, and had, with the speed of the electric fluid, risen and buried his hatchet in his brain. The crunching sound of the blow made me sick at the stomach, but I could not feel any compassion for the wretch who could deliberately rob his partner in the wilderness, and meditate his murder in cold blood. In a moment I recovered from the shock the quadron's death had given me, and springing up made after the other robber.

I caught him returning to complete his work of plunder. He was in no respect abashed by my appearance, but coolly drawing his pistols, and taking his knife between his teeth, said "He 'sposed he'd have to fight me." Before I could give him my answer the Pawnees were up and about us. Weighing the whole event in the balance against strict justice, I am constrained to admit that the Yankee deserved to die, but it went "against my grain," as the saying is, to take his life. In the wilds of the New World there is no law but that of might. Judges and juries are never found there, excepting of the self-elected, self-constituted order, and they have only to act sharply up to the stern requirements of the welfare of the majority. To punish a thief there, such as either the quadron or the Yankee, slightly, would be productive of no service whatever. The light penalty accomplished, the thief would return to his work again, and with it endeavour to wreak his vengeance upon the authors of his disgrace. In the wilderness ex-

tremes are altogether patronized. No man steals there who is not thoroughly desperate, and willing to either take or yield life, as chance may direct. Nothing save moral law, of a very peculiar nature, governs adventurers like my associates and myself were. The Pawnees, children of the soil, as wild as the panthers they loved to destroy, had determined, in accordance with forest statute, that the Yankee must cease to live, and he was well aware of the fate in store for him. One of the Pawnees ordered him to lay down his weapons, but he refused. Ten seconds afterwards he was prostrate upon the ground, dead, with five or six hatchets buried in his body. His goods, and those of his accomplice were offered to us, but we declined having anything to do with them, and the Pawnees, with a few gestures of surprise, divided them among themselves. In the morning they departed leaving us at the scene of the night's disaster. We buried the bodies of the ill-fated, treacherous men, and sadly oppressed, slowly pergrinated towards a little stream entitled the "Elkhorn." Thus ended our *night*. How much more pleasantly our day was spent, I presume my readers will ere long ascertain.

We forded the "Elkhorn" and struck into a region of country as rugged as the Alps, and as picturesque and terrific as original chaos. As I stated in my previous sketch, a human habitation is what the wanderer is always most anxiously in quest of. I should moreover inform the reader that in taking this route, we deviated from that first marked out. We had obtained a license at Council Bluffs to trade above, and, in remembrance of the horrid circumstance I have detailed, we concluded to make use of it. We traveled over crag and precipice until after meridian without meeting a solitary sign, in the vicinity, of the existence of humanity other than that comprised in ourselves. Faint, wearied, and hungered, we clambered to the top of a hill, shaded by tall pines, in order to catch the breeze, and cast ourselves among the tall crab grass, which grew around in abundance. While reclining here, gnawing our hard and scanty fare, and marvelling as to what would be the ultimate result of our hazardous experiment, we heard voices; and our hearts bounded with delight when we discovered that they were not the voices of Indians. Oh! mother tongue, with what power do you appeal to our tenderest susceptibilities! Tutored to fear nothing, we did not hesitate to search for the authors of the sounds which gave joy to our hearts. Hastily finishing our meal, we once more strapped our packs to our backs—they now seemed as light as the down of the thistle—and scampered over the hill and down on the other side. This led us into a large open space of quagmire, into which we sank to the knees at about every step. But every now and then the voices pierced the still air, and we toiled on cheerfully. Half a mile of travel *through*—for I dare not write *over*—this morass ushered us into a forest of saplings, in which we made a path with little difficulty, only once in a while breaking the rest of a few lizards or unsettling the equanimity of a serpent. We were used to these trifling annoyances. Crossing the sapling forest we emerged upon a prairie, and there,—happiness unutterable!—stood a cabin. It was surrounded by men who were dressed in the rude costume of the trapper. They

were hurrying from point to point, as if excited powerfully, and at very short intervals they would pause to huzza, or laugh, in concert.

There was something wrong!—that was apparent. But what cared we!—tired, shelterless, purposeless, and companionless, with the memory of two recent bloody executions dancing through our brains? Not a jot.

We reached the cabin. It requires no description, for one log cabin is like all of its kind. I pioneered my friend, and the first salutation offered to me was from a diminutive, shrivelled backwoodsman, whose skin clothing was a mile too big for him, and whose hands, (stretched forth to welcome us,) resembled the talons of a huge bird more than the digits of a mortal.

"Hallo!" cried he, "whar from, strangers?"

"From nowhere in particular," I answered.

"Whar for?"

"Did intend to go trading in another direction, but the Indians were rather troublesome, and we changed our route."

"Got anything the red skins like," he inquired, eyeing our packs as inquisitively as a dog views a bone held before him.

"Not that I know of."

"Oh!"

By this time the whole number were around us! They comprised exactly a baker's dozen, and I must declare that born and bred as I was among squatters and trappers, I had never beheld such a ferocious and unseemly appearing body of men in the whole course of my life. My friend, Jim Bowers, (I should have given his name before,) suggested that we had better continue our journey, as we would be late and miss the accomplishment of the purpose for which we had started, but I knew that if our new acquaintances possessed any disposition to injure us they would introduce us to their tender mercies the instant we made tracks from their vicinity. I therefore affected a social recklessness I was far from feeling, and replied that I wouldn't budge a yard from good company that night at least.

This speech was received with a cheer, and I was immediately offered a cup of spirits. Truth to say I required the draught. It not only restored what strength I had lost, but fortified my courage. Jim swallowed his share with the same good effect. We were then asked to eat, and upon accepting the invitation were shown to a flat rock upon which stood an iron pot filled with an indescribable mess which some people, at a lost for a term, might have denominated a stew. Our entertainers ate with us, and a very convivial repast they made of it. I was surprised that they did not invite us to enter the cabin, and that they made no allusion to it. I observed that four of them, however, kept watch at its door and about it, and that every man was armed, as it were, to the teeth.

The shrivelled little note of interrogation kept his eyes so earnestly and constantly fixed upon the moveable properties in our possession, that I had my doubts of his honesty, at least. Notwithstanding my hunger, which had gained remarkable headway during the forty-eight hours previous, I could not relish the meal. Half the men were under the influence of strong drink, (obtained, no one could scarcely imagine how,) and the other half were in a semi-jocose mood,

which was ever suggesting to their fancies such pleasant and humane recreations as throat-cutting and braining. One of this facetious number related an anecdote of a combat he had had, a year or two before, in a remote corner of Kentucky. After he had gouged an eye out of the head of his adversary, kicked a half-dozen of his *upper* teeth *down* his throat, and broken his nose, he got his ear between his teeth, and then expected him to "give in." To afford him the opportunity, he paused ere he forced his grinders together, but the fellow was "clear grit," and only cried out to "go ahead—I can hear as well without it." The narrator concluded by declaring, with visible self-congratulation, that he *did* go ahead as commanded; but that he so admired the belligerent's bravery, that he yielded the fight and "treated." I do not pretend to say that I had never heard of, or witnessed, scenes like the one related by this merry personage;—I had! but the time, the place, and the men made it appear like a new thing to me, and I was thrilled by an indescribable sensation of disgust and wonder. Alas! in the course of my life I have seen too many cruelties, and undergone hardships almost beyond credence. Retrospection, with me, embraces as many wonders as the history of Sinbad the sailor.

After the meal was dispatched, a provoking and irksome silence prevailed. I was extremely desirous of penetrating to the bottom of the mysterious nature of matter, but could not bring myself to the point. As often as I opened my mouth to ask what they were doing there, so often I shut it without uttering a word. The little weasel seldom removed his eyes from Jim or myself. The party began to break up and move away in couples, but he remained a fixture. At last he was left alone with us;—that is, his companions, although in sight, were incapable of hearing our conversation, if it were carried on in a low tone.

We endeavored to appear at ease—to be resting from our fatigue—and to care nothing about what was going on.

Finally, the little man gave signs of being weary of inspecting us. He drew closer towards us. At length he spoke:

"You don't ask any questions?"

"No," said I, "we have none to ask."

"Don't you wonder what we're doing here?" he interrogated, with an air of surprise.

"I didn't," answered I carelessly.

"Nor I," said Jim, following suit.

"But," I resumed, with a well dissembled look, "now that you speak of it, what *are* you doing here?"

"Here on business," was the curt response.

"I thought you didn't *live* here."

"Live here, stranger!" cried the anatomy, "why, my land is fifty miles from here; a prettier clearing can't be found on the Missouri."

"Glad that you're so lucky," said I—and continued, "My clearing is hundreds of miles from here, and I wish I was on it."

"One *does* like to be at home," chimed in our friend.

"Yes," growled Jim "I always make home the place where I am."

Another long pause succeeded this rambling chat. The little man broke it as before. He said:

"It's a'most time for us to do our business."

I was about to exclaim, testily, "Well, why don't



you do it," but my better genius prevented, and I inquired if we were in the way.

"That depends on circumstances," answered the Lampedo.

"Oh!" grunted Jim, emphatically, as he shuffled from his old position into a new one.

I drew a long breath, and at last asked what those circumstances might be.

"They *mought* be e'enamost anything," answered the little man, with a grin over what he considered his wit; "but they are peculiar. You'll understand 'em presently."

Our hosts had been earnestly talking among themselves all this while, and I had seen that Jim and I formed no inconsiderable portion of their topics. They appeared to be debating ardently about some question, in which it was plain enough we were mixed up some way, or another. In a short time they seemed to have amicably settled whatever difficulty had existed. One of them came up to the little man, and, saying—"All right—tell 'em!"—returned to his comrades.

The little man nodded his head complacently, and then, condescending to unclothe his parchment-covered jaws, he addressed us again.

"WE'RE LYNCHERS!"

Had he said "WE'RE ROBBERS" instead, I could not have experienced a more unpleasant shock than that which suddenly ran through my nervous system. Those who have never visited the regions of which I am writing, know nothing of the lynchers or their works. Time and time again have I beheld their transactions. In the majority of cases the decrees of the lynchers were just and unavoidable. In some cases they were fiendish, unmerited and wicked in the extreme. Lynch law in new settlements—in the west and south west—is not the lynch law of the north—of cities. The lynchers are the oldest and most respectable of the inhabitants. They are as systematically organized and convened as the Senate of the United States. They are governed by rules as fixed as the statutes of the Medes and Persians—have a constitution and laws, written, to guide them, and conduct their proceedings with every sort of judicial importance. There is no insanity of the mob discoverable in their movements. They try, condemn and punish a culprit with as much preparation, and as coolly, as any court of the United States. In arresting a person unfortunate enough to come under their notice, they go to all lengths. They will track him hundreds of miles—from state to state, territory to territory. If he delivers himself quietly up he will get all the benefit of such trial as they award—if not he must trust to luck for a whole skin before they take him, and look for a speedy settlement of his affairs after they have secured him. The lynchers supply the place of the authorities of the country. Where they are organized one of Uncle Sam's officials is rarely, if ever seen. Sometimes a judge or two will stray along once in a year, and hold a hurried session which will amount to nothing, excepting a farce. In the meantime the desperadoes who may have committed their various crimes to the detriment of the scattered, *only* self-protected, commonalty must be supported and guarded entirely at the expense and care of those whom they have wronged. To obviate these difficulties, and get *some* species of law, the lynchers were instituted by the people. I admit that their code is bloody and

barbarous, and that it is not sanctified by the government, but it has bloody and barbarous men to deal with—men who will burn a cabin and tenants to gratify a feeling of vengeance, or murder a whole colony for the sake of a few dollars, or their equivalent. Bad as lynch law unquestionably is, it is better than no law at all, and this is all the choice the inhabitants of those wilds have. Among the lynchers are ministers of the gospel, lawyers, &c. The little shrivelled creature with whom I held the conversation detailed above, was an itinerant preacher. I was told that he was a very fair one. In preachers, as in law, the new settler is obliged to be contented with the best he can procure. My object is to combine, in these brief of sketches, truth and information with interest and amusement. Let no one be offended because I have stated that ministers are leagued with the lynchers, for such is the *fact*, to alter which is entirely out of my power, or any other man's. Opposed to the lynchers, is a class of the community who are perfectly honest in their opposition, and who are organized for resistance. Many terrific encounters of the lynchers and their opponents take place. They seldom end without causing the death of a fair share of each party, for both are alike composed of men who have no fear, and who will obstinately do battle, after commencing it, until they conquer or die.

The information imparted by my shrivelled interlocutor, paralyzed the circulation of my blood momentarily, for even with my views of lynching and its immediate supporters, I did not like to come in contact with any of the doings of the latter. There is something horrifying in the idea that you are about to witness the arbitrary exercise of the self-imposed task of meteing out fair and impartial justice.

I paused a while to recover from the shock of the abrupt and brief declaration of "We're lynchers." I comprehended the nature of the "business" before spoken of at once. Some poor creature had experienced the curse of their displeasure, and they were on his track! I concluded to quit the spot incontinently. To stay there and be pained—or *bored*, as I not pained—by beholding a cruel execution, or a scene of savage torture, would lend no lustre to my character, or aid me to dispose of my goods.

"You're lynchers," I answered (after tipping a wink at Jim) "Then this is no place for us."

"Why?" cried, rather than asked, our tormentor.

"Business is better accomplished in private by the individuals interested therein. It don't become us to remain here and be acquainted with your proceedings."

"But you can't go, now," said the little man.

"Can't go?"

"No—you will be benighted in the forest, and chewed up by the varmints, or murdered by the Indians if you do."

"That," I promptly answered, "is a risk we all expect to run. It will but be a proper penalty to dare for venturing to thrust ourselves among you so unceremoniously. We shall depart, now, without delay."

So saying we arose.

"We cannot permit you to leave us," said the little man firmly, after scrutinizing us keenly.

"Why keep us here?"

"It is the wish of the company, therefore sit down, and swear you will not interfere in what may trans-

pire, or breathe a word of what you see and hear to a living soul."

"Swear?" exclaimed Jim, interrogatively.

"Yes,—or be shot, you can take your choice." And the diabolical skeleton grinned like a demon.

Finding a demurrer would be of no avail, we doggedly succumbed to our fate, and took the proposed oath, the lynchers, while we did so, handling their knives as though they would like no greater amusement than that of cutting our throats, or chopping us into inch bits.

We learned after undergoing this compulsory asseverating ordeal, that they had waited to take the sense of the meeting touching what was to be done with us. Their final resolve was as I have demonstrated it. Perilous enough had been our position, when our lives depended upon the mere caprice of a few of our fellow beings, and was saved by their vote.

We were now told that they *were* in pursuit of a culprit, and that the cabin before us was his abiding place. They had tracked him during a fortnight. The offences charged upon him were murder and horse-stealing. They had had his hut in a state of seige for some days. All this time he had maintained an obstinate silence, and had evinced no desire to compromise matters, or to give any satisfaction whatever. Their original determination was to starve him out, but this they had changed, and were now going to bring him out, or *burn him with his own tenement*. As there was no prospect of his falling short of edibles, I shuddered at the landscape spread before my mental vision. Escape there was none. We could only remain, and endure whatever dismal scenes destiny should provide for us.

The business of the day was commenced by the lean man, who went to the door and thundered at it with the breech of his musket. We waited breathless for an answer, but none came.

Again the breech of the musket was applied to the door, and this time with an accompaniment of exclamations that, any hearer would have declared, came from the throats of no cherubs.

"Hallo! within there!" screamed parchment face.

No answer.

"We shall set fire to the cabin if you don't immediately come forth," he continued.

Still no answer.

"We are in earnest you may depend," resumed the speaker.

Yet there was no answer from within.

"You are aware that we can break this door through in five minutes. Be wise and come forth, or we shall burn the cabin, I tell ye."

But they might as well have discoursed to air.

"Boys—fire up!" commanded the little man, after waiting a few seconds to ascertain what effect his domestic eloquence had produced.

He turned away and joined his comrades.

"Perhaps the fellow's dead!" suggested one.

"No," responded the little parson, "not he: I've dealt with these chaps before. He's there, snug! Come, light up. We've been fools to wait so long upon his motion."

In a very short time a pile of faggots was placed against the door and ignited. The breeze was light, and an immense volume of smoke rolled slowly upwards, and thickened the surrounding atmosphere. Soon the door began to crackle, and finally it was one

living coal. The logs of which it was made were tough and green, and did not burn readily, else an entrance would have been gained sooner. The lynchers stood like so many statues, with their arms ready for use, watching every conceivable outlet, as a cat would enforce surveillance over a mouse-trap. Not a muscle moved in that stern assemblage. At length the door gave way, and a general cheer was the consequence.

"Let it burn on," said the little man, "if he can't come out now, he may perish."

He had scarcely uttered these words when a human form bounded over the smoking embers, and sprang into our midst. Almost simultaneously, several of the lynchers set about extinguishing the flames. A ring was formed of the lynchers, Jim and myself included, about the man in the toils. He was an athlete in appearance—beautifully made, with a skin as smooth and white as a girl's, and an eye whose fire shone like the sun's.

"At last we've got you," said Cadaverous, with a sickly smile.

"Yes, by besieging my property and burning it," was the reply.

"What's your name?" asked Cadaverous, while the secretary noted down the proceedings.

"James Thompson."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-seven."

"You are a stranger here?"

"I have lived here one year and four months."

"Where are you from?"

"Louisiana."

"You are charged with horse-stealing and assassination," said Cadaverous.

"Both charges are false."

"Did you not kill Thomas Schooley?"

"Yes, in a fair and honorable duel."

"You lie—you murdered him."

"You are supported by your friends, or you would not speak as you do, nor any one of your company."

"Hum!" exclaimed Cadaverous, and continued—"Do you know that we are the lynchers?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not face us before?"

"Because it did not please me."

"You have confessed that you killed Tom Schooley, have you not?"

The young man refused to answer any more questions until he stood within his own dwelling, and, some of their party, the lynchers, agreed to follow him inside. There they hemmed him in as before. The apartment was very roomy and scrupulously clean, but it was scantily furnished.

The rite of interrogation was resumed and finished. A couple of witnesses were called and examined. It was too apparent that the young man was a horse-thief and an assassin. Cadaverous, after consulting with his partners, said, in a voice whose tones were solemn and suggestive of dignity—

"James Thompson, we have found you guilty of theft and murder. Hear the sentence of this court. Five minutes will be allowed you for preparation, at the end of which time you will be hanged, and may God have mercy on your soul!"

The young man burst forth into a complete torrent of invective. He called them butchers, robbers, and everything else that was opprobrious. He denied

their right to punish him, and taunted them with being cowardly, and relying for conquest upon their superior numbers. The lynchers heard him calmly until the five minutes were expired, when the little man merely said, "*Time's up!*" and then every rifle was cocked.

"Do you think I'll be hung, quietly and submissively, like a dog," yelled Thompson, drawing his knife, "no—if you will have my life, you shall pay for it."

In an instant he was cutting savagely among his enemies. Half a dozen rifles were discharged, and the place was filled with smoke which precluded the possibility of seeing what was going on; but I could hear the panting, and struggles, and groans of combatants. As for Jim and I, we remembered our oath,

and did nothing save escape to the open air. We had hardly breathed the pure atmosphere for the space of a second, ere Thompson rushed forth, covered with blood, followed by the lynchers. He ran about an hundred yards and fell dead, first burying his knife, with a savage blow, three inches in the trunk of a young tree.

He had slain four of his assailants, and wounded two, one of whom was our shrivelled little friend. Jim found a rifle ball in the fleshy part of his arm. I discovered the perforations of two balls in my hat. We had had enough of trading expeditions, and the next day we were at Council Bluffs on our way home.

I have never forgotten *my night and day of peril*.  
Such is life, or *death*, in the new part of the New World.  
T. W. M.

## THOMAS MOORE.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 537.)

Appeal to Public Confidence, or Considerations on the Dangers of the Present Crisis;" and this was followed by two political poems, "Corruption" and "Intolerance." This procured him the patronage of the government; and in 1803, when he was only twenty-three years of age, he was appointed Registrar to the Admiralty Court at the Bermudas, and in the same year set sail to take possession of his office in the West Indies. He did not remain in this office more than a year, having fallen under responsibilities which made him liable to a demand of 2000*l*. This matter, however, was honorably arranged by him in after years, he paying the smaller modicum of the deficiency, amounting to 700*l*., and the remainder being made up by his uncle and his friends.

After making a tour in the United States, he returned to England, and, in 1806, published his "Epistles, Odes, and other Poems." The epistles are of the most caustic and satirical nature; and his odes and poems are most of them illustrative of the scenery and life of the Bermudas.

From this date his life has been far from an indolent one. In 1810 he appeared before the public as the author of "A Letter to the Roman Catholics of Dublin:" in 1811, of "M. P.; or, the Blue Stocking; a Comic Opera, in Three Acts," which was performed at the Lyceum: and in 1812 of "Intercepted Letters; or, the Twopenny Post-bag, by Thomas Browne the Younger." This last work, which is of a humorous nature, has been highly popular, and has gone through about fifteen or sixteen editions. He also published "Irish Melodies"—unquestionably his very best performance; a completion of Arthur Murphy's "Translation of Sallust;" and a philosophical satire, entitled "The Sceptic."

In the meanwhile Moore had married, choosing for his wife Miss Dyke, a lady of great personal beauty, accomplished manners, and the most amiable disposition. After his marriage, Moore retired into the country, and at Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, composed "Lalla Rookh." This great poem appeared in 1817.

In the summer of that year Moore visited Paris,

where he collected materials for that humorous production, "The Fudge Family in Paris;" and the next year made a visit to Ireland.

In 1822 he again visited Paris; and, retiring to La Butte Coaslin, lived there with his family for two summers in the cottage of some Spanish friends. Here, with untiring perseverance, and amid many difficulties, Moore pursued his poetical and literary studies, and, rambling with pocket-book and pencil in hand, amid the groves and glades of St. Cloud Park, meditated some of the finest chapters in the "Epicurean," and some of the most beautiful passages in "The Loves of the Angels."

Among his other poems may be mentioned "Evenings in Greece;" "Fables for the Holy Alliance;" "Trifles Reprinted in Verse;" "Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress, in verse;" "Rhymes on the Road;" "Miscellaneous Poems by Members of the Procurante Society;" "Ballads, Songs, Miscellaneous Poems, &c.;" "Odes on Cash, Corn, Catholics, &c."

Notwithstanding his industry in the production of poems, Moore has found time for historical studies. Besides his "History of Ireland," which appeared in Lardner's Cyclopædia, he has written lives of Sheridan, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Lord Byron. He has also produced a fictitious biography relative to Ireland, entitled "The Memoirs of Captain Rock." Moore has, moreover, been a contributor to numerous periodicals, daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly.

Within the last two or three years he has collected and edited his writings, published at various periods, into one whole. The republication has been accompanied by notes, introductions, and appendices, explaining passages which might otherwise lose their meaning, and giving a history as to how and when such works were written. We have thus presented to us by the author himself his works in their most complete form, and in the shape—with his latest emendations and corrections—in which he wishes them to descend to posterity. Mr. Moore has, however, contented himself with arranging in chronological order his poems, with some minor alterations only from their original form.





**PULPIT PORTRAITS;  
OR, SKETCHES OF EMINENT LIVING AMERICAN DIVINES.**

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848, by CHARLES W. HOLDEN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.]

The July No. contains a Portrait of REV. DR. POTTS. The August No. a Portrait and Critical Essay upon REV. DR. STEPHEN H. TYNG. The "Sketches of Eminent Living American Divines" commenced with the March No., and those wishing the set complete, can procure them from that time.

NO XII.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

ENGRAVED FOR HOLDEN, BY ORR AND RICHARDSON, FROM A DAGUERROTYPE BY A. MORAND.

[ORIGINAL.]

There are two good things in this world—a good speech and a good painting. It is difficult to say which is the better of the two. In many respects they are similar. Both represent ideas. A true painting embodies the lofty conception of the artist. The work of the true artist must have *meaning*. It must be the result, not of mechanical skill alone, but also of mental workings. The artistical blending of the colors must be accomplished according to an ideal image. It

must be the outward manifestation of an outward thought.

The painter must be, not the servile copyist of external nature, but the sketcher of his own vivid conceptions. So it is with a true speech. That, as well as a painting, must embody thought. The orator must accomplish the same that the painter accomplishes—the presentment of original conceptions. He must bring out the inner thoughts in bold relief and beautiful

harmony. To do this he uses words as the painter uses oils. He must be an adept in word-painting. Then again, both the orator and painter must have not only the original thought as the source of their work; but also the artistical skill necessary to its representation. To do this the painter labours with his paints, mixing and analysing them. He faithfully uses the brush in properly distributing them. The orator studies his mother-tongue; unites and analyses words. Hence both require practice, and long, unremitted, toilsome practice. Both, too, though not servile copyists of nature, must be true to nature. To attain this end the painter studies forms in the natural world, the orator forms of language. The painter studies the human face and person—the orator studies the human heart. Both, too, must be *good men*. Quintillian, in his admirable work on eloquence, says that no one can be an orator "*nisi bonum virum*." Such also is the testimony of artists in regard to their profession. Mr. Healy, an American artist in Paris, once said: "No one can be a good artist without being a Christian." So the late Mr. Cole on a certain occasion used these words: "When I go forth on these mountains and look on this beautiful world, I see God in everything. I don't understand how a man can be a true artist without being a *good man*—a religious man." Reflection will show to any candid mind that this must be, in the nature of things. Mankind has a religious nature. He is the true orator or painter who moves and satisfies man's nature: who stirs to its deepest depths the soul of man. But how can he who has not cultivated his own religious nature, develop it—come to know it; how can he find the spring of its movement in others? How can he touch the chord in another's breast who has never felt the vibrations of his own? Moreover, it is only when the religious part of man's nature governs and moulds the other parts, that the whole being attains its highest perfection. Thus do the imagination and the intellect depend upon this higher part, the religious nature. And the orator or painter who would attain the highest development of intellect or imagination, must reach it in the only way presented in the wonderful constitution of the soul. Both move the feelings. How many there are who can testify to the effect upon their soul of a genuine painting! How it excited thought, stirred emotion, awoke into active, breathing life the dormant energies of their spiritual being! And how many, too, by thrilling eloquence, have been moved in the same strong way; and under its magic power have formed the stern resolve, nerved the strong arm, and triumphed in the fearful crisis! Yes, both have strengthened the feeble knees of doubt, both girt up the loins of weakness, both have fired zeal, both have lashed into foam the surges of the soul. So the analogy between oratory and painting might be traced still farther, showing the similarity in source, means and end. We have dwelt upon it thus far, that our readers may realize how much we mean when we say that Henry Ward Beecher—the subject of this sketch—is a remarkable *word-painter*. This power of word-painting, which he possesses, has impressed us whenever we have heard him speak. In the first place, his *artistical skill* is very great—by which is meant that he possesses uncommon power of combining words into sentences, so as to produce precisely the effect desired. He has thoroughly trained himself in the use of words. He knows his own language. He knows just the effect

produced by a word—in a particular combination of words. He excels too in antithesis—in the "light and shade" of oratory. He has studied contrasts. He will picture one thing and set it over against another, so that both shall stand forth in a vivid, nay, an almost painful distinctness by their contrast. Indeed the prevailing style, the leading characteristic of his word-pictures is that of strong light and shade. One part lies buried in deep, dark, uncertain gloom—the other gleams and glistens in the gay, glad light. Now the blood runs cold at the horrid blackness of the scene, and anon you are all flushed with the joyous view lit up before you. At one time the heart is melted by the moving appeals of love and tenderness; at another, thrilled by a glimpse of the awful thunderbolts of condemnation. Thus can he contrast one truth with another, and arrange the alternate light and shade, till the completed picture stands before you with a distinctness that admits of no mistake, and with a vividness that consents to no forgetfulness. But, Mr. Beecher's highest excellence consists not in artistical skill, in the mere handling of his tools, in the accomplished workman-like way of doing business. It consists in the use of his skill to some purpose—and that purpose, the most important that can be found. It is *the truth* for which he is working, and the truth as a *whole*; not garbled parts of it; not one sided views of it; but the truth in its complete, original, harmonious whole.

He is not bending his energies to the defence of exclusive or excluding creeds; to the support of sectional issues, and party organizations; or to the establishment of non-essential forms. No! he descends to no such small concerns as these. He is engrossed with higher purposes, and nobler employments. Life seems too serious, and the hold upon it too slender to admit of spending it in any unproductive efforts. Sin and error are too firmly intrenched, too strongly armed, too determined in battle, to allow of any petty skirmishing at the outposts. There is no chance for dallying. Sin is ready for the pitched battle, and the decisive conflict. "Victory or death" is the ringing battle cry.

Weak and foolish are the friends of truth who waste their powder in random shots; in firing at a mark; or perhaps in pointing their cannon at some old dismantled fort, way out one side, which the enemy long ago deserted. There is an earnestness about Mr. B's way of fighting for the truth which shows that he thinks there is precious little humbug or child's play about this war; that it won't do to be dallying, tampering, fooling, but whoever has enlisted must face the enemy and fight.

Besides the earnestness, there is a point to his pulpit exercises, which declares him not only to be fighting, but fighting with something. He takes aim before he fires, and he rarely fails to pierce the heart. There is no shooting in the air by him; nay more, he does not fire in the ranks like the common soldier, at the word of command, holding the gun always level with the shoulder; but, like the Kentucky riflemen of the Revolution, he picks out some epauletted officer among the errors of the day, and lays him prostrate before his steady aim and fatal fire. The rank and file are doubtless necessary; but in this holy war, there is need of much guerilla fighting. There must be some who are ready and able to fight, "each on his own hook." Theological seminaries, to train the regular army, are

doubtless essential; but there must be some independent, vigorous, picked men, who will fight distinct from those platoons of theological students who graduate with the mark of their alma mater branded on them for life; and who go through with the same evolutions, the same set way of shouldering, loading, aiming, and firing, to the day of their death. And we are led, by the connection, to speak here of the independence of Mr. Beecher. This is a characteristic. And he has it "by good rights," as the saying is, for his Father had it before him. He is genuinely independent—not obtrusively but truly so. There is danger that independence should degenerate into obstinacy: the expression of independent thought into insolence. Mr. B. thus far, we think, has escaped the danger. He seems not to be trammelled like other men, with the desire to suit or the fear of offending. He seems to set before his eye, as the object to gain, the presentation of the truth as it is, not as people would like to have it. You would think that, like a man on the witness stand, he had sworn to speak "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." It is good to see some men and some ministers, valiant enough to take this stand. It is a dangerous one to adopt, and a difficult one to maintain. It is so nice and pleasant to float quietly down the popular current, without once turning the direction of its flow, that few are willing to lift up their heads, open their eyes, look about and see where they are and whither tending, lest the voice of Truth should be heard, calling upon them to stem the tide and battle up the stream.

But Mr. B. has marked out his course of life; that course lies in the straight and narrow path of truth; he is willing to follow where the truth shall lead him. Hence as he travels on, with the Sun of Righteousness as his guide by day, and the polar star of principle by night, he often comes across the tide of public opinion in its tortuous windings. Now his straight-forward path lies in the same direction, now against it. At one time he is defending popular opinions, at another time he is condemning them; but still he moves right on in the path of truth, so far as Reason and Conscience make that path distinct. Hence it is that some people say that they never know where to find him. In one sense they are correct; they are not certain of finding him always on the popular side, where some men always can be found. But in another sense they do know where to find him, if they can direct their eyes to that position in which Reason and Conscience have established him and which honest conviction has made impregnable.

That this independence is the result not of self-will or conceit, is perfectly manifest from the *candour* with which he treats every subject, and the beautiful fairness with which he meets an adversary. Now it is impossible for a man to be independent and candid, to be decided and yet fair, without having grounded his opinions on the rock of patient enquiries, without having looked at all sides and resolved at the outset to know the truth, whatever it might be, and adopt it, wherever it might lead. Hence in discussion, he will give full sweep to his adversary—allow him to go to the full length of his rope. Nay, he will go farther, and state the argument on the opposite side, and the objections to his own in a clearer and more forcible way than his opponent can do for him. And this individual is amazed to discover that there as one man who has looked at the subject from precisely the same

point that he did, and in despair he throws away the musket, from which the ball has already been extracted, and surrenders at discretion.

Now it is as beautiful as it is rare to see a minister take just the course that Mr. Beecher takes. It is a fact, and a fact which ought to be known, and thought about, and talked about, that many of our clergy preach and discuss as if they were really afraid that their faith and creed were not true. They shrink from fair discussion, and hide their doctrines from rigid examination. They walk along the path of doctrines as if they were walking on eggs. They don't feel satisfied, settled, rooted and grounded. They are afraid to look into infidel books, or read opposing arguments. Now this should not be so. It is not the fault of their doctrines that it is so, but it is the fault of the adopters of those doctrines. They have never undertaken thorough investigation with that spirit of true enquiry which should ever attend the student. They have not sought for the *truth* so much as they have sought for arguments to support a previously adopted dogma. They have snapped at everything on their side, and left untouched and unexamined everything on the other side.

There should be no *sides* recognized by the true inquirer. He should go to work utterly unbiassed and unprejudiced, without an opinion or a predilection. He should be like the man in the juror's box—who has been challenged and found to have no opinion. Now we conclude, from what we have heard of Mr. B's preaching, that he has adopted and follows up just this course of true inquiry. We presume that he started in life with the resolve to get at the kernel of everything, and not stop at the shell; to be bound by no party, creed, or sect, till he could examine for himself; and that with this spirit of honesty he went to work, and has been working with it ever since. We have been credibly informed that at one time he was a skeptic; we cannot vouch for the fact, but we think it not strange. He preaches like one who has himself worked through the errors he attacks. He talks from personal experience—he knows them thoroughly. Hence he is their worst enemy.

After commencing with Mr. B's mode of managing words, we have been working back from effect to cause, treating of his independence, love of truth and candour, till we have arrived to what is the centre and moving spring of these outward developments, namely, his *philosophy*; we are unacquainted with his philosophical views, we have no means of ascertaining them, but still we shall venture a guess, for we think we discern his philosophy in his sermons; a very easy thing to see in any case, for the connection between a man's religion and philosophy is intimate; and sermons not only proclaim a man's religious belief, but also his mental exercises, which of course are modified by his philosophy. Claiming our Yankee right, we "guess" that Mr. B. does not adopt the "selfish system," as it is styled, of Paley, which makes the distinction between right and wrong to be founded upon the principle of self-interest; which asserts that a deed is right because it accords with one's advantage, and not because it is right, according to the eternal principles of right and wrong established in the very constitution of the universe. Neither does he subscribe to the philosophy of Locke, in our opinion; which, in making no distinction between the reason and understanding, and in allowing to



man no innate ideas of right and wrong, makes no distinction between man and an intelligent brute; and leads on, at last, to the inevitable conclusion that man is irresponsible, being destitute of any fixed guide whereby to direct conduct. But we think that Mr. B. has adopted that philosophical system which, in opposition to the two above mentioned, both in respect to the absolute idea of right in distinction from self-interest, and in regard to the supremacy of reason and the innate moral nature of man, sets forth man as a being responsible for his acts, with a natural conscience as the unfailing light within him for a guide, and the reason as his rightful governor. His character is in harmony with that philosophy. His love of the truth, his earnest seeking for it, his clear insight into fundamental principles, are in accordance with the teachings of that philosophy, and follow directly from its influence. His public ministrations, too, are characterized by direct appeals to conscience, as the ultimate source of appeal in morals. He takes for granted, that every man has the innate idea of right and wrong, that he has a religious nature, being made in the image of God. There is no gainsaying such appeals, or explaining away such postulates. They meet a response in the soul of every man, and hence come right home to the heart with an irresistible power. In this consists, to a great extent, the force and pungency of his preaching. He does not advise his hearers, as a matter of self interest, to obey the laws of God, but he lays down the duty of obedience, because it is right to obey, and wrong to disobey. When inciting them to moral acts, to deeds of virtue and righteousness, he presents moral considerations. Now there is no moral element, no virtue, in self interest. He is simply a *prudent*, not a virtuous man, who does right because it is the best policy, and for his highest advantage. The man who is called upon to become a religious man, because religion will make him happy and respectable, feels under no *obligation* to become religious. He reasons, and reasons truly, that his happiness is entirely of his own concern, and he has a perfect right to judge for himself, either how he will be happy, or *whether* he will be happy. He is the faithful preacher who thunders forth "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." That is the solemn sermon which appeals to the conscience, and not to the judgment.

Modesty is another beautiful element of Mr. Beecher's character—we earnestly hope that he may preserve it; but it is a trait ready to melt away before popularity, like snow before a summer's sun. Many a minister has been spoiled by far less striking evidences of popularity than have been so abundantly bestowed upon the subject of this sketch. Accomplished as he is, Mr. B. is yet a young man, with all the energy and enthusiasm of youth, coupled with the discernment and experience of age. Keeping fresh within his soul the sympathies of early life, he has gained the affection and esteem of young men.

He has lived, too, with open eyes, as well as open heart. He sees what is doing, apprehends what is being felt, acted, accomplished, in his own circle, among his people, in the city, state, country, and throughout the world. He is wide awake in the great movements of the day, philanthropic, political, and religious. He is an energetic friend of temperance, and a member of the society styled the "Sons of Temperance." He lives in the world while in it; and is one

who "uses the world without abusing it." He mingles with men of all classes; meets them frankly, sympathises cordially, and studies character closely. His knowledge of men and things is extensive and practical; meeting thus with men in everyday working life, he becomes thoroughly conversant with the tastes, states of mind, and temptations peculiar to each and every class, and thus is enabled in public instruction to meet the wants of all his hearers. By this intimate acquaintanceship with life, he also gains many subjects for forcible illustration, which he uses with effect for the enforcing of truth.

Of his early life we know but little. He graduated at Amherst College in 1834, being then 21 years of age. We have been told that when at College he did not devote his whole time to the study of textbooks, but spent much of it in general reading and writing and in devotion to *belle lettres*. He studied theology at Lane Seminary in Cincinnati, Ohio, an institution under the able direction of his father, the revered and distinguished Dr. Lyman Beecher.

After the completion of his theological course, he was settled as a Congregational Minister at Lawrenceburg, Dearborn County, Indiana, where he remained two years. From thence he removed to Indianapolis, the Capital of the State, in 1839. There he remained till the unanimous call of a new Congregational Society in Brooklyn, New York, induced him to remove to that city. He was installed pastor of the church in October, 1847. He is now thirty-five years of age, possessed of great physical energies, and the prospect of a long and useful life.

He is of medium height, robust frame, and florid complexion; quick in his movements, and active in his habits. To convey an idea of his personal appearance and manner in the pulpit, we will give our first impressions of him as we heard him at a religious meeting in the Broadway Tabernacle. The building was crowded to overflowing. He appeared before the audience in dress and manner of unassuming simplicity. With his black neckerchief, rolling collar, and face of "ruddy hue," he seemed almost boyish. But the first sentence that he spoke was prophetic of precious little boyishness of speech. It tapped upon the ears of the audience, and hushed them to an unbroken silence. In two minutes, his subject had thoroughly warmed him, soul and body. "Words that burn" rolled out in one continuous stream: and as I sat near him, in an instant I saw the clear drops start out from his forehead and trickle down, from very excitement. His delivery was rapid, and enforced by heavy emphasis of tone and gesture. His expressions were bold and original. The thoughts that backed them, still bolder and more original. The truths he presented were *personal*. His address was adapted to the place and people, and in one view adapted to no other place or people—though as truth, associated with all. He spoke to a New York audience, of New York sins, of New York wants—and of New York duties—and with an earnestness that declared his personal conviction of the truth, and his sense of personal duty. He sugared his pills but little, and administered some medicine that other theological doctors have shrunk from touching. He has evidently been brought up on his father's plan. I shall never forget the thrilling contrast he drew between the poor man, doing good, and the rich man, living for himself. I will give it in nearly his own words:

"Here, living at one end of the street, is a poor man, who by hard labor, gets an income of perhaps \$400. His resources are slender, and his talents small. But there is a poor widow still poorer than himself, and he saves a little and gives it to her. Some ragged boys about the streets, he gets into the Sabbath School and reclaims. And there is another man who is rich. His talents are great, and his resources large; he builds him a house with \$50,000, and hangs the walls with paintings, and lives in it, and lives for himself, and *dies*. At the judgment day, those whom he helped, will flock around the poor man; and when the Judge asks, My son, what did you do? the poor widow will lift up her voice, and the children will testify to his work,—and oh how the place will shine about him! And the Judge will turn to the rich man and say, And what did *you* do? "I built a house and *lived in it*."

We never shall forget a sermon which we heard him preach in his own church on a Sunday evening. The rain was pouring in torrents when we went, but the building was full, galleries and all. He selected for his text these words: "For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God." He commenced with the fundamental truth, "Every man has a conscience;" and on the great truth of the supremacy of Conscience and of the higher Reason, founded his discourse. He proceeded to expand the truth by saying that every man had a religious nature, an innate idea of right and wrong, and was constantly striving to justify himself by the standard of *right*,—"going about to establish his own righteousness." He then presented a number of ways resorted to in this longing to justify oneself—the devices to keep on good terms with conscience. In bringing these forth to view, he showed a close knowledge of the human heart—ripping up "refuges of lies" without mercy, and dealing out truth with a point and plainness that reduced those who did not take a good share of it right home to themselves, to a very small minority. A person who had never heard of a Bible could from that sermon have comprehended the great truths of Christianity. He appealed direct to one's own moral nature, and there was no denying it. The sermon was extempore, and one hour and a quarter in length. It was the result, however, of severe study. The heads, which were many, were written out, and showed by their close and accurate wording the severe analysis they had undergone. Therefore, when by his logic he had convinced the understanding, by his lucid presentation of *truth*, had bowed the reason and stirred the conscience, then the feelings of all seemed entirely in his power, and he made the ears to tingle, and the nerves to thrill, and the tears to start, as I never saw done in a *religious* assembly. A lady who sat behind me had shown signs of deep emotion for some time, and when Mr. Beecher, in portraying the relation between Christ and the sinner, said—"Christ stands, like a father to his prodigal son—and he says, 'My son, my son, let the past be *sunk* between us, we will be to each other as in days gone by. You shall love me, and I will love you, and we will live together as we used to do,'" she burst forth in unrestrained emotion, and wept aloud. A suppressed sob was heard throughout the house. A young man sat by me, who had been prevailed on to attend church instead of a social circle;

I looked at him. His lip quivered in the undisguised effort to restrain his feelings. But it would not do; the tear started from his eye, and rolled down his cheek; he was overcome.

But this deep impression was produced not so much by manner as by matter. Indeed in Mr. B's manner lies his great fault. We have spoken of his antithetical powers, or his ability in drawing contrasts. His habit of mind has naturally, though unfortunately, influenced his manner. He is in the habit of raising his voice to a boisterous tone at one moment, and then lulling it to a gentle whisper in the next. Such sudden changes in pitch and volume of voice are artificial and painful. They not only have the appearance of coarseness, but suggest the idea that the speaker, conscious of a lack of thought, is striving to produce an impression by a cunning management of windpipe and lungs. In this respect Mr. B. differs from Dr. Tyng, whom we described in the last number. Dr. T. has carried refinement as far as may be, without risking the loss of strength. He has polished his weapon's edge, without dulling it. Mr. B. has as yet devoted little time to polishing. He is even provincial in his pronunciation. In recalling a sermon of the former, one thinks of it as a complete and beautiful whole. The eye does not rest on any particular part, nor does the mind recur to any one sentence. But in regard to a sermon of the latter, one is ever recalling some brief and forcible illustration, some startling imagery, some bold thought. The sermons of neither are easily forgotten. Earnest, pointed, and fearless, they get right at the conscience and leave the wound or the balm as the case demands. Beecher is thought to be a little savage when he opens a broadside on sin. He loads with chain shot, which sweeping on in a whirl of fury, strike down when least expected. Tyng booms forth his forty-two pounders. Each is essential in a pitched battle. Beecher's sermons are divided into heads. He returns to his text, as if to take a new start. Tyng revolves and unwinds his sermon from his text in one unbroken thread. On and on he goes, developing, enlarging, one truth growing out of another in beautiful order and unbroken harmony. When the sermon is done it stands before you clear and defined like an insulated tree against the heavens, with its branches and his twigs ramifying from one trunk, all even to the finish of the stems and leaves, the natural bursting forth from one common source. Beecher's sermon, on the other hand, may be compared to a clump of trees, growing out of one root, but having distinct trunks. Tyng's purely extempore efforts have the appearance of being cut and dried. Beecher's well digested speeches, have an off-hand air. Beecher's style is like his own western country, the leading feature one of energy, enterprise and spirit; with villages and cities starting into life, and still retaining the large uncultivated prairies, yet these prairies luxuriant in their virgin strength. Tyng's, like an Eastern State, under universal cultivation, well laid out, prosperous and prolific. The impulse after hearing Beecher, is to rush up and grasp him by the hand with a "God bless you;" after hearing Tyng to bow in obeisance to his talents.

As a specimen of Mr. Beecher's style we have made a few selections from a work of his entitled "Lectures to Young Men," a work skillfully conceived and ably executed. It is replete with graphic imagery, and startling illustrations. Many books have



been written with this same title. Young men have received a great deal of advice during the last few years, for which they ought to be very grateful. But we think that Mr. B. has got nearer the root of the matter than some of his coadjutors. He does not use up a score of pages in advice when to rise in the morning, how much to eat, or how long to sleep; but, leaving these to the common sense of each individual, he turns to the "weightier matters of the law," discusses principles of action, preaches righteousness and temperance, sets forth the peculiar temptations of young men, and presents the good and bad of life in vivid contrast.

The following is a description of depraved literature:

"France, where religion long ago went out smothered in licentiousness, has flooded the world with a species of literature redolent of depravity. Upon the plea of exhibiting nature and man, novels are now scooped out of the very lava of corrupt passions. They are true to nature, but to nature as it exists in knaves and courtizans. Under a plea of humanity, we have shown up to us, troops of harlots, gangs of desperadoes, to show that there is nothing in crime inconsistent with the noblest feelings. We have in French and English novels of the infernal school, humane murderers, lascivious saints, holy infidels, honest robbers. These artists never seem lost, except when straining after a conception of religion. Their devotion is such as might be expected from thieves, in the purlieus of thrice-deformed vice. Exhausted libertines are our professors of morality. They scrape the very sediment and muck of society to mould their creatures; and their volumes are monster-galleries, in which the inhabitants of old Sodom would have felt at home as connoisseurs and critics. Over loathsome women, and unutterably vile men, huddled together in motley groups, and over all their monstrous deeds, their lies, their plots, their crimes, their dreadful pleasures, their glorying conversation, is thrown the checkered light of a hot imagination, until they glow with an infernal lustre. Novels of the French school, and of English imitators, are the common-sewers of society, into which drain the concentrated filth of the worst passions, of the worst creatures, of the worst cities. Such novels come to us impudently pretending to be reformers of morals, and liberalizers of religion; they propose to instruct our laws, and teach a discreet humanity to justice! The Ten Plagues have visited our literature; water is turned to blood; frogs and lice creep and hop over our most familiar things,—the couch, the cradle, and the bread-trough; locusts, murrain, and fire are smiting every green thing. I am ashamed and outraged when I think that wretches could be found to open these foreign seals, and let out their plagues upon us—that any Satanic Pilgrim should voyage to France to dip from the dead sea of her abominations a baptism for our sons. It were a mercy to this, to import serpents from Africa and pour them out on our prairies; lions from Asia, and free them in our forests; lizards, and scorpions, and black tarantulas, from the Indies, and put them in our gardens. Men could slay these, but those offspring-reptiles of the French mind, who can kill these? You might as well draw sword on a plague, or charge malaria with the bayonet. This black-lettered liter-

ature circulates in this town, floats in our stores, nestles in the shops, is fingered and read nightly, and hatches in the young mind broods of salacious thoughts. While the parent strives to infuse Christian purity into his child's heart, he is anticipated by most accursed messengers of evil; and the heart hisses already like a nest of young and nimble vipers."

The following description of a wit is excellent:

"It is not strange that Wit is a universal favorite. All companies rejoice in his presence, watch for his words, repeat his language. He moves like a comet whose incomings and outgoings are uncontrollable. He astonishes the regular stars with the eccentricity of his orbit, and flirts his long tail athwart the heaven without the slightest misgivings that it will be troublesome, and coquets the very sun with audacious familiarity. When wit is unperverted, it lightens labor, makes the very face of care to shine, diffuses cheerfulness among men, multiplies the sources of harmless enjoyment, gilds the dark things of life, and heightens the lustre of the brightest. If perverted, wit becomes an instrument of malevolence, it gives a deceitful coloring to vice, it reflects a semblance of truth upon error, and distorts the features of real truth by false lights.

"The Wit is liable to indolence by relying upon his genius; to vanity by the praise which is offered as incense; to malignant sarcasm, to revenge his affronts; to dissipation, from the habit of exhilaration, and from the company which court him. The mere Wit is only a human bauble. He is to life what bells are to horses, not expected to draw the load, but only to jingle while the horses draw.

"The young often repine at their own native dullness; and since God did not choose to endow them with this shining quality, they will make it for themselves. Forthwith they are smitten with the itch of imitation. Their ears purvey to their mouth the borrowed jest; their eyes note the Wit's fashion, and the awkward youth clumsily apes, in a side circle, the Wit's deft and graceful gesture, the smooth smile, the roguish twinkle, the sly look—much as Caliban would imitate Ariel. Every community is supplied with self-made Wits. One retails other men's sharp witticisms, as a Jew puts off thread-bare garments. Another roars over his own brutal quotations of Scripture. Another invents a witticism by a logical duction of circumstances, and sniffs and giggles over the result as complacently as if other men laughed too. Others lie in wait around your conversation to trip up some word, or strike a light out of some sentence. Others fish in dictionaries for pitiful puns;—and all fulfil the prediction of Isaiah: *Ye shall conceive chaff, and bring forth stubble.*

"It becomes a mania. Each school has its allusions, each circle has its apish motion, each companionhood its park of wit-artillery; and we find street-wit, shop-wit, auction-wit, school-wit, fool's-wit, whiskey-wit, and almost every kind of wit, but mother-wit;—puns, quibbles, catches, would-be-jests, thread-bare stories, and gew-gaw tinsel,—everything but the real *diamond*, which sparkles because God made it so that it could not help sparkling. Real, native mirthfulness is like a pleasant rill which quietly wells up in some verdant nook, and steals out from among reeds and willows noiselessly, and is seen far down the



meadow, as much by the fruitfulness of its edges in flowers, as by its own glimmering light."

This picture of "The Party Man" illustrates Mr. B's power of word-painting:

"I describe next a more respectable and more dangerous politician—the PARTY MAN. He has associated his ambition, his interests, and his affections with a party. He prefers, doubtless, that his side should be victorious by the best means, and under the championship of good men; but rather than lose the victory, he will consent to *any* means, and follow *any* man. Thus, with a general desire to be upright, the exigency of his party pushes constantly to dishonorable deeds. He opposes fraud by craft; lie by lie; slander by counter-aspersion. To be sure it is wrong to mis-state, to distort, to suppress or color facts; it is wrong to employ the evil passions; to set class against class; the poor against the rich, the country against the city, the farmer against the mechanic, one section against another section. But his opponents do it, and if they will take advantage of men's corruption, he must, or lose by his virtue. He gradually adopts two characters, a personal and a political character. All the requisitions of his conscience he obeys in his private character; all the requisitions of his party, he obeys in his political conduct. In one character he is a man of principle; in the other, a man of mere expedients. As a *man*, he means to be veracious, honest, moral; as a *politician*, he is deceitful, cunning, unscrupulous,—*anything* for party. As a man, he abhors the slimy demagogue; as a politician, he employs him as a scavenger. As a man, he shrinks from the flagitiousness of slander; as a politician, he permits it, smiles upon it in others, rejoices in the success gained by it. As a man, he respects no one who is rotten in heart; as a politician, no man through whom victory may be gained can be too bad. As a citizen, he is an apostle of temperance; as a politician, he puts his shoulder under the men who deluge their track with whiskey, marching a crew of brawling patriots, pugnaciously drunk, to exercise the freeman's noblest franchise—the vote. As a citizen, he is considerate of the young, and counsels them with admirable wisdom; then, as a politician, he votes for tools, supporting for the magistracy worshipful aspirants scraped from the ditch, the grog-shop, and the brothel; thus saying by deeds which the young are quick to understand: 'I jested, when I warned you of bad company; for you perceive none worse than those whom I delight to honor.' For his religion he will give up all his secular interests; but for his politics he gives up even his religion. He adores virtue, and rewards vice. Whilst bolstering up unrighteous measures, and more unrighteous men, he prays for the advancement of religion, and justice, and honor! I would to God that his prayer might be answered upon his own political head; for never was there a place where such blessings were more needed! I am puzzled to know what will happen at death to this politic Christian, but most unchristian politician. Will both of his characters go heavenward together? If the strongest prevails, he will certainly go to hell. If his weakest, (which is his Christian character,) is saved, what will be come of his political character? Shall he be sundered in two, as Solomon proposed to divide the contested infant? If this style of character were not flagi-

tiously wicked, it would still be supremely ridiculous—but it is both. Let young men mark these amphibious exemplars to avoid their influence. The young have nothing to gain from those who are saints in religion and morals, and Machiavels in politics; who have partitioned off their heart, invited Christ into one half, and Belial into the other."

The following is the solemn appeal at the close of the book:

"Disguise it as you will, these men of pleasure are, the world over, CORRUPTERS OF YOUTH. Upon no principle of kindness can we tolerate them; no excuse is bold enough; we can take bail from none of their weaknesses—it is not safe to have them abroad, even upon excessive bail. You might as well take bail of lions, and allow scorpions to breed in our streets for a suitable license; or for a tax indulge assassins. Men whose life is given to evil pleasures are, to ordinary criminals, what a universal pestilence is to a local disease. They fill the air, pervade the community, and bring around every youth an atmosphere of death. Corrupters of youth have no mitigation of their baseness. Their generosity avails nothing, their knowledge nothing, their varied accomplishments nothing. These are only so many facilities for greater evil. Is a serpent less deadly, because his burnished scales shine? Shall a dove praise and court the vulture, because he has such glossy plumage? The more accomplishments a bad man has, the more dangerous is he;—they are the garlands which cover up the knife with which he will stab. There is no such thing as good corrupters. You might as well talk of a mild and pleasant murder, a very lenient assassination, a grateful stench, or a pious devil. We denounce them; for it is our nature to loathe perfidious corruption. We have no compunction to withhold us. We mourn over a torn and bleeding lamb; but who mourns the wolf which rent it? We weep for despoiled innocence; but who sheds a tear for the savage fiend who plucks away the flower of virtue? We shudder and pray for the shrieking victim of the Inquisition, but who would spare the hoary Inquisitor, before whose shrivelled form the piteous maid implores relief in vain? Even thus, we palliate the sins of generous youth; and their downfall is our sorrow; but for their destroyers, for the CORRUPTERS OF YOUTH, who practice the infernal chemistry of ruin, and dissolve the young hearts in vice—we have neither tears, nor pleas, nor patience. We lift our heart to Him who beareth the iron rod of vengeance, and pray for the appointed time of judgment. Ye miscreants! think ye that ye are growing tall, and walking safely, because God hath forgotten? The bolt shall yet smite you! you shall be heard as the falling of an oak in the silent forest—the vaster its growth, the more terrible its resounding downfall! Oh! thou CORRUPTER OF YOUTH! I would not take thy death for all the pleasure of thy guilty life, a thousand fold. Thou shalt draw near to the shadow of death. To the Christian, these shades are the golden haze which heaven's light makes, when it meets the earth and mingles with its shadows. But to thee, these shall be shadows full of phantom-shapes. Images of terror in the Future shall dimly rise and beckon;—the ghastly deeds of the Past shall stretch out their skinny hands to push thee forward! Thou shalt not die unattended. Despair shall mock thee.

Agony shall tender to thy parched lips ner fiery cup. Remorse shall feel for thy heart, and rend it open. Good men shall breath freer at thy death, and utter thanksgiving when thou art gone. Men shall place thy grave-stone as a monument and testimony that a plague is stayed; no tear shall wet it, no mourner linger there! And, as borne on the blast thy guilty spirit whistles towards the gates of hell, the hideous shrieks of those whom thy hand hath destroyed, shall pierce thee—hell's first welcome. In the bosom of that everlasting storm which rains perpetual misery in hell, shalt thou, **CORRUPTER OF YOUTH!** be forever hidden from our view: and may God wipe out the very thoughts of thee from our memory."

Thus have we presented our view of the character, the intellect, and the manners of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. We are aware that we have given a highly favourable view—we have found much to praise, little to condemn. The sketch has been written without the advantages or disadvantages of a personal acquaintance. A more extensive observation of his preaching might reveal faults, which as yet are undiscovered. We know there are some who do not like him, who see nothing superior in his public ministrations, or who deem that certain faults quite obscure the excellencies.

He is thought by a few to be coarse, harsh and reckless. It is known that since he came to Brook-

lyn he has been the object of a kind of criticism, amounting to persecution. It is to be regretted that attacks have been made upon him by his own brethren in the ministry. He has been accused, not of faithlessness to duty, not of creating schism, not of heterodoxy, but of having "liberal sentiments!" because he thinks for himself, forms his own opinions, makes action follow close on the heels of conviction; and because, forsooth, these opinions do not coincide, in some unessential particulars, with those adopted by the ordained clergy, he is condemned for the crime of liberality! It is a timid policy which has evoked this bug-bear, and an excessive reverence for established creeds which has started this accusation. It might be well for the Church, and the world, if all "the brethren" were possessed of Mr. B's independence, candour, and liberality. All acknowledge that he preaches with an effect unequaled by any of his criticising brethren. His place of worship is always crowded, and, on some occasions, many go away who cannot obtain a foothold within the building. Whether "liberal" or not, he has taken a stand which needs to be taken—he declares the truth whether or no those not of the church revile, or those within cry heresy. Bold and modest; eloquent and honest; strong in mind and noble in heart, he will "shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

SIGMA.



GROUP OF ENGLISH FISHERMEN

TAKEN AT HASTINGS, (ENG.)

## HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

*What I saw in California : being the Journal of a Tour by the Emigrant Route and South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, across the Continent of North America, the Great Desert Basin, and through California, in the Years, 1846, 1847. By Edwin Bryant, late Alcalde of St. Francisco. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1848.*

A good sight-seer and a good writer are rarely found in the same person ; the two combined make a good author. Mr. Bryant not only observed well in California, but he has narrated in a pleasant manner, what he observed. His book, added to the many similar ones relating to our new possessions, are of infinite service in giving the people correct information of the vast republic of which they are members. Mr. Bryant resided some time in Upper California, where he served in the U. S. Volunteer corps, and subsequently was appointed Alcalde at St. Francisco. He was one of an immigrating expedition of about three hundred persons that left Missouri in the spring of 1846, and after a tedious journey of over three months, during which time the adventurers were exposed to many privations and endurance, they arrived at St. Francisco, just at the period when the Californians had offered resistance to the American forces.

His descriptions of the wild adventures he encountered, and of the state of the country through which he passed in his migrations, are not only deeply interesting in themselves, to the reader for mere amusement, but will be of the greatest service to other adventurers who follow in his footsteps. The following description of the "Chimney Rock," will afford a favourable idea of his descriptive powers, and of the romantic interest of his narrative.

"We encamped about five o'clock, P. M., on the bank of the Platte, about three miles from the 'Chimney Rock.' This remarkable landmark derives its name from some resemblance which it bears to a chimney. Its height from the base to the apex is several hundred feet, and in a clear atmosphere it can be seen at a distance of forty miles. It is composed of soft rock, and is what remains of one of the bluffs of the Platte, the fierce storms of wind and rain which rage in this region, having worn it into this shape. The column which represents the chimney will soon crumble away and disappear entirely.

"The scenery to the right of the rock, as we face it from the river, is singularly picturesque and interesting. There are four high elevations of architectural configuration, one of which would represent a distant view of the ruins of Athenian Acropolis ; another the crumbling remains of an Egyptian temple ; a third, a Mexican pyramid ; the fourth, the mausoleum of one of the Titans. In the background the bluffs are worn into such figures as to represent ranges of castles and palaces. A black cloud which has risen in the west since three o'clock, hangs suspended like a sable curtain over this picture of nature in ruin and desolation. A narrow bright line of lurid light extends along the western horizon beneath the dark mass of vapour where the sun is setting, casting huge and lengthened shadows over the plain, from pyramids, spires, and domes, in the far distance."

Of the population of California, he says :

"The permanent population of that portion of Upper California situated between the Sierra Nevada and the Pacific, I estimate at 25,000. Of this number, 8,000 are Hispano-Americans, 5,000 foreigners, chiefly from the United States, and 12,000 christianized Indians. There are considerable numbers of wild or Gentile Indians inhabiting the valley of the San Joaquin, and the gorges of the Sierra, not included in this estimate. They are probably as numerous as the Christian Indians. The Indian population inhabiting the region of the Great Salt Lake, Mary's river, the oasis of the Great Desert Basin, and the country bordering the Rio Colorado and its tributaries, being spread over a vast extent of territory, are scarcely seen, although the aggregate number is considerable."

From the description of the people, they appear to differ but little from the Spanish inhabitants of Buenos Ayres and other parts of South America. Our Alcalde says :

"The men are almost constantly on horseback, and as horsemen excel any I have seen in other parts of the world. From the nature of their pursuits and amusements, they have brought

horsemanship to a perfection challenging admiration and exciting astonishment. They are trained to the horse and use of the lasso, (*riata*, as it is here called,) from their infancy. The first act of a child, when he is able to stand alone, is to throw his toy-lasso around the neck of a kitten ; his next feat is performed on the dog ; his next upon a goat or calf ; and so on, until he mounts the horse, and demonstrates his skill upon horses and cattle. The crowning feat of dexterity with the *riata*, and of horsemanship, combined with daring courage, is the lassoing of the grisly bear. This feat is performed frequently upon this large and ferocious animal, but it is sometimes fatal to the performer and the horse. Well-drilled, with experienced military leaders, such as would inspire them with confidence in their skill and prowess, the Californians ought to be the first cavalry in the world.

"For the pleasures of the table they care but little. With his horse and trappings, his sarape and blanket, a piece of beef and a *tortilla*, the Californian is content, so far as his personal comforts are concerned. But he is ardent in his pursuit of amusement and pleasure, and these consist chiefly in the fandango, the game of monte, horse-racing, and bull and bear beating. They gamble freely and desperately, but pay their losses with the most strict punctuality, at any and every sacrifice, and manifest but little concern about them. They are obedient to their magistrates ; and in all disputed cases decided by them, acquiesce without uttering a word of complaint. They have been accused of treachery and insincerity. Whatever may have been the grounds for these accusations in particular instances, I know not ; but judging from my own observations and experience, they are as free from these qualities as our own people."

This account of the Californians would apply with almost literal correctness to the Monte-Videans, and all the Spanish inhabitants of South America, beyond the Paraguay.

The famous *Canchalagua*, which, it is said, is already beginning to supercede the universal Sarsaparilla, and the soap-plant which is likely to supercede the universal Windsor, are both natives of California. Mr. Bryant speaks of these famous plants thus :

"The botany and flora of California are rich, and will hereafter form a fruitful field of discovery to the naturalist. There are numerous plants reported to possess extraordinary medical virtues. The "soap-plant" (*amole*) is one which appears to be among the most serviceable. The root, which is the saponaceous portion of the plant, resembles the onion, but possesses the quality of cleansing linen equal to any "oleic soap" manufactured by my friends Cornwall & Brother, of Louisville, Ky.

"There is another plant in high estimation with the Californians, called *canchalagua*, which is held by them as an antidote for all the diseases to which they are subject ; but in particular for cases of fever and ague. For purifying the blood and regulating the system, I think it surpasses all the medical herbs that have been brought into notice, and it must become, in time, one of the most important articles in the practice of medicine. In the season for flowers, which is generally during the months of May and June, its pretty, pink-coloured blossoms form a conspicuous display in the great variety which adorn the fields of California."

The climate of California must be peculiarly pleasant. The Alcalde says :

"It is rarely so cold in the settled portions of California as to congeal water. But twice only while here I saw ice ; and then not thicker than window-glass. I saw no snow resting upon the ground. The annual rains commence in November, and continue, with intervals of pleasant spring-like weather, until May. From May to November, usually, no rain falls. There are, however, exceptions. Rain sometimes falls in August. The thermometer, at any season of the year, rarely sinks below 50 deg. or rises above 80 deg. In certain positions on the coast, and especially at San Francisco, the winds rise diurnally, and blowing fresh upon the shore render the temperature cool in midsummer. In the winter the wind blows from the land, and the temperature at these points are warmer. These local peculiarities of climate are not descriptive of the general climate of the interior."

All travellers speak well of the women of all countries ; and Alcalde Bryant is not an exception to the general rule. Women are always gentle, loveable and kind, and to strangers their gentle hospitalities, being contrasted with the cold and cautious habits of the men, make an impression upon the heart that stands for loveliness. The accounts of the personal charms of a young wo-



man seen in a desert surrounded by uncouth men, should be taken *cum grano*. Squaws who appear lovely in a wigwam lose all their attractions when transferred to a drawing room. Our author gives the following testimony to the charms of the Californian ladies :

"Proceeding on our journey, we travelled fifteen miles over a flat plain, timbered with groves and parks of evergreen oaks, and covered with a great variety of grasses, wild oats, and mustard. So rank is the growth of mustard in many places, that it is with difficulty that a horse can penetrate through it. Numerous birds flitted from tree to tree, making the groves musical with their harmonious notes. The black-tailed deer bounded frequently across our path, and the lurking and stealthy *coyotes* were continually in view. We halted at a small cabin, with a *corral* near it, in order to breathe our horses, and refresh ourselves. Captain Fisher had kindly filled a small sack with bread, cheese, roasted beef, and a small jug of excellent schiedam. Entering the cabin, the interior of which was cleanly, we found a solitary woman, young, neatly dressed, and displaying many personal charms. With the characteristic ease and grace of a Spanish woman, she gave the usual salutation for the hour of the day, '*Buenas tardes, senores caballeros*;' to which we responded by a suitable salutation. We requested of our hostess some water, which she furnished us immediately, in an earthen bowl. Opening our sack of provisions, we spread them upon the table, and invited the senora to partake of them with us, which invitation she accepted without the slightest hesitation, and with much good nature, vivacity, and even thankfulness for our politeness. There are no women in the world for whose manners nature has done so much, and for whom art and education, in this respect, have done so little, as these Hispano-American females on the coast of the Pacific. In their deportment towards strangers they are queens, when, in costume, they are peasants. None of them, according to our tastes, can be called beautiful; but what they want in complexion and regularity of feature, is fully supplied by their kindness, the soul and sympathy which beam from their dark eyes, and their grace and warmth of manners and expression."

The present transition state of Upper California is well indicated in the following brief extract, with which we must close our notice of this exceedingly interesting volume :

"Notwithstanding the wars and insurrections, I found the town of San Francisco, on my arrival here, visibly improved. An American population had flowed into it; lots, which heretofore have been considered almost valueless, were selling at high prices; new houses had been built, and were in progress; new commercial houses had been established; hotels had been opened for the accommodation of the travelling and business public; and the publication of a newspaper had been commenced. The little village of two hundred souls, when I arrived here in September last, is fast becoming a town of importance. Ships freighted with full cargoes are entering the port, and landing their merchandise to be disposed of at wholesale and retail on shore, instead of the former mode of vending them afloat in the harbour. There is a prevailing air of activity, enterprise, and energy; and men, in view of the advantageous position of the town for commerce, are making large calculations upon the future; calculations which I believe will be fully realized."

*Personal Recollections of the late Daniel O'Connell, M. P.*  
By W. J. O'N. Daunt.

It is a matter of great surprise that no reliable life of so great a man as Daniel O'Connell should yet have been written. Considering the public manner in which he spent the greater part of his most turbulent life, the strong hold which he had upon the affections and faith of his countrymen, the important part he played in the politics of his times, and his popular talents, it is truly astonishing that no one of the many men of talent who knew him intimately and must be possessed of a great amount of interesting facts connected with his public career and private relations, should have published a memoir of so distinguished a person. The book before us contains a great many pleasant gossiping stories about O'Connell's private life, but it makes no pretensions to a history of the great Agitator. So far as it goes it is not only a very entertaining, but a very serviceable book, and we wonder that some of our publishers have not seized upon it, and issued it in a cheap form for our omnivorous reading people. It consists, as its title implies, mainly, of personal recollections, some of which have been already before the public, but the greater part of them

are new to us, and will doubtless be so to our readers. We make a few extracts as a sample of the quality of the work.

#### O'CONNELL'S OPINION OF FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

"Feergus O'Connor's recent victory over Whiggism and Toryism in the county Cork elicited O'Connell's admiration. Speaking to me of Feergus one day at that period, he emphatically said, 'He is a MAN.' At a subsequent period he criticised Feergus's declamatory powers; remarking that his harangues were exciting, but that there was too much bragging about conquering and trampling under foot in them. He also talks in a tone of leadership: now,' continued O'Connell, 'I never did so: on the contrary, I have always professed myself quite ready to follow the lead of any body who should work harder or better than I did; and my command is only the more readily obeyed on that account.'

The distinction between the two men could scarcely have been more cogently or briefly stated.

#### O'CONNELL AND BULWER.

"On St. Patrick's day, 1833, I met Mr. O'Connell at dinner at the house of Sir Edward (then Mr.) Bulwer. The party consisted exclusively of anti-coercion members of the Legislature. The author of '*Pelham*' wore a large artificial shamrock in the breast of his coat, in compliment to his Irish guests. Politics were but little discussed. O'Connell told the traditional story of St. Patrick's selection of the shamrock as an emblem of the Trinity. Some one asked him whether the use of the Irish language was diminishing among our peasantry. 'Yes,' he answered, 'and I am sufficiently utilitarian not to regret its gradual abandonment. A diversity of tongues is no benefit; it was first imposed on mankind as a curse, at the building of Babel. It would be of vast advantage to mankind if all the inhabitants of the earth spoke the same language. Therefore, although the Irish language is connected with many recollections that twine around the hearts of Irishmen, yet the superior utility of the English tongue, as the medium of all modern communication, is so great, that I am witness without a sigh to the gradual disuse of the Irish.'

It appears that the great Agitator was not only a great novel reader, but that he actually once contemplated writing a romance himself.

#### O'CONNELL'S NOVEL HERO.

"Why, as to the story, I had not *that* fully determined on. But my hero was to have been a natural son of George III., by Hannah Lightfoot, his Quaker mistress. The youth was to have been early taken from his mother; and I meant to make him a student at Douay, and thence to bring him, through various adventures, to the West Indies. He was to be a soldier of fortune—to take part in the American war—and to come back finally to England, imbued with Republican principles."

"I do not remember whether this adventurous hero was, on his return to England, to have been confronted with his royal father."

It is easier to plan a novel than to write one.

#### THE CHARTIST PAPER.

"On being asked whether Feergus, or some Chartist leader, named Taylor, was the abler man, he said, 'Pshaw! don't compare them. Feergus has *done things*. What has Taylor done?' But his admiration of Feergus did not extend to his writings. On taking up the *Northern Star*, he said 'Come, let us see what poor Balderdash has got to say for himself this week. Upon my word, this *Northern Star* is a perfectly unique affair. Look where you will—editorial articles, correspondence, reports of speeches—it is all praise of Feergus! praise of Feergus! praise of Feergus! Well! the notion of a fellow setting up a newspaper to praise himself is something new at any rate. The paper is, in this respect, quite a literary curiosity!'"

O'Connell was a hearty lover as well as a good hater. He has been accused of inconstancy to his wife, but he appears to have entertained for her a devoted attachment.

#### O'CONNELL'S WIFE.

"'I never,' said he, 'proposed marriage to any woman but one—my Mary. I said to her, "Are you engaged, Miss O'Connell?"—She answered, "I am not."—Then,' said I, "will you engage yourself to me?"—"I will," was her reply. And I said I would devote my life to make her happy. She deserved that I should—she gave me thirty-four years of the purest happiness that man ever enjoyed. My uncle was desirous I should obtain a much larger fortune, and I thought he would disinherit me. But I did not care for that, I was richly rewarded by subsequent happiness."

"And your profession made you independent?"

"Yes—the first year I was at the bar I made £58, the second year about £150, the third year £200, the fourth year about 300 guineas. I then advanced rapidly; and the last year of my practice I got £9,000, although I lost one term."

"Did your wife reside in Tralee?"

"She did, with her grandmother; and it was my delight to quiz the old lady, by pretending to complain of her grand-daughter's want of temper. 'Madam,' said I, 'Mary would do very well, only she is so cross.' 'Cross, sir? My Mary cross? Sir, you must have provoked her very much! Sir, you must yourself be quite in fault! Sir, my little girl was always the gentlest, sweetest creature born.'"

"And so she was," he added, after a pause. "She had the sweetest, the most heavenly temper, and the sweetest breath."

"He remained some moments silent, and then resumed—"

"When my wife was a little girl, she was obliged to pass, on her way to school, every day, under the arch of the goal; and Hands, the goaler of Tralee, a most gruff, uncouth-looking fellow, always made her stop and curtsy to him. She despatched the curtsy with all imaginable expedition, and ran away to school to get out of his sight as fast as possible."

#### DUKE O'NEILL'S WILL.

"Speaking of his professional recollections, O'Connell mentioned a curious fraud which had sent him many applicants who dreamed of participating in enormous wealth; the visionary hope of which was excited by the following device:—A smart attorney's clerk, who had a mind for a cheap summer's ramble, forged a document purporting to be the will of a certain Duke O'Neill, who had died childless in Spain, having amassed £1,200,000, which enormous sum he bequeathed to be equally divided between all his Irish cousins bearing the name of O'Neill, within the fortieth degree of kindred! The fabricator bent his course to the north, and introduced himself at many houses; where the plausibility with which he supported his statement gained him a hospitable reception. He also made money by selling copies of the forgery at half a crown each, to all such O'Neills as were fools enough to buy. His trick had considerable success; several sturdy farmers from the north, and a merchant residing in Liverpool, bearing the name of their imaginary ducal kinsman, applied to O'Connell for his professional aid in recovering their proportions of the £1,200,000, bequeathed them by the honoured defunct."

"Nothing," said O'Connell, "could exceed their astonishment, when I assured them the whole thing was a delusion. 'Do you really tell us so, Counsellor?'—'Indeed I do,' said I. 'And now we hope you would not lay it on our conscience to deceive us—do you really tell us, after all, that there's nothing at all to be got?' 'Indeed, I can assure you, with a very safe conscience,' said I, 'that it is all a fabrication; and if an oath was required to confirm the fact, I could very safely give one.' So away they went: indignant at the fraud, and lamenting they had put faith in the tale of the 'ould duke.'"

#### HIS OPINION OF DICKENS.

"'I'll never,' he exclaimed, 'read another line that Boz writes! The fellow hadn't talent enough to keep up Nell's adventures with interest and bring them to a happy issue, so he kills her to get rid of the difficulty.'"

#### WHAT O'CONNELL THOUGHT OF SHAKESPEARE.

"One evening in speaking of Shakespeare, O'Connell said, 'I am certain he was a Catholic. In his writings, you find his priests and friars good men. This circumstance is very remarkable, when we consider that he wrote at a period when abuse of popery would have naturally been practised to court the ruling powers, by any writer who was not a Catholic himself.'"

"In the play of 'King John,' observed Mr. Lucas (the editor of the *Tablet*), 'Shakespeare shows strong disinclination to give temporal power and authority to the Pope.'"

"That," replied O'Connell, "is a perfectly Catholic sentiment, and for one I fully and cordially participate, so far as concerns the Pope's actual dominion. But I'll tell you a favourite day-dream of mine—that the time will come when there will be no more war, no more bloodshed between nations, and when nations will settle their differences not by sanguinary battles, and the awful sacrifice of human life, but by a pacific appeal to the adjudication of a third party—just as America and England have now referred their disputes to the decision of the King of Holland. And who, in such an appeal from nations, could be a fitter umpire than the Pope, the most ancient sovereign in Christendom?"

"This remark led to some comments on the papal supremacy, and thence the talk wandered to Sir Thomas More's defence of that supremacy. O'Connell playfully said: 'By the by, Sir Thomas More had four and twenty grand-children—and so have I. Thus you see there are some things in which a little man may resemble a great one.'"

*Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings. By the author of Rienzi. Harper & Brothers. New York. 1848.*

The author of *Harold* is one of the most remarkable instances of the successful manufacturer of books that the history of literature can afford. His literary talents are of the highest order, his opportunities were never surpassed in the case of any literary adventurer, and his industry and perseverance have rarely been equalled. Born to a fortune, belonging to the privileged classes of his country, educated among the aristocracy, and enjoying all the intellectual privileges that the most favoured of his countrymen can boast of, and having withal a strong bias towards the elegant pleasures and refinements of his class, he, nevertheless, has always been a hard student, and has availed himself of all the arts by which literary notoriety is acquired, as though he were dependent for his daily bread upon the daily exercise of his pen. Although he always prefaces his works with a long explanation of his motives in producing them, yet his chief motives in all appear to have been fame and money. He has written novels of society, historical romances, moral tales, psychological novels, histories, travels, poems, satires, essays, tragedies, comedies, criticisms, translations, made speeches in Parliament, and edited a magazine; and it must be allowed that in everything he has attempted he has shown very respectable talents, but not genius in anything. Men of genius are not versatile; at least they are generally content to do the one thing for which nature has qualified them. The Jack-of-all-trades is proverbially good at none. It is greatly to the honour of Bulwer, and the best thing that can be said for him, that although his interests are identified with the aristocracy, his sympathies have always been with the people. He has been a liberal in politics, and if he has not accomplished anything great for the people, he has not used his influence to oppress them; in this respect he is immensely superior to D'Israeli, who, although sprung from a degraded portion of the people, has joined himself to their Tory oppressors. But they belong to different races.

In the composition of *Harold*, Bulwer has bestowed great labour; the subject required great research among chronicles but little read by ordinary students, and it is not unlikely that the author's sympathy for the popular cause may have directed him to so suitable a subject as the extermination by an invader of the national party, the "natives" of their day, of his country. He says, in his preface:

"The age itself, once duly examined, is full of those elements which should awaken interest, and appeal to the imagination. Not untruly has Sismondi said, that 'the eleventh century has a right to be considered a great age. It was a period of life and of creation; all that there was of noble, heroic, and vigorous in the middle ages commenced at that epoch.' But to us Englishmen in especial, besides the more animated interest in that spirit of adventure, enterprise, and improvement, of which the Norman chivalry was the noblest type, there is an interest more touching and deep in those last glimpses of the old Saxon monarchy, which open upon us in the mournful pages of our chronicles."

"I have sought in this work less to portray mere manners, which modern researches have rendered familiar to ordinary students in our history, than to bring forward the great characters, so carelessly dismissed in the long and loose record of centuries; to show more clearly the motives and policy of the agents in an event the most memorable in Europe; and to convey a definite, if general, notion of the human beings, whose brains schemed, and whose hearts beat, in that realm of shadows which lies behind the Norman conquest."

If *Harold* should not prove as saleable a book as *Paul Clifford* or *Lucretia*, it will gain him more credit with a class of readers whose good opinions he has always shown a laudable ambition to secure. As a historical romance it will rank at the head of the productions of its class since the appearance of the last "*Waverley*." It is, in fact, almost as much a history as a romance, and many of its readers will regret that its author did not make it a romantic history rather than a historical romance. The following beautiful family picture of Godwin and his sons, is one of the finest episodes in the book.



They are on board Harold's vessel, in the Thames, waiting the result of a message to King Edward at Westminster :

"High above all the vessels towered the majestic bark, or *asca*, that had borne Harold from the Irish shores. Its fashion was that of the ancient sea-kings, to one of whom it had belonged. Its curved and mighty prow, richly gilded, stood out far above the waves : the prow, the head of a sea-snake ; the stern its spire ; head and spire alike glittering in the sun

"The boat drew up to the lofty side of the vessel, a ladder was lowered, the nuncios ascended lightly and stood on deck. At the farther end grouped the sailors, few in number, and at respectful distance from the Earl and his sons.

"Godwin himself was but half armed. His head was bare, nor had he other weapon of offence than the gilt battle-axe of the Danes—weapon as much of office as of war ; but his broad breast was covered with the ring mail of the time. His statue was lower than that of any of his sons ; nor did his form exhibit greater physical strength than that of a man, well shaped, robust, and deep of chest, who still preserved in age the pith and sinew of mature manhood. Neither, indeed, did legend or fame ascribe to that eminent personage those romantic achievements, those feats of purely animal prowess, which distinguished his rival Siward. Brave he was, but brave as a leader ; those faculties in which he appears to have excelled all his contemporaries were more analogous to the requisites of success in civilized times, than those which won renown of old. And perhaps England was the only country then in Europe which could have given to those faculties their fitting career. He possessed essentially the arts of party ; he knew how to deal with vast masses of mankind ; he could carry along with his interests the fervid heart of the multitude ; he had in the highest degree that gift, useless in most other lands—in all lands where popular assemblies do not exist—the gift of popular eloquence. Ages elapsed, after the Norman conquest, ere eloquence again became a power in England.

"But like all men renowned for eloquence, he went with the popular feelings of his times ; he embodied its passions, its prejudices—but also that keen sense of self-interest, which is the invariable characteristic of a multitude. He was the sense of the commonality carried to its highest degree. Whatever the faults—it may be the crimes—of a career singularly prosperous and splendid, amidst events the darkest and most terrible—shining with a steady light across the thunder-clouds—he was never accused of cruelty or outrage to the mass of the people.

"With the house of Godwin was identified the cause of the English people. Everything in this man's aspect served to plead in his favour. His ample brows were calm with benignity and thought ; his large dark blue eyes were serene and mild, though their expression, when examined, was close and inscrutable. His mien was singularly noble, but wholly without formality or affected state ; and though haughtiness and arrogance were largely attributed to him, they could be found only in his deeds, not manner—plain, familiar, kindly to all men, his heart seemed as open to the service of his countrymen as his hospitable door to their wants.

"Behind him stood the stateliest group of sons that ever filled with pride a father's eye. Each strikingly distinguished from the other, all remarkable for beauty of countenance and strength of frame.

"Sweyn, the eldest, had the dark hues of his mother the Dane : a wild and mournful majesty sat upon features aquiline and regular, but wasted by grief or passion ; raven locks, glossy even in neglect, fell half over eyes hollow in their sockets, but bright, though with troubled fire. Over his shoulder he bore his mighty axe. His form spare, but of immense power, was sheathed in mail, and he leant on his great pointed Danish shield. At his feet sat his young son Haco, a boy with a countenance preternaturally thoughtful for his years, which were yet those of childhood.

"Next to him stood the most dreaded and ruthless of the sons of Godwin—he, fated to become to the Saxon what Julian was to the Goth. With his arms folded on his breast stood Tostig ; his face was beautiful as a Greek's, in all save the forehead, which was low and lowering. Sleek and trim were his bright chestnut locks ; and his arms were damascened with silver, for he was one who loved the pomp and luxury of war.

"Wolnoth, the mother's favourite, seemed yet in the first flower of youth, but he alone of all the sons had something irresolute and effeminate in his aspect and bearing ; his form, though tall, seemed not yet to have come to its full height and strength ; and, as if the weight of mail were unusual to him, he leant with both hands upon the wood of his long spear. Leofwine, who stood next to Wolnoth, contrasted him notably ; his sunny locks wreathed carelessly over a white unclouded brow, and the silken hair on the upper lip quivered over arch lips, smiling, even in that serious hour.

"At Godwin's right hand, but not immediately near him, stood the last of the group, Gurth and Harold. Gurth had passed his arm over the shoulder of his brother, and not watching the nuncios while he spoke, watched only the effect his words produced on the face of Harold. For Gurth loved Harold as Jonathan

loved David. And Harold was the only one of the group not armed, and had a veteran skilled in war been asked, who of that group was born to lead armed men, he would have pointed to the man unarmed."

Bulwer shows himself a true artist, at least as true as an artist can be without genius, in such descriptions as these, but he falls short in them of that perfect embodiment of the personages he would represent, that in Shakespear and Scott so fill the imagination as to exclude all thoughts of the author. The reader never forgets that he is reading Bulwer, but who ever thought of Scott, or Shakespear, or Fielding, while reading their immortal impersonations. Harold, the hero of the romance, is afterwards described more particularly than in the above piece of family grouping. It is the ideal portrait of the author's fancy, and not the Harold of tradition.

"There, no devouring passions had left the cloud or ploughed the line ; but all the smooth loveliness of youth took dignity from the conscious resolve of man. The long hair, of a fair brown, with a slight tinge of gold, as the last sunbeams shot through its luxuriance, was parted from the temples, and fell in large waves half way to the shoulder. The eyebrows, darker in hue, arched and finely traced ; the straight features not less manly than the Norman, but less strongly marked ; the cheek, hardy with exercise and exposure, yet still retaining somewhat of youthful bloom under the pale bronze of its sunburnt surface ; the form tall, not gigantic, and vigorous rather from perfect proportion and athletic habits than from breadth and bulk—were all singularly characteristic of the Saxon beauty in its highest and purest type. But what chiefly distinguished this personage was that peculiar dignity, so simple, so sedate, which no pomp seems to dazzle, no danger disturb ; and which, perhaps, arises from a strong sense of self-dependence, and is connected with self-respect—a dignity common to the Indian and the Arab, and rare except in that state of society in which each man is a power in himself. The Latin tragic poet touches close upon that sentiment in the fine lines :

"*Rex est qui metuit nihil  
Hoc regnum sibi quisque dat.*"

It is proper that this portrait of Harold should be accompanied by a companion piece, that of the great hero who conquered him, William the Norman :

"Edith instinctively raised her eyes, and, once fixed upon the knight, they seemed chained as by a spell. His vest, of a crimson so dark that it seemed black beside the snowy garb of the Confessor, was edged by a deep band of embroidered gold, leaving perfectly bare his firm, full throat—firm and full as a column of granite—a short jacket or manteline of fur, pendant from the shoulders, left developed in all its breadth a breast that seemed meet to stay the march of an army ; and on the left arm, curved to support the falcon, the vast muscles rose, round and gnarled, through the close sleeve.

"In height he was really but little above the stature of many of those present ; nevertheless, so did his port, his air, the nobility of his large proportions, fill the eye, that he seemed to tower immeasurably above the rest.

"His countenance was yet more remarkable than his form ; still in the prime of youth, he seemed at the first glance younger, at the second, older than he was. At the first glance younger ; for his face was perfectly shaven, without even the moustache which the Saxon courtier—in imitating the Norman—still declined to surrender ; and the smooth visage and bare throat sufficed in themselves to give the air of youth to that dominant and imperious presence. His small scull-cap left unconcealed his forehead, shaded with short thick hair, uncured but black and glossy as the wings of a raven. It was on that forehead that time had set its trace ; it was knit into a frown over the eyebrows ; lines deep as furrows crossed its broad, but not elevated expanse. That frown spoke of hasty ire and the habit of stern command ; those furrows spoke of deep thought and plotting scheme ; the one betrayed but temper and circumstance ; the other, more noble, spake of the character and the intellect. The face was square, and the regard lion-like ; the mouth—small, and even beautiful in the outline—had a sinister expression in its exceeding firmness ; and the jaw—vast, solid, as if bound in iron—showed obstinate, ruthless, determined will ; such a jaw as belongs to the tiger among beasts, and the conqueror among men ; such as it is seen in the effigies of Cæsar, of Cortes, of Napoleon."

But what, after all, did this conquest of the Normans amount to, the accidental termination of a battle ? Nothing ; it was only a conquest in name, the Normans came over and were quietly conquered by the Saxons, and they are conquering still on this



continent, in Europe, in India, in Africa, in the Islands of the Pacific, in China, and wherever there is ought to reward their valor and their skill. They are the race to whom it is given to subjugate the earth. The author says, in conclusion :

"Eight centuries have rolled away, and where is the Norman now? or where is not the Saxon? The little urn that sufficed for the mighty lord is despoiled of his very dust; but the tombless shade of the kingly freeman still guards the coasts, and rests upon the seas. In many a noiseless field, with thoughts for armies, O Saxon heroes, have won back the victory from the bones of the Norman Saints; and whenever, with fairer fates, freedom opposes force, and justice, redeeming the old defeat, smites down the armed frauds that would consecrate the wrong—smile, O soul of our Saxon Harold, smile, appeased, on the Saxon's land!"

*Eastern Life. Past and Present. By Harriet Martineau. 1848.*

On the first appearance of Miss Martineau as an author, she rose at once into notoriety. She became famous at a bound. Suddenly the world knew that there was another very remarkable woman, whose name was Harriet Martineau. But, however gratifying such instant fame may be to the subject of it, it is always suspicious, almost never enduring. It is like the report that follows the flash of the powder, it startles a moment and then dies away forever. It is an easier matter to arrest attention than to confine it. Anybody may make a noise in the world, but it is only the great ones that can keep it up. Originality alone can ensure a permanent reputation, and originality requires time to make itself understood. Miss Martineau attracted attention by applying the torch to a loaded cannon; she originated nothing herself, but by a popular illustration of a favorite theory in political economy, which had been broached by Lord Brougham, and some other active philosophers, she became the protegee of a powerful party, who, in giving circulation to her small books, served their own ends. She had the good fortune, or the tact, also to be adopted as the mouth-piece of an active religious clique, who possessed considerable literary power; by her tracts, written expressly for the Unitarians, she gained their influence. It was by such means that Miss Martineau acquired popularity, and not by the intrinsic merit of her own productions. She has no originality of thought or style; but having written in a manner unusual to women, on subjects which women have rarely employed their pens upon, she was regarded as a kind of phenomenon, and was complimented by the very dubious flattery of being termed a manly writer. But Miss Martineau's manliness, so far as regards strength of intellect, is very questionable. Her masculine qualities are confined to the manner of expression and not of thinking. If she had been an original thinker she would have stood alone, and instead of being the pet of a party she would have been the leader. She is, unquestionably, a writer of considerable power, as a narrator, or illustrator of recognized principles, but as an original thinker or observer she falls infinitely below many other female authors. A century hence her works will neither be found on the shelves of the political economist, nor in the library of the novel reader. Her books of travel have but little distinctive merit. Her book on the United States gave as little satisfaction to English readers as it did to Americans. Her work on the East will hardly add to her reputation; it is neither sprightly, picturesque and romantic, like *Eothen*, the *Crescent* and the *Cross*, or, better than all, humorous and novelesque, like the *Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*, by the fascinating Titmarsh. It is readable, however, and to those who do not know much about Egypt will afford considerable amusement and some instruction. As an example of her manner we make a few selections :

#### FIRST VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS.

"When we had passed Werdan, about 4 P. M., Mr. E. came to me with a mysterious countenance, and asked me if I should like to be the first to see the Pyramids. We stole past the groups of careless talkers, and went to the bows of the boat, where I was mounted on boxes and coops, and shown where to look. In a moment I saw them, emerging from behind a sand-hill. They

were very small, for we were still twenty-five miles from Cairo; but there could be no doubt about them for a moment, so sharp and clear were the light and shadow on the two sides we saw. I had been assured that I should be disappointed in the first sight of the Pyramids; and I had maintained that I could not be disappointed, as of all the wonders of the world, this is the most literal, and, to a dweller among mountains, like myself, the least imposing. I now found both my informant and myself mistaken. So far from being disappointed, I was filled with surprise and awe; and so far was I from having anticipated what I saw, that I felt as if I had never before looked upon anything so new as those clear and vivid masses, with their sharp blue shadows, standing firm and alone on their expanse of sand. In a few minutes, they appeared to grow wonderfully larger; and they looked lustrous and most imposing in the evening light. This impression of the Pyramids was never fully renewed. I admired them every evening from my window at Cairo, and I took the surest means of convincing myself of their vastness by going to the top of the largest; but this first view of them was the most moving, and I cannot think of it now without emotion."

Polygamy is a subject that an anti-Malthusian would be likely to look into with no small degree of interest, and to a person of Miss Martineau's turn of mind it must possess uncommon attraction. But the difficulty of looking into the domestic circle of modern Egyptian life, must preclude the hope of a reliable expression of opinion on the subject. Miss Martineau says of

#### POLYGAMY AMONG THE POOR.

"One of our quiet Nubians, twenty-five years of age, had already two wives; and by what we heard of his life at home, he might well be content on board the boat. As Alee observed, a rich man may put his wives into different apartments, but the poor man cannot; and the women quarrel fiercely and incessantly. This Nubian had to carry presents for his two wives after every voyage; and if they were not precisely alike, there was no end to the wrangling. Alee called this permission to have more than one wife, a very bad part of his religion. He was not yet married at all; and he did not intend to marry until he should have obtained money enough by his present employment to enable him to settle down in a home of his own. One of my friends one day expressed a hope that he would be careful in the choice of a wife; so careful in assuring himself of her temper and goodness, as not to be tempted to put her away, as husbands in Egypt do so lightly and cruelly. Alee did not quite promise this; but gave an account of what plan he should pursue, which shows how these matters are regarded by sensible young men in Egypt. He said he should buy a white wife when he wanted to settle. He should tell her what he expected of her—viz., to be good tempered; to make him comfortable; and to take care of his 'boys.' If she failed, he should, the first time, tell her his mind 'very strongly.' And then, if she got out of temper, or was negligent a second time, he should 'just put her away.' This was said with the gesture of Othello at the words 'whistle her down the wind.'"

#### ASCENDING THE CATARACT OF THE NILE.

"It was a curious scene; the appearing of the dusky natives on all the rocks around; the eager zeal of those who made themselves our guards, holding us by the arms, as if we were going to gaol, and scarcely permitting us to set our feet to the ground, lest we should fall, and the daring plunges and diversings of man or boy, to obtain our admiration or our baksheesh. A boy would come riding down a slope of roaring water as confidently as I would ride down a sandhill on my ass. Their arms, in their fighting method of swimming, go round like the spokes of a wheel. Grinning boys popped into the current; and little seven-year-old savages must haul at the ropes, or ply their little poles when the kandjia approached a spike of rock, or dive to thrust their shoulders between its keel and any sunken obstacle; and after every such feat they would pop up their dripping heads, and cry 'baksheesh.' I felt the great peculiarity of this day to be my seeing for the first, and probably the only time in my life, the perfection of savage faculty; and truly it is an imposing sight. The quickness of movement and apprehension, the strength and suppleness of frame, and the power of experience in all concerned this day, contrasted strangely with images of the book-worm and the professional man at home, who can scarcely use their own limbs and senses, or conceive of any control over external realities. I always thought in America, and I always shall think, that the finest specimens of human development I have seen, are in the United States, where every man, however learned and meditative, can ride, drive, keep his own horse, and roof his own dwelling, and every woman, however intellectual, can do, if necessary, all the work of her own house. At home, I had seen one extreme of power, in the meagre, helpless being whose prerogatives lie wholly in the world of ideas; here I saw the other, where the domina-

ion was wholly over the power of outward nature; and I must say, I as heartily wished for the introduction of some good bodily education at home, as for intellectual enlightenment here. \* \* \*

"Throughout the four hours of our ascent, I saw incessantly that though much is done by sheer force—by men enough pulling at a rope strong enough—some other requisites are quite as essential; great forecast, great sagacity, much nice management among currents and hidden and threatening rocks, and much knowledge of the forces and subtleties of wind and water. The men were sometimes plunging to heave off the boat from a spike or ledge; sometimes swimming to a distant rock, with a rope between their teeth, which they carried round the boulders; then squatting upon it, and holding the end of the rope with their feet, to leave their hands at liberty for hauling. Sometimes a man dived to free the cable from a catch under water; then he would spring on board, to pole at any critical pass; and then ashore, to join the long file who were pulling at the cable. Then there was their patience and diligence; very remarkable when we went round and round an eddy many times, after all but succeeding, and failing again and again from the malice of the wind. Once this happened for so long, and in such a boisterous eddy, that we began to wonder what was to be the end of it. Complicated as were the currents in this spot, we were four times saved from even grazing the rocks, when, after having nearly got through, we were borne back, and swung round to try again. The fifth time, there came a faint breath of wind, which shook our sail for a moment, and carried us over the ridge of foam. What a shout there was when we turned into still water! The last ascent but one appeared the most wonderful; the passage was twice over so narrow, barely admitting the *kandja*, the promontory of rock so sharp, and the gush of water so strong; but the big rope, and the mob of haulers on the shore and the islets heaved us up steadily, and as one might say naturally, as if the boat took her course advisedly.

"Though this passage appeared to us the most dangerous, it was at the last that the Rais of the Cataract interfered to request us to step ashore. We were very unwilling; but we could not undertake the responsibility of opposing the local pilot; he said it was mere force that was wanted here, the difficulty being only from the rush of the waters, and not from any complication of currents. But no man would undertake to say that the rope would hold; and if it did not, destruction was inevitable. The rope held; we saw the boat drawn up steadily and beautifully; and the work was done. Mr. E., who has great experience in nautical affairs, said that nothing could be cleverer than the management of the whole business. He believed that the feat could be achieved nowhere else, as there are no such swimmers elsewhere."

*The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.* By Acton Bell, author of *Wuthering Heights*. Harper & Brothers, 1848.

The American publishers of *Wuthering Heights*, announce that much-read, much-abused, and but little understood work, as *not* by the author of *Jane Eyre*. What their authority may be for such a negation we do not know, but it is certainly not derived from the works themselves, nor from any intimation of the author. *Jane Eyre* was announced without the name of its author, but as edited by Currer Bell; the *Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, is announced as by Acton Bell. Their names, it is understood, are names *de plume*; let there have been what editorship about the works that there may, no one who reads them will for a moment question the fact of their authorship. They are as palpably written by one person, as much the production of one mind, one habit of thought, one course of training, one habit of observation, and one experience of human life, as were the different *Waverley* Novels, the *Plays of Shakespeare*, or the *Essays of Emerson*.

*Jane Eyre*, *Wuthering Heights*, and the *Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, are marvellously alike, yet marvellously dissimilar. They are alike in the power of exciting an interest in the conduct of the story, alike in the clearness, vigor, purity, and coarseness of language; alike in originality of construction, simplicity of purpose and sincerity; alike in the power of characterization, and above all, alike in delineating precisely the same local habits, life and scenery. If the works be the product of two minds, they must be the minds of men who have lived together in as close relationship as the *Siamese Twins*. They must have read the same books, visited the same scenes, eaten the same food, and listened to the same instructors. There can, in short, be no doubt that *Jane Eyre*, *Wuthering Heights*, and *Wildfell Hall*, were all written by the same person, but who that person is we have yet to learn.

One of the surprising characteristics of this author's writings, is the common plateness of the elements of which his stories are chiefly composed. In all three of his novels there is nothing but the ordinary phases and characters of English country life. The personages that we naturally expect to encounter in records of English life are not introduced by him; there are no lords, no dandy members of parliament, no dowagers, no babbling servants, none of the costumery which other novel writers of the English school make so much of. Common English country life, of the middle class, is all that we see, and this is presented in its very best aspect, but without any attempt at glossing, or false colouring. In *Wildfell Hall* the scene opens in the family of a farmer's widow, who, with her sons and daughters, their tea-drinkings and ordinary occupations, their gossipings with their neighbours and what appears to be the accidental topics of conversation form the opening chapters; and by some witchery so subtle that it almost defies analysis, so fastens upon the curiosity of the reader, that he cannot lay aside the book until the spell is broken by the denouement of the narrative. The construction of the plot in *Wildfell Hall* is not so intricate or ingenious as in the two novels which preceded it; in those it was quite impossible to anticipate the catastrophe until the last chapter had been read, but in *Wildfell Hall*, it is very easy to foresee that the tale will terminate by the marriage of Mrs. Graham, the mysterious tenant of *Wildfell*, and the Hero; but this does not in the least degree abate the curiosity of the reader, for so consummately is the story woven that the great point of interest is to find out how the catastrophe can possibly be brought about.

A great diversity of opinions has been expressed respecting the author's powers and the tendency of his teachings, but all agree in awarding him a high order of talent. Our own opinion has already been expressed in a manner sufficiently decided. We regard him as the greatest of living novel writers, and as second only to Fielding in the power of characterization and the construction of a plot. Yet, no two authors can be more unlike than Fielding and the author of *Wildfell Hall*. The book hardly contains anything quotable; to be understood, or relished, it must be read entire.

It is very strange that the author of these novels should be accused of ministering to corrupt tastes and base passions, for, to our own perception, all the teachings of his three novels appear to us to be eminently pure and healthy. It is doubtless because there are many scenes of gross vice that are described with a terrible distinctness, and this may be said of *Wildfell Hall* in particular. Another thing is remarkable, that there are no marks by which the sex of the author can be determined. There are parts which it seems impossible for a woman's hand to have traced, and parts which are equally as impossible for a man to have conceived. But one thing is very clear, the author, whether man or woman, has suffered terribly from an unhappy marriage, for it is precisely the same motive in each novel, to show the bitter fruits of unequal marriages, which forms the story and fills the mind of the writer. Gilbert Markham having discovered who the mysterious tenant of *Wildfell Hall* is, from reading a diary which she gave him, is deeply in love with her. The following is the description of their first meeting after the discovery has been made:

"Now Gilbert, you must leave me—not this moment, but soon—and you must *never come again*."

"Never again, Helen? just when I love you more than ever!"

"For that very reason, if it is so, we should not meet again. I thought this interview was necessary—at least, I persuaded myself it was so—that we might severally ask and receive each other's pardon for the past; but there can be no excuse for another. I shall leave this place, as soon as I have means to ask another asylum; but our intercourse must end here."

"End here!" echoed I; and approaching the high, carved chimney piece, I leant my hand against its heavy mouldings, and dropped my forehead upon it in silent, sullen despondency.

"You must not come again," continued she. There was a slight tremour in her voice, but I thought her whole manner was provokingly composed, considering the dreadful sentence she pro-

nounced. 'You must know why I tell you so, she resumed; 'and you must see that it is better to part at once:—if it be hard to say adieu for ever, you ought to help me.' She paused. I did not answer. 'Will you promise not to come?—if you won't, and if you do come here again, you will drive me away before I know where to find another place of refuge—or how to seek it.'

'Helen,' said I, turning impatiently towards her, 'I cannot discuss the matter of eternal separation, calmly and dispassionately as you can do. It is no question of mere expedience with me; it is a question of life and death!'

'She was silent. Her pale lips quivered, and her fingers trembled with agitation, as she nervously entwined them in the hair chain to which was appended her small gold watch—the only thing of value she had permitted herself to keep. I had said an unjust and cruel thing; but I must needs follow it up with something worse.

'But Helen!' I began in a soft tone, not daring to raise my eyes to her face—that man is *not* your husband: in the sight of Heaven he has forfeited all claim to—' She seized my arm with a grasp of startling energy.

'Gilbert, don't!' she cried, in a tone that would have pierced a heart of adamant. 'For God's sake, don't you attempt these arguments! No fiend could torture me like this!' 'I won't,' I won't!' said I, gently laying my hand on hers; almost as much alarmed at her vehemence, as ashamed of my own misconduct.

'Instead of acting like a true friend,' continued she, breaking from me and throwing herself into the old arm chair—and helping me with all your might—or rather taking your own part in the struggle of sight against passion—you leave all the burden to me:—and not satisfied with that, you do your utmost to fight against me—when you know that I—' She paused, and hid her face in her handkerchief.

'Forgive me, Helen!' pleaded I, 'I will never utter another word on the subject. But may we not still meet as friends?'

'It will not do,' she replied, mournfully shaking her head; and then she raised her eyes to mine, with a mildly reproachful look that seemed to say, 'You must know that as well as I.'

'Then what must we do?' cried I, passionately. But immediately I added in a quieter tone—'I'll do whatever you desire;—only don't say that this meeting is to be our last.'

'And why not? Don't you know that every time we meet, the thoughts of the final parting will become more painful? Don't you feel that every interview makes us dearer to each other than the last?'

'The utterance of this last question was hurried and low, and the downcast eyes and burning blush too plainly showed that *she* at least felt it. It was scarcely prudent to make such an admission, or to add, as she presently did—'I have power to bid you go, now; another time it might be difficult;—but I was not base enough to attempt to take advantage of her candour.'

The whole of this scene, in which duty is made paramount to passion, is very fine, but we have only room to add the following:

'You are young, Gilbert, and you ought to marry—and will some time, though you may think it impossible now:—and though I can hardly say I wish you now to forget me, I know it is right that you should, both for your own happiness and that of your future wife—and, therefore, I must and will wish it,' she added resolutely.

'And you are young, too, Helen,' I boldly replied, 'and when the profligate scoundrel has run through his career, you will give your hand to me—I'll wait till then.'

'But she would not leave me this support. Independently of the moral evil of having our hopes upon the death of another, who, if unfit for this world, was at least no less so for the next, and whose amelioration would thus become our bane, and his greatest transgression our greatest benefit,—she maintained it to be madness: many men of Mr. Huntingdon's habits had lived to a ripe though miserable old age:—'and if I,' said she, 'am young in years, I am old in sorrow; but even if trouble should fail to kill me before vice destroys him, think, if he reached but fifty years or so, would you wait twenty or fifteen—in the vague uncertainty and suspense—through all the prime of youth and manhood—and marry a woman faded and worn as I shall be—without ever having seen me from this day to that?—You would not,' and she continued, interrupting my earnest protestations of unflinching constancy,—'or if you would, you should not. Trust me, Gilbert; in the matter I know better than you.'

*The Thousand and One Nights. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. New York. 1848.*

It would be as useless to bestow praise where it is not needed, as where it is undeserved, therefore we shall not waste our own labor and the time of our readers by superfluous comments on the world-renowned Arabian Nights. But this new edition of the bewitching stories, now publishing in numbers by the Messrs. Harpers, in-as-much as it differs essentially from any that has before been published here, deserve particular notice. The 'Nights' have been newly translated from the original, by Mr. Lane, and give a much clearer idea of the Arabic than the old and long popular editions. They are most beautifully illustrated with fine wood engravings, which in themselves possess great merit as illustrations of Eastern manners. Perhaps the better way to give a correct idea of the style of the new translation, and the quality

of the engravings, will be by giving specimens of both. The following is the commencement of the well known story of Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp; called in the new translation,

THE STORY OF ALADDIN ABUSHAMAT.

'It hath been told me, O happy king, that there was, in ancient times, a merchant in Cairo, named Shemseddin. He was one of the best and the most veracious in speech of all the merchants, and was possessor of servants and other dependents, and male black slaves, and female slaves, and mamlouks, and of great wealth, and was syndic of the merchants in Cairo. And there resided with him a wife whom he loved, and who loved him; but he had lived with her forty years, and had not been blessed with a daughter nor with a son by her. And he sat one day in his shop, and saw the other merchants, every one of them having a son, or two sons, and the greater number of these sons were sitting in shops like their fathers. That day was Friday: so this merchant entered the bath and performed the ablution of Friday; and when he came forth [from the inner apartment], he took the barber's



Child asleep.



looking-glass, and, looking at his face in it, said, I testify that there is no Deity but God, and I testify that Mohammed is God's Apostle. He then looked at his beard, and saw that the white eclipsed the black; and he reflected that hoariness was the monitor of death.

"Now his wife knew the time of his coming, and she used to wash and prepare herself to receive him; and when he came home to her that day, she said to him, Good-evening; but he replied, I have seen no good. She had said to the slave girl, Bring the supper-table. So she brought the repast; and the merchant's wife said to him, Sup, O my master. I will not eat anything, he replied. And he turned away his face from the table. She therefore said to him, What is the reason of this, and what hath grieved thee? He answered her, Thou art the cause of my grief? Wherefore? she asked. And he answered her, When I opened my shop this day, I saw that every one of the merchants had a son, or two sons, and most of the sons were sitting in the shops like their fathers; whereupon I said within myself, Verily he who took thy father will not leave thee. And when I first visited thee (he continued), thou madest me swear that I would not take another wife in addition to thee, nor take an Abyssinian, nor a Greek, nor any other slave girl as a concubine; and thou art barren. But his wife reproved him in such a manner that he passed the night and arose in the morning repenting that he had reproached her, and she also repented that she had reproached him. And soon after this his wife informed him that his wish was likely to be accomplished.

"The son was born, and the midwife charmed him by repeating the names of Mohammed and Ali, and she pronounced in his ear the *tebir* and *adan*, and wrapped him up and gave him to his mother, who nursed him, and he took his nourishment until he was satiated, and slept. The midwife remained with them three days, until they had made the sweetmeat to distribute on the seventh day; and then they sprinkled salt for the infant. And the merchant went in and congratulated his wife on her safety, and said to her, Where is God's deposit? Whereupon she presented to him an infant of surprising loveliness, the work of the Ever-present Governor. He was an infant of seven days; but he who

beheld him would say that he was a child a year old; and the merchant looked in his face, and saw that it was like a shining full moon, with moles upon the cheeks. He said to his wife, What hast thou named him? And she answered, Were it a girl, I had named her; but this is a boy: so no one shall name him but thyself. The people of that age used to name their children from an omea; and, while they were consulting upon the name of the merchant's son, lo, one said to his companion, O my master Aladdin. So the merchant said to his wife, We will name him Aladdin Abushamat. He commissioned the nurses to rear him, and the child drank the milk for two years; after which they weaned him, and he grew up, and walked upon the floor. And when he had attained the age of seven years, they put him in a chamber beneath a trap-door, fearing the influence of the eye upon him, and his father said, This boy shall not come forth from beneath the trap-door until his beard groweth. The merchant appointed a slave girl and a male black slave to attend upon him: the slave girl prepared the table for him, and the black slave carried it to him. Then his father circumcised him, and made for him a magnificent banquet; and after this he brought to him a professor of religion and law to teach him; and the professor taught him writing, and the Koran, and the science until he became skillful and learned.

"But it happened that the black slave took to him the table one day, and inadvertently left the trap-door open; whereupon Aladdin came forth from it, and went in to his mother. There was with her a party of women of rank; and while they were conversing with her, lo, he came in to them, resembling an intoxicated mamlouk, in the excess of his beauty. So when the women saw him, they covered their faces, and said to his mother, Allah requite thee, O such-a-one! How dost thou cause this strange mamlouk to come in to us? Dost thou not know that modesty is one of the points of the faith? But she said to them, Pronounce the name of Allah! Verily this is my son, and the darling of my heart, the son of the syndic of the merchants, and the child of the nurse, and the necklace, and the crust, and the crumb! They replied, In our lives we never saw a son of thine."



Dogs barking at Aladdin.

## TOPICS OF THE MONTH



**ARRICADES** are now the great machines, after steam and the printing press, used for regenerating mankind. What strange implements are made use of to better the condition of humanity! When Gutenberg first invented his printing press, how far he was from conceiving what a tremendous power he was placing in the hands of men for their own elevation; so of the discoverer of the motive power of steam; and so of those rough and ready architects who threw up the first barricades in the streets of Paris only fifteen years ago. How little

did they anticipate that the impromptu barriers erected with paving stones and such rubbish as they could lay their hands upon, would be the means of furnishing the oppressed denizens of the tyrant-ruled cities of the old world, the wherewithal to oppose the power of their oppressors. But the work was done, and a "barricade" has now become significant of an attempt at national emancipation. the past few months have witnessed barricades in nearly all the cities of the old world, and wherever they have been erected good has come of them to the people, although not always without a terrible baptism of blood. It would seem that there can be no remission of tyranny or sin without the shedding of blood. Since the last issue of our Magazine the all absorbing topic of the month has been the terrible slaughter caused by the insurrection in Paris. We cannot afford much space to topics like these in our monthly summary, or rather chit-chatty comments on passing affairs, but it would not do to allow the great topic of public conversation to pass wholly unnoticed. Lamartine, whose rising star we have watched since he first shone out upon the startled world in his new character of legislator, has already begun to wane; another has already taken his place and he has given way to a new favourite. Appropos to Lamartine: we find, in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, the following noble verses addressed to the great French poet by a brother bard on this side of the Atlantic, who is worthy of being his compeer. By the initials we suppose that they are from the pen of James Russell Lowell:

## TO LAMARTINE.

## I.

I did not praise thee when the crowd,  
'Witched with the moment's inspiration,  
Vext thy still æther with hosannas loud  
And stamped their dusty adoration;  
But I looked upward with the rest  
And, when they shouted Greatest, whispered Best.

## II.

They raised thee not, but rose to thee,  
Their fickle wreaths about thee flinging;

So on some marble Phœbus the high sea  
Might leave his worthless sea-weed clinging;  
But pious hands with reverent care  
Make the pure limbs once more sublimely bare.

## III.

Now thou'rt thy plain grand self again,  
Thou art secure from panegyric,  
Thou who gav'st politics an epic strain  
And acted'st Freedom's noblest lyric;  
This side the Blessed Isles, no tree  
Grows green enough to make a wreath for thee.

## IV.

Nor can blame cling to thee; the Snow  
From swinish foot-prints takes no staining,  
But, leaving the gross soils to Earth below,  
Its spirit mounts, the skies regaining,  
And unresenting falls again  
To beautify the world with dews and rain.

## V.

The highest duty to mere man vouchsafed  
Was laid on thee—out of wild chaos,  
When the roused popular ocean foamed and chafed,  
And vulture War from his Imaus  
Snuffed blood—to summon homely Peace  
And show that only order is release.

## VI.

To carve thy fullest thought what though  
Time was not granted? aye in hist'ry,  
Like that Dawn's face which baffled Angelo  
Left shapeless, grander for its myst'ry,  
Thy great Design shall stand, and day  
Flood its blind front from Orient's far away.

## VII.

Who says thy Day is o'er? Control,  
My heart, that bitter first emotion;  
While men shall reverence the steadfast soul,  
The heart in silent self-devotion  
Breaking, the mild heroic mien,  
Thou'lt need no prop of marble, Lamartine.

## VIII.

If France reject thee, 'tis not thine  
But her own exile that she utters;  
Ideal France, the deathless, the divine,  
Will be where thy white pennon flutters,  
As once the nobler Athens went  
With Aristides into banishment.

## XIX.

No fitting metewand hath To-day  
For measuring spirits of thy stature;  
Only the Future can reach up to lay  
The laurel on that lofty nature;  
Bard, who with some diviner art  
Has touched the bard's true lyre, a nation's heart.

## X.

Swept by thy hand, the gladdened chords,  
Crashed now in discords fierce by others,  
Gave forth one note beyond all skill of words  
And chimed together—we are brothers;

O, poem unsurpassed ! it ran  
All round the world unlocking man to man.

## XI.

France is too poor to pay alone  
The service of that ample spirit ;  
Paltry seem low dictatorship and throne  
If balanced with thy simple merit ;  
They had to thee been rust and loss,  
Thy aim was higher, thou hast climbed a cross.

Merchants always put at the foot of their invoices, accounts current, and so forth, E. E., which are understood to stand for errors excepted ; it would be a very excellent rule for editors of magazines to do the same, that when errors happen to be detected, they may come under the grace of the saving clause. In the last report of Mr. Walker, the Secretary of the Treasury, a mistake occurred of some ten or fifteen millions of dollars, no great matter, to be sure, for Uncle Sam, but if mistakes like these occur in the reports of such functionaries, a magazine can hardly hope to be free, wholly, from little errors. We believe that we have made but few, as yet, or if we have committed any, our cotemporaries, who have been very lavish of their good words in speaking of us, have kindly overlooked them ; but mistakes will occur in the best regulated magazines, as well as in the best regulated families, and we own to having published a biography of the Rev. Dr. Cone which was not strictly correct ; we regret this the less as the mistakes which occurred in the biography have enabled us to gain an authentic sketch of the early life of this eminent divine. We have made such arrangements for the Pulpit Sketches, which will hereafter appear in our magazine, that there is no probability of a similar error occurring again. In the brief memoir of Dr. Cone, which we published, it was the less reprehensible from the fact that the particulars stated of his early history have long been current, have been often published, and we believe never contradicted, except in the organ of the religious sect of which Dr. Cone is so distinguished a member. In justice to Dr. Cone and our readers, we publish the following particulars of his early history, for which we are indebted to the Recorder, the Baptist paper published in this city. The theatrical course of Dr. Cone has been strangely misrepresented, and the story of his conversion in consequence of the destruction of the Richmond theatre so often repeated, that it is probable that the truth will never entirely supplant the fictitious legend of his life.

"SPENCER H. CONE was born in Princeton, N. J., April 30, 1785. He is therefore in his 64th year. At 14 years of age he was in the junior class of the college in his native town, and left college at that age to take charge of a school in Springfield, Burlington Co., N. J. He was next engaged as Latin and Greek teacher in the Bordentown Academy, then under the care of the Rev. Dr. Allison, and from that post was transferred to the Philadelphia Academy, under Dr. Abercrombie, where he remained till he was 21. He had now been engaged as a teacher for seven years without intermission. During this time he had been even remarkable, as indeed his early employment as a teacher would indicate, for his sobriety, manliness and perseverance. He was never a young man about town, poor and friendless. When he determined to go upon the boards, he had never spent an hour in the society of actors, nor was he at the time personally acquainted with a single individual of that profession.

"At the age of 21, with a liberal education, an unblemished reputation, and with a mother and her family principally dependent on him for support, he found it necessary for him to earn more than \$400 or \$500 per year. Judge Leib, with whom he had studied law for a year, urged him to make the law his profession. Dr. Abercrombie pressed him to study for the ministry. But a present support was needed, and young Cone turned to the stage. Dr. Abercrombie, although opposed to his young friend's

purpose, gave him a letter to Mr. Warren, the manager of the Philadelphia theatre, and afterwards attended the rehearsal of *Barbarossa*, Mr. C. playing *Acmet*. This he did that he might give him the opinion of a friend, as to the probabilities of his success as an actor, and because he was not willing that he should resign his situation in the Philadelphia Academy, until a place commanding a larger salary should be secured.

"Those who know Dr. Cone will not doubt that he succeeded. His talents and acquirements, his figure and voice, his high bearing and energy, fitted him admirably for the vocation which he had chosen, and Mr. Warren gave him an engagement which produced the young actor more than \$1000 the first year. From this time his compensation was steadily increased. His last engagement was at the rate of \$30 per week, with two benefits, one in Philadelphia, the other in Baltimore. He succeeded as well, and made as much money as he anticipated. He had never loved the profession—indeed he had never in his life seen a dozen plays performed when he went upon the stage. From the first it had been with him a mere business affair, and in 1812 he left it, to engage in pursuits more congenial to his tastes, and more in harmony with the principles in which he had been educated—first in the large printing establishment of the *Baltimore American*, and then as one of the proprietors of the *Baltimore Whig*. His connection with these papers continued from 1812 to 1814, during which time he gave his talents and energies to the then exciting matters of politics and war. Here, too, he served as a lieutenant in the corps of Sharp Shooters, and then as captain of the Union Artillery Company.

"Early in 1814 he was baptized in the Patapsco, and became a member of the First Baptist Church in Baltimore. He made the earliest practicable arrangements for the sale of the *Whig* paper and printing office, and while engaged in winding up the affairs of Cone and Norvell, taught a select school of thirty scholars. Early in 1815 he received an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington, and removed to that city.

"In 1815 he was ordained to the work of the ministry. A young man of brilliant powers, for many years conspicuous as an actor or an editor, with the advantages of a wide acquaintance, and social connections of established respectability, he attracted immediate attention, and crowds hung upon his lips. The memory still lingers in many breasts, of the occasion when he arose in Dr. Staughton's pulpit, in Philadelphia, in the midst of an immense throng who had been called together by the announcement of his presence, as if conscious of the motives which ruled in their hearts, opened the service by reading, as only he could read, the hymn commencing :

'The wondering world inquires to know,  
Why I should love my Jesus so !'

"In December of that year the young Christian orator was elected Chaplain of the House of Representatives, and served during the session. The acquaintance with public men which he formed during his political and early ministerial life, he has to a very great degree maintained, and although he mingles not at all in political affairs, he maintains to the present time the Democratic principles and sympathies of his early life.

"In 1816 he preached to the Alexandria Baptist Church and became their pastor. During the seven years following he traveled and preached extensively in Maryland and Virginia, frequently visiting Philadelphia, New York, and other places, and finally settled with the Oliver Street Church, in this city, in May 1823, now more than twenty-five years ago."

To these interesting particulars the editor of the Recorder adds the following :

"That we may not fail to correct the erroneous impressions to which we have adverted, we may remark in concluding this brief sketch, that Dr. Cone has never been without engagements for one week since 1799 when he left college ; engagements which



have not only sustained himself but aided those who were dependent upon him. Industry, energy which never tires, have always been among his leading and characteristic traits. His going upon the stage surprised and grieved all his friends at the time,—and he had many friends, both in the church and out of it. His mother belonged to the First Baptist Church, Philadelphia, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Staughton. She was a lady of superior worth, and many yet alive remember how, for many long years, as regularly as the Sabbath came, she leaned upon the arm of her son, to wait upon the ministry of her eloquent and revered pastor. Mr. Cone never gave or felt any reason for going upon the boards except the necessity of increasing his income. We do not justify the reason,—neither does he,—but it is proper to state the fact. And so far from its being true that his conversion was occasioned by his escape from the flames of the Richmond Theatre, his first visit to that city was to fulfil an appointment to preach, and the Monumental Church then stood upon the site of the edifice which had been the scene of that dreadful conflagration."

We trust that thus having made all the reparation in our power, that the accidental error which we committed will be overlooked and forgiven, if not forgotten.

We made allusion in our "topics," some four months since, to the London packet ship *Devonshire*, and her gentlemanly commander, Captain Morgan. She was then just off the stocks and lay at her berth in the East River, an object of interest to all the commercial and traveling community. She was not only the largest, but the most splendid ship afloat in our waters, and it being universally conceded that New York excels all the world in the art of naval architecture, it will readily be imagined that the *Devonshire* is a magnificent specimen of naval construction. From the reports in the London papers we perceive that this superb packet ship attracted as much attention in the London docks as she did here. The captain, who is as gallant and gentlemanly in the cabin as he is capable on the quarter-deck, entertained a nice little party of distinguished gentlemen and ladies who were induced to visit his ship from the report of her splendid accommodations and beautiful model. The names of the greater part of the company on the occasion were reported, after the manner of the English reports of the guests at a Queen's Ball. Among the people who visited the *Devonshire* were the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Cleavland, and the Duke of Devonshire, the wealthiest nobleman in England, who must have taken pride in his magnificent namesake, although she did wear, at her mast-head, the "bit of striped bunting" which Canning once sneered at. These bits of striped bunting are getting to be so numerous now, that we are more likely to excite envy than sneers in the old world. The *Devonshire* was very successful in her passage, and carried the largest number of cabin passengers that any New York packet ship had ever conveyed across the Atlantic. It is a singular fact that there are not now any sailing ships building at the ship yards in New York, a circumstance that has not occurred before in a good many years. But, although there are no sailing ships on the stocks, there are no less than ten sea steamers, all of the largest class, in the process of being constructed. In addition to these ocean steamers building in New York, are a good many river boats, of large size, and among them is the *New World*, the longest steamboat, and probably the longest vessel afloat in the world. The length of her hull is 400 feet. We saw the shaft of the monster boat lying in Wall-street, a few weeks since, for a show, in front of the Exchange; its weight is 35,360 lbs.

**THE EDUCATION OF IMBECILE CHILDREN.**—Dr. Wilbur's philanthropic project, is, we are happy to say, progressing finely. Founded upon the system of European Institutions of like nature, it asserts as a principle that God created no living thing without at the same time providing a mode of education, instruction and

improvement, calculated to call out and enlarge the mental as well as physical powers. Dr. Wilbur has successfully incorporated this self-evident truth into his system of operation, and is confident of the most beneficial results. Some of the leading philanthropists of the day have interested themselves in his behalf, and as his labour is entirely a work of love he should be supported and upheld by those who are unfortunate enough to be afflicted in their family relations. As we have always taken a decided interest in these benevolent projects, we shall be happy to impart any information on the plan, purpose and general design of this institution, to any one calling upon or addressing the editor of Holden's Magazine. Dr. Wilbur is located in the delightful village of Barre, in Worcester county, Mass., and his school is hardly half a day's ride from New York.

**QUACKS AND QUACKERY.**—We certainly intended no disrespect to any particular profession by publishing the article in our last number called "Quacks and Quackery," but it appears that some over sensitive Homœopaths have been a good deal disturbed by the infinitesimal dose of ridicule which the article contained. We make a point never to spoil a joke for relation's sake, nor to exclude an article from our magazine because it happens to contain sentiments which do not exactly harmonize with our own, provided the article be admissible on the score of ability and good motives. It so happens that, in this particular case, we had as good a right to be offended with the remarks on the system of Hahnemann as any body else, for we had once been one of his disciples; and, many years ago, when the principle of *similia similibus* was more laughed at than it is now, had entire faith in it. But we never shut our eyes knowingly to our own faults, nor to those of our friends, and we must confess that the extreme opinions of some of the disciples of Hahnemann were always most obviously absurd. We have recently seen the report of a case of infinitesimality in a foreign medical work, which exhibits, in a very striking degree, the folly of carrying a favorite theory to its extremes. We hope that no tender Homœopathist will take offence at this quotation.

"The Medical heresy of Hahnemann, says the *Medical Times*, is entitled to especial consideration at the present moment, in consequence of the death of Sergeant Warren from homœopathic treatment. About January last he exhibited a tendency to paralysis, arising from softening of the brain. Two homœopathic doctors were called in, and administered their infinitesimal doses. The day before the sergeant's death Sir Philip Crampton and Dr. Adams were summoned to attend him, and they declared his recovery impossible. They agreed also in attributing his sudden decline to the treatment he had received. \* \* \* It is an absurdity to imagine that a millionth part or quadrillionth part of a grain can make any impression on such a complaint as that under which Sergeant Warren labored? A correspondent, some time since, in alluding to the absurdities of this system, remarked that the usual dose of chalk, and other strong medicines, is a decillionth of a grain. Now, a decillionth takes sixty-one figures for its enumeration; when brought into tens it requires fifty-three figures, viz: 58,000 octillions; and as the earth, at a specific gravity of three, weighs about 3,248 trillions of tons to mix it in bulk would require about seventeen quintillion times the weight of our earth to mix with one grain of medicine. The following will give some idea of a quintillion: A watch ticks five times in two seconds, or 150 times in a minute, which amounts to 78,840,000 in a year. Yet it will take above 13,000 trillions of years to tick a quintillion times; and this is more than two trillion times as long as the human race has existed; for a watch will only tick 473,040,000,000 in 6,000 years. We leave our readers to conceive, if they can, what all these figures mean, and what good can be accomplished by the administration of a quintillionth part of a grain of the most powerful medicine!"

A tea-spoonful of Lake Erie, after a grain of epsom salts had

been thrown into it, would be in the proportion of a quintillionth part of a grain of medicine. Much good may it do those who take it. But this is too serious a subject for a joke. Taking medicines, even in infinitesimal doses, is a weighty matter. Men who are well do not take physic; now and then there happens to be one like the Frenchman, upon whose tomb was carved this inscription:

"I was well, I would be better, and am here."

But a man who would be better when he is well, is a proper subject for the physician; and the proper physician for him is one of the Hahnemann school, for we doubt if any one was ever made worse by swallowing an infinitesimal dose. The various schools of medicine are about as numerous as the different religious creeds; each has its expounders, its practitioners, and its disciples, but among them all how many bodies and souls are lost! How powerless is medicine in certain diseases! We saw, a few days since, a very sad proof of the inefficiency of all the curative systems. A laughing little girl, who was the pet and joy of the street in which she lived, and the idol of her parents, for she was their only child, and they were past the age when they could hope for another, suddenly fell sick. The whole neighborhood was alarmed at the report; the afflicted parents sent for the most famous physicians, but the little creature's laughing eyes and joyous looks were dimmed; she had never suffered from a day's illness before, but the destroyer had marked her for his own, and all the effects of physicians, all their skill and knowledge, all the tender care of her agonized parents, and the earnest prayers of her relatives could avail her nothing. She drooped and died. In three days from the time when her merry voice was heard, and her bright face was seen among her laughing companions, she lay like an angel at sleep, her little hands crossed upon her breast, and wreaths of flowers scattered around her bier. Such deaths as this are by no means rare; but if medicine possessed but half the power that we attribute to it, the young and the strong could not be smitten by the insidious hand of disease. These thoughts remind us of a touching little poem which we found the other day in the columns of that spicy and vigorous little daily paper, the Boston Chronotype, entitled

#### TO A BEAUTIFUL CHILD,

WHO CAME INTO THE MELODEON, SUNDAY BEFORE LAST,  
DURING PRAYER.

O sweet little wanderer, whence comest thou,  
With thy fairy-like form and thy clear sunny brow?  
Art thou one of the thousands of mortal birth,  
Or art thou an angel descended to earth?  
For an angel's soul, and a heavenly grace  
Beam out in the smile of thy gentle face—  
And the light that plays in thy sparkling eye,  
Seems caught from the glory beyond the sky—  
And the look that thou wearest, of calm delight,  
Tells the heart is pure and the spirit bright—  
The spirit of innocence guarding thy breast,  
From the touch of sin and the gloomy unrest.  
Beautiful stranger! so young and so fair!  
Thou art welcome here to the house of prayer!  
Fit emblem art thou of that life divine,  
Which is taught us here at Religion's shrine.

Now calmly a while, with ear intent,  
Thou dost list to the teachings eloquent,  
Of him who pleadeth the cause of right,  
In behalf of a nation whose star is bright—  
But its rising is dimmed by the clouds that lie  
Around its path in the shadowy sky!

But anon thou art weary,—for what dost thou know  
Of the troubles of mortals, their shame or woe!  
Five blooming summers can scarce have shed

Their genial serenity o'er thy head;—

They have filled thee with joy and with rosy health;  
They were summers to thee of unmeasured wealth.  
Thy heart has perchance ne'er beat to sorrow,  
Thou hast ever before thee a golden morrow.

Now the voice of thy drowsy ear is hushed;  
And thy cheek with a milder glow is flushed;  
More gently thy pulses come and go,  
Soft is thy breathing, deep and low,—  
Thou hast set thy sail on a stormless sea,  
And the portals of dream-land ope to thee!  
Not a summer bird in his downy nest,  
Hath a calmer sleep or a sweeter rest—  
Not a dreaming bird on a summer night,  
Not a morning lark in his airy flight,  
Is half so holy or fair a sight.

Sleep on! sleep on! there's a time in store,  
When the dreams of thy childhood will come no more—  
When the sterner impulses of manhood's joy,  
Will usurp the delights of the gentle boy—  
And then thou must wake from thine early dream,  
And bend thy thought to a nobler theme;  
'Twill be thine to toil in the battle of life,  
Thou must bear thy part in the mortal strife!  
O then—may'st thou ever wear, as now,  
A heart unstained and a spotless brow!  
May the flower expand in thine after years—  
Fulfilling the promise that now appears,  
In the bud that swells in thy life to-day—  
May it blossom and bloom in thy heart always.

AN AMERICAN TAILOR IN PARIS.—Mr. Scott, an artist in cloth, who publishes a "Mirror of Fashion," and cuts coats on aesthetic principles, has been to Paris to introduce the New York fashions on the Boulevards, and while other men have been writing about revolutions, barricades, *exploitations*, Louis Blanc, Lamartine, Communism, and other trifles of the hour, he has been profoundly and zealously employed in making notes on Parisian costume, studying the changes in the world of fashion, and revolutionizing the dandies of the Boulevards, by introducing to their wondering gaze the neatest of all first rate American sacks. In one of his letters to the *Mirror of Fashion*, dated in Paris July 14th, Mr. Scott thus gives vent to his unbounded contempt for French art:

"Most of the Americans here wear their clothes until they are ready for patching, rather than purchase a coat in Paris. The tailors here make very good overcoats, vests and pantaloons; but they seldom make a good dress or frock coat, and *never* equal to the trade of Broadway. There is no egotism in saying that Americans are the best dressed nation in the world; and tailors here have told me that they expect the time will come when it will be necessary for them to send to New York for fashions. Many persons having asked me where I bought my coat, and on my informing them that I brought it from New York, said: 'I thought so, for our tailors can't make such a coat.' This is the case also with my blue cashmere sack, and several of the trade here tried to imitate it, but the collar bothered them; and it was not more than a week after I showed them the shape of it before they were very numerous on the Boulevard des Italiens.

In shirts and pantaloons Mr. Scott seems to regard the Parisians as better authority than in the article of coats. He says:

"Pantaloons for summer wear are not so close as those of last spring, which change is caused by the material from which they are made; yet all pantaloons take the form of the wearer in the shape of the legs and hips. Linen, with stripes on the outside seams, formed of numerous narrow lines, are in great favor. We have noticed some of the white linen, with from six to twelve

narrow blue stripes (wove in the goods) up the side, that appears very beautiful. Ruffled shirt bosoms are entirely out of fashion."

But Mr. Scott does not confine his attention wholly to the externals of a man. He has an eye to politics as well as pantalons:

"The various classes here pull different ways, and it would trouble you to find a journeyman of any trade, who had not made his mind up as to *all the detail necessary to give labor to every one at the expense of government*, and ready to give his life in the cause for the maintenance of his views. Everybody here unites in the belief that there is to be another very serious battle fought here before the government becomes established. The truth is, France is over-populated; and all the surplus population is that which relates to giving them bread. Labor for the poor is the great question which agitates Europe this season. Both the upper and lower classes in Paris are corrupt. While the higher classes think only of display and sensual indulgence, the lower envy and hate all above them with a sneaking pusillanimity that points a rusty *fusil* at you from a window or behind a barricade."

We fear that Mr. Scott's mind has been prejudiced against the French by the awkward fit of their clothes; the lower orders certainly are not quite so bad as he would represent them, nor the upper classes quite so low in their ideas. After a while the French may learn to make coats and laws as well as the Americans; for the present they are supreme only in soaps and millinery.

There was a time once when nearly all our beautiful lamps were imported from France, but now they are manufactured at our orders. We paid a visit, a short time since, to the large lamp manufacturing establishment of Messrs. Dietz and Brother in this city, and we designed saying a few words respecting it; but we find, by an odd coincidence, in one of the daily papers a description of the establishment under the head of "the Manufactories of the City," which we borrow, as it contains all that we could have said in relation to the subject. The writer omits to mention, however, that in addition to their manufactory of lamps and candelabras, the Messrs. Dietz have another large establishment for the manufacture of the beautiful cut glass shades and brilliant pendants which they use to decorate the articles of their manufacture with.

The following is a part of the article alluded to:

"Entering a narrow sally-port or passage-way, in William-st., opposite the Gothic stores where Messrs. Dietz and Brother have their sales room, we soon found ourselves in the basement of a strongly built five story building, where is a steam engine, and a brass foundry. This is the first floor of the lamp manufactory of the Messrs. Dietz, two young men, who, some five or six years ago commenced on a small scale the manufacture of lamps, candelabras, and in short, all the various contrivances, ornamental and useful, used for making light. Their business has nearly doubled every year since its commencement, and now they have probably one of the best arranged establishments of the kind in the world. It is very certain that they can turn out articles equal to any that are imported, and at less prices than the foreign can be afforded at. They say that they desire no protective duty, and if they cannot, by their superior skill and intelligence, successfully compete with the poorly paid mechanics of Europe, that they are willing to abandon their business and adopt some other. The different lofts of the manufactory, from the basement to the fifth story, are appropriated to the various departments of their business; in one the casting is performed, in another the turning and polishing, and so on, until the fifth is reached, where the different processes of gilding, silvering, and lacquering are carried on; the whole exhibiting a very remarkable instance of the perfection of mechanical skill and ingenuity.

"The Messrs. Dietz manufacture every variety of lamps, some of them of very rich patterns and of high cost. We saw a pair of superb silvered candelabras at their warehouse in William-street,

made to order for a house in Rio de Janeiro, and designed, as we were informed, for the palace of the young Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro the Second. They are of great beauty and of a more elegant finish than we had supposed our manufacturers capable of producing. So rapidly has the reputation of the Messrs. Dietz extended, that we understand they have constantly orders on hand to a greater extent than even their large establishment will allow them to fill.

"Among the elegancies of their show-room were some extremely rich chandeliers that they had just finished for a new hotel in Cuba. Orders come to them from all parts of the Union, the West Indies and South America. It will be but a short time before the importation of lamps and candelabras will entirely cease, and our work-shops will furnish all that is required for use or ornament in these articles."

Every dog has his day, is an old proverb, which is applicable somewhere or other, we have no doubt, but, where we live the case is reversed, and every dog has his night. The canine rascals keep out of sight during the day time, for fear of the dog killers; but no sooner does night set in than they set out and begin their howlings, making night hideous and chasing away nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, from the beds of adults and the cribs of babies. We confess to having once loved a dog, and to tell no more than the truth, he was entitled to all the affection that we bestowed upon him, for there never was a more disinterested or more constant friend; if we had any faults he never saw them, or at least never reminded us of them; he never asked a favor, but was always willing to grant one; and he was, moreover, the only friend we ever had who cared not a copper whether we had a dollar in our pocket or not. A friend like this was worthy of being loved, even though he was a dog; and if a beast has greater virtues than a man, why should he not be more entitled to our respect? for we have no right to look for human virtues in a quadruped. But, if we loved one dog, that is no reason why we should love the whole canine race; a rascally cur who keeps us awake all night by following his own fancy to bark at the moon, we can have no sympathy for. Cobbet tells, in one of his books, how he used to spend the night chasing the dogs away who disturbed his wife and children by their howlings, when he resided in Philadelphia. But this is a duty that the city watch should perform, for there would be but little benevolence in driving the dogs from under your own windows to howl under those of your neighbor. The dog days are not the days for dogs, for there is a price set upon their heads, and the work of exterminating the race is carried on by desperate men, who do not scruple to cut off a dog's head for the trifling sum of fifty cents. The dogs that howl under our windows these hot nights are worse than the blood hounds which General Taylor employed in Mexico, for they were only employed to find out the Indians, and not to *worry* them. These howling dogs worry the life out of us. Shakspeare makes one of his characters say "I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon, than such a Roman;" but we would rather be anything than hear the baying of a dog, while striving in vain for a wink of sleep.

Boston has always been a famous place for law; but the inhabitants of that ancient town governed themselves with a much greater degree of strictness some two hundred years ago than they do now, although, even at this time, one of their citizens cannot smoke a cigar in the street without risk of fine and imprisonment. From a little work, just published by Nathaniel Dearborn, called "Boston Notions," we extract the following items from some of the former municipal regulations of the city. Here is an amusing instance of a modern Haman:

"1640—Edward Palmer was hired to build a pair of stocks and on being adjudged as asking a great price for them, was sentenced to be put in them for one hour; and Capt. Stone was sentenced to pay £100 to Justice Cudlow, for calling him a just-



ass, and also prohibited from coming into Boston without the Governor's leave, upon pain of death. Josias Plastow, for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, was ordered to return eight baskets, to be fined £5, and to be called Josias, and not Mr. Josias in future."

Here is an excellent method of compelling people to become pious. It is no wonder that our New England ancestors were such a church-going people, considering the means used to make them join the church.

"1635—Nov. 30. It was agreed that no further grants of allotments of land shall be made to new comers, without they may become members of the church."

By an order of Nov. 9, 1630, a certain Mr. Clark was prohibited from keeping company with Mr. Freeman, "under penalty of such pain as the court shall think fit to inflict." Who Mr. Clark and his friend Freeman were we are not informed, nor why they should be prohibited from social intercourse. It is very clear that Mr. Freeman was a freeman only in name. Probably they were the Damon and Pythias of the colony. The following ordinance must have been a great bore to the people:

"March 4, 1634—Newtown. It is likewise ordered that musket balls of a full *beaver* shall pass currently for farthings apiece, provided that no man shall be compelled to take above 12 pence at a time in them."

A sumptuary law like the following would be rather inconvenient in these days of model artists and fancy dress balls:

"4th of 7th month, 1639—Boston. No garment shall be so made with short sleeves, whereby the nakedness of the arm may be discovered in the wearing thereof, and such as have garments already made with short sleeves shall not hereafter wear the same, unless they cover their arms to the wrist with linen or otherwise: and that hereafter no person whatever shall make any garment for woman, or any of their sex, with sleeves more than half an ell wide in the widest part thereof, and so proportionable for bigger or smaller persons."

"1642. Mr. Robert Lattonstall is fined 5s. for presenting his petition on so small and bad a piece of paper."

**A VISIT TO NIAGARA.**—With a singular foreboding of gigantic forests, enormous eminences, and savage scenery, we found ourselves a few weeks since almost imperceptibly borne toward the rapids of this wonder of the world, on the good boat *Emerald*, of Buffalo. Although twenty miles from the world-renowned cataract, we could not refrain from a slight straining of our eyes in search of the eternal smoke which wreathes its summit, nor persuade ourselves that the imitative roaring of our low pressure engine was other than the sublime working of the terrific cataract. Two hours left us at the door of the Pavilion Hotel, on the Canada side, in charge of Mr. Brower, a courteous and attentive landlord. Mr. B. can at any time draw royal blood without fear of an avenging law, merely by a slip of the razor at his toilet, as he boasts the very questionable honour of claiming King George IV. as his paternal relative. The name of his maternal parent has never transpired. He is a fine shaped, well proportioned old gentleman, with a cast of features very much like the Duke of Wellington's, and an air that our republicans would pronounce "decidedly aristocratic." We believe he draws his £500 pension, and prides himself upon his strong resemblance to "the finest gentleman in Europe."

After tea we strolled to the balcony of the house, in company with Mr. B., and deferentially listened to his comments upon the magnificent scenery about us. Below could be heard the dull, heavy, and formidable roar of unceasing waters, hurrying onward with the impetuosity of worldly sin to the very brink of the enormous gulf that yawned below. Steady and sure it passed on like the monotonous clamour of distant musketry, seeming to challenge the elements above to strife in the contest for power.

On the following morning, ere the sun had peeped over Goat Island to look down in the dashing spray, we walked out upon Table Rock, and essayed a look at "the mighty waters of the deep." But we very quickly succumbed to the dashing spray, as we could not possibly perceive any charm in the wholesale

ablution with which the "Father of Waters" so generously favored us. As we gazed across the mighty fall of the Horse Shoe, our thoughts unconsciously reverted (strange connection of wet ideas!) to Dr. Shew and Hydropathy, and we wondered whether the Doctor, in extreme cases, ever recommended as damp a sheet as that of Niagara! We have since that day frequently asked ourselves what impression the sublime scenery of the Falls would leave upon the minds of some of our city *habitués* who dish up homeopathic doses of nature in sickly looking flower pots, and daily gaze abstractedly upon the feverish leaves of a "red red rose," whose reminiscences, from the infantile plant upward, savor strongly of a mere suspicion of sunlight athwart the balustrade of a back stoop. Can people accustomed to contrast cataracts with the flood from their eaves in a hard shower, said we, ever gaze with delight upon that watery realization of immensity which so completely overshadows their former ideas of misty greatness. Here a sudden dash of spray, literally taking Table Rock between wind and water, reminded us that though our imagination was soaring in the clouds above, our body was not yet beyond reach of the baptismal element.

Travellers and Tourists frequently remind their readers of the discernible poetry to be seen and admired at the Falls. Though no Poet, we could not help wishing for a Poet's eye for a few moments, (our own being nearly blinded) in order to estimate rightly the Poetry of Nature they have so often admired. After mature deliberation and immense efforts to discover the poetical point mentioned by Mr. B—— and certified to by Mrs. C——, we arrived at the sage conclusion, that the only Poetry to be seen from Table Rock, was the Poetry of Motion. A glance at the rapids above satisfied us, that we could recommend future travellers to search for that self-evident effect of true poetical inspiration. One of a couple of enterprising young Yankees, who joined us in the course of the morning, each boasting an eye to business (when the spray didn't blind it), gazed complacently upon the roaring surge for a few moments, and, after throwing some large chips into the rapids above the fall, quietly remarked to his companion, as he stood picking his teeth, and evidently calculating how long it would take a man to descend the rapids, "*John have you any idea of the horse power of the thing?*" John did not seem to know, but guessed it was "something handsome." We "presume" that Capt. Marryatt would have been pleased to have heard this conversation, but thinking the unsophisticated youths might suppose us a surveyor, and mark us as fair game for their enquiring spirits, I decamped after informing them of a capital site for a saw mill about half way down the bank. The next time we go there we shall look under Table Rock for an announcement of "Part of Niagara Falls to let—a good chance for running a saw."

People who visit Saratoga, drink Congress Water because it is fashionable. People who call upon Niagara, pronounce it unequalled, because they don't wish to seem odd. Decayed families, unable to retire to the country during the summer, move to their back parlors, close the front blinds, announce on their door "out of town," and sip their tea with the consciousness that they are as well off as others, because their fashionable acquaintances suppose them to be patronising Nature. So it will ever be. Art and Fashion will supersede simplicity and reality, and mankind never feels as happy as when, like the ostrich, who hides his head in the sand, and fancies it buried in oblivion, the outward show displays no inward thought.

The Falls are unquestionably magnificent and grand, but the spirit of innovation and utilitarianism is fast disrobing them of their natural beauties. Like the chieftains of the mighty tribe that once lived upon their borders, before the white man came and enlightened them upon the benefits of a civilized life, they stood unapproached and unapproachable in their silent majesty, a monument of imperishable grandeur; but with the advantages of a culture unfitted to the qualities with which God endowed their

contamination with that spirit of selfishness, that marks out even cataracts and volcanoes as defined property, and lowers them to a level with the "improved water powers" of a manufacturing district. Competition (the idea of competition in the shadow of this roaring cataract!) has invested the scenery with all the common-place of a fashionable resort, and if we would see Nature in all her glory, we must seek some more secluded nook. For our part, a view from the summit of old Wachuset, whose brow overshadows a delightful village, whose recollections are embalmed in our memory for aye, is worth to us one Fall and two Springs, though invested with all the *eclat* of fashionable approval.

Apropos of Wachuset; at the risk of your invading the sanctity of the silent forests which encompass its sides, we will venture to recommend a flying visit to this old relic of a noble race. Gaze upon it, as we did once, with the magical splendor of a lovely day to assist your vision, and the inspiration of beauty around you to idealize the sense of perfect realities, and our word for it, you will go again the next season. Look down upon the dozens of rural villages with their picturesque cottages, which seem like snow flakes upon the bosom of the rough earth, and gaze for a moment upon the many quiet streams embosomed in the beautiful plains below you, seeming like placid embodiments of the fairy lakes which abounded in our childlike conceptions of Paradise, and you can form a slight idea of the spirit of perfect loveliness that consecrates the scene. At Niagara we hear the angry rushing of the rapids threatening to bury in the waters of eternal darkness every living thing that dares trust its treacherous bosom; here, we unconsciously sympathize with the spirit of universal peace, which, like the mercy of a forgiving God dwells upon the soul in all its earnest love, and bids us in the search for happiness avoid the contentious current of the world's tumultuous waves, and seek the divine mercy and grace that invites to peace here and in the world to come.

Among the new works recently published, is a "Dictionary of Americanisms," by Mr. John R. Bartlett, of the firm of Bartlett and Welford, a gentleman who is very remarkable for his erudition, considering his occupation, for learned book-sellers are about as rare as learned pigs; there is a general belief that the less a book-seller knows books, the better is he qualified for his business; that book-sellers should be an exception to all other tradesmen, and to succeed well in their business, should know nothing about the goods they deal in. From the success of some book-sellers whom we might name, if we were disposed to be ill-natured, which does not happen to be the case, there would seem to be some truth in the supposition. But we do not believe it. The highest intelligence will always be the most successful in any business requiring intelligence, and there is surely none that requires more than that of a book-seller. There are a good many well educated and intelligent book-sellers in New York, whose success in business is the direct fruit of their superior intelligence in conducting their affairs. Book publishers who are compelled by their own deficiencies of education or tastes, to employ a reader to decide for them whether a work is worth publishing or not, certainly labor under very great difficulties, and are as liable to lose opportunities of profitable speculation as they are to make bad investments of their capital in unsaleable works. Walter Scott was a partner in a book-selling firm, and if the business members had possessed his intelligence and integrity, he would not have died a broken hearted bankrupt, nor they have wasted their fortunes and their labor. Authors are not, generally speaking, very good business men, but there are some who know how to turn their talents to the best advantage, and contrive to make excellent bargains with publishers. Prescott, and Irving, and Cooper, are all excellent business men, and no doubt much of their success is owing to their good management in bringing their works before the public. It is not necessary that a book-seller

should be an author, to be able to judge correctly of the merits of a book, for authors are, generally, very indifferent critics, but some author-book-sellers have been eminently successful in business. Richardson, the author of *Pamela*, was a successful book-seller; Moxon, the London publisher, is a poet and a scholar, so is Murray, son of Byron's "glorious John;" Mr. Bartlett is an author of reputation, and his partner is an admirable judge of the intrinsic merits of a book. Mr. Putnam is a very pleasant writer, the author of two or three serviceable volumes, which have gained him literary distinction, and he is, as well, a most successful publisher and book-seller. Bulwer was noted for his business tact. We do not believe that any publisher ever "got to windward" of him, as the sailors say, in a bargain. The greater part of his publishers have been forced to give him up because they could make no profit out of him. The firms of Chapman and Hall, and Bradbury and Evans, of London, are remarkable examples of the success which always attends superior intelligence in the conduct of "book-selling business." Both of these firms have risen to wealth and fame by having the sagacity to discover the availability of certain young writers, who were rejected by other publishers on account of their obscurity. Chapman and Hall took up Dickens, and have grown rich out of his genius, while Bradbury and Evans seized upon the Punch writers, and have coined a mint of money out of their writings. There is always enough available literary talent afloat to make the fortune of any book-seller who has the penetration to discover it, and the liberality to reward it. Our own book-sellers have the world before them where to choose. Unfortunately for the interests of American literature, a system of literary piracy exists, which is death to native talent. It is expecting too much, to look for pay to American authors, while the writings of English authors may be had for the taking. At the last meeting of the Royal Literary Fund Society of London, Mr. Charles Edwards Lester, formerly our Consul at Genoa, was present at the dinner, and surrounded by some of the most famous authors of the age, made a speech recommending a literary Congress to be held in America, which was in every way creditable to his head and heart. Mr. Lester hints at a world's convention of literary men to be held in New York, for the purpose of devising measures for the protection of literary property, and to insure the passage of an international copyright law, similar to the law of England. The proposition has been almost universally approved by the American press, and by American authors; it was received with cheers by the company to whom it was first made, and we hope that something may be done towards carrying it into practical effect.

**THE GENESSEE FARMER.**—This valuable paper, which can well be called the "Farmer's Companion," has early completed its ninth volume. We, without hesitation, pronounce it invaluable to every tiller of the soil, and worth double the price asked for it. Its articles on draining, rearing poultry, and manufacture of cheese, are of great practical utility; and as the matter contained in each number is almost exclusively for the farmer alone, it commends itself especially to agriculturists. It is published monthly at Rochester, N. Y., at Fifty Cents per year.

While upon the subject of papers, we will again call the attention of our readers to what we call the best Mechanical Paper in the world. Under this head, on the cover of this number of our magazine, may be found the prospectus of truly the best Mechanical publication in existence. Each number of the Scientific American is embellished with numerous engravings of new machinery, and is printed on fine paper, in a suitable form for binding, making, at the end of the year, a book of 416 pages, illustrated with 500 Original Engravings. The fourth yearly volume commences September 23, which is an excellent time to subscribe. In our next number we shall give its new prospectus and new features.

We have in preparation some serio-comic engravings, intended to illustrate many of the minor miseries of this life, most, if not all of them calculated to draw smiles, even from the most inveterate misanthropes. These have been in preparation for some time past, and, when completed, will be pronounced perfect specimens of the *black art*. We shall also soon commence a series of illustrations of American subjects, from original designs, intended to supply a vacancy long felt in magazine engraving. We will hereafter say more on this subject.



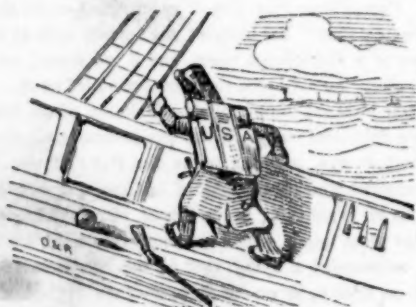
The return of the volunteers has been a subject fruitful of tears and smiles during the past month. Many a widowed heart has been set freshly a bleeding by the triumphant return of the remnant of the gallant fellows who, but a few months since left their homes full of patriotism and with proud anticipations of glory; many have returned in sadly altered circumstances, some without a shoe to their feet, and others without a foot for their shoes. All the showy equipments of war, the plumes, the buttons, the red cord, the music, the "pomp and circumstance" of the army have been dismissed, and nothing but the poor, weary, ill-clad, badly-fed, and battered carcass of humanity is left to tell the story of suffering, and hard fought fields. Well, we have reaped an abundant harvest of laurels from our contest with the Mexicans, enough to last us for the next half century, and, as young Wilding says, "to dress out all our churches at Christmas with evergreens." But these are not all that we have gained. Not quite. There are some millions of acres of Mexican territory which will be converted into smiling corn-fields one of these days, and have the stars and stripes floating over them, and the American Eagle mantling his feathers upon them. Our own particular profit has been small, for as yet we have not gained many new subscribers from the conquered territory, but we shall have our share by-and-by, when it gets peopled by the squatters of the Anglo Saxon stock, who are always great readers.

Our artist, who loves to extract sunbeans from cucumbers, like Dean Swift, has managed to get a little fun out of even such dolorous subjects as the returned volunteers.



Here is one poor fellow whose fond old woman, it may be his wife or his mother, is lugging him home on her back. She is happy to have him again, disabled as he is; and many an old mother, whose darling yielded up his life at Palo Alto, Monterey

and Churubusco, would be but too happy to bear such a burden upon her back, as she bore him once in her arms. Here's another.



A poor fellow who on his return passage had not quite got his sea legs on; he has dropped his musket and run, for the first time.

**THE WESTERN CONTINENT.**—Our southern readers are particularly recommended to read the prospectus of this admirable family paper, to be found on the cover of the magazine. Adapted, as it peculiarly is, to suit the tastes and sentiments of the south, it should receive a hearty support from every family south of New York. We do not wish to be understood as recommending it either as an *exclusive* southern paper, for its literature is purely national, and not intended for sectional dissemination. It is unquestionably one of the ablest edited papers in the country, and under the efficient management of its well known editors, Messrs. Garland and Donaldson, enjoys an extensive circulation. We intended extracting a portion of an excellent critique upon *Headly*, but rather advise our readers to subscribe and get the article entire.

**TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.**—It will be seen, by reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper and Brothers, Dewitt and Davenport, Burgess and Stringer, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise *all our country subscribers*, who wish to obtain new works from the city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of a pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the *Publisher of Holden's Magazine will in all cases receive money at his own risk*, through the mail, in payment for any book published, *provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent*. By this method any one can surely receive any publication wished.

Many, in the country, frequently wish to obtain *scarce and valuable bound books, statuary, autographs, &c.* If such will forward us their orders, we will in all cases give our personal attention to them as soon as they reach us.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere *nominal price to country subscribers*, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our *very small profit* on the Magazine; and we *know* that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. *Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered.* Letters must invariably be post paid.